

Emma

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I

It is breakfast time and television screens throughout the country are tuned to **Arouse Yourself** on the cable television station Harlot TV, just one of the many Sex TV Stations available. Harlot TV is a *Three X* classified station, which means that it is considered responsible enough to broadcast hard core porn, but hasn't yet got a *Four X* classification allowing it to go to the very edge of Sex Broadcasting. For years, Harlot TV has struggled to attain this status: broadcasting serious Sex Documentaries, serious Sex Discussion programs and commissioning drama programs where sex, although the obvious *raison d'être*, is supported by reasonable story-lines and scripted dialogue.

In the **Arouse Yourself** studio, there are three naked people. One is Frank, the show's host, and another is one of today's guests, a top magazine model Samantha. Frank has his prick firmly up Samantha's cunt (not her arse, as this is Breakfast Television and rules have to be obeyed) and the television cameras are alternating between shots of the penetration and Samantha's ecstatic facial expressions (which are probably as much faked as on the cover of the magazines in which Samantha appears). The hostess of the show, Anna, has put on a bath-robe and is wiping her cunt dry with a tissue. A few items ago, she had had sex with another guest on a Sexual Exercises Item. She is seven months pregnant and part of the theme of her continued appearance is that sex is still compatible with pregnancy.

The third naked person is Emma. She is not having sex, has not had sex today and has no intention of doing so. In fact Emma has only once in her life had sex and

she enjoyed it so little she hasn't done so since. However, Emma is a strict naturist, as well as a strict vegetarian and a strict teetotaler. She works as a Research Assistant for **Arouse Yourself** which involves finding guests for the program, assessing the amount of sexual activity they are willing to undertake (which varies by choice and fee - the more sex the bigger the fee) and drawing up a schedule of questions and chat-up lines for the presenters.

The reason she works on Harlot TV is not because she is a great supporter of pornographic television. Indeed, she finds the theme of sex rather monotonous with its limited range of permutations constantly paraded on the screen. The reason is that there are not very many employers who are willing to employ a strict naturist: one who wears clothes for the smallest possible period of time. In fact, the stricter a naturist one is the less time one wears clothes and the fewer clothes one owns. Emma owns only one item of clothing: a bikini bottom she wears to work in the summer. The others she borrows from her flatmates. She wouldn't own the bikini either if she wasn't frightened of germs. She washes the bikini bottom every day after wearing it.

It isn't summer now, but a quite cool day in spring but Emma came to work wearing only a coat she borrowed from her flatmate, Charlotte, which comes half-way down her thighs. It was very early in the morning when Emma arrived and there weren't that many people about, so she was able to discard even this coat when she got a seat on the underground train until she got near enough to the city centre. Nudism is still illegal in most places, although toplessness was rarely frowned on except at particular places like the Opera or the work-place. It was a relief when Emma got to work and was able to hang the coat up. It was an old coat that made her

look a bit like a tramp, but Emma made a point of never evaluating clothes except on the basis of how much flesh they covered.

She wasn't the strictest naturist imaginable. She occasionally trimmed her thick mousey-brown hair, which grew to half-way down her back, and she regularly washed it. She also took care to wear something on her feet - but strictly of a utilitarian nature. Because it was spring, these were currently little flat-soled booties with fur lining as Emma didn't wear socks. However, she never wore make-up and she never shaved any of the hair on her body, particularly not around her cunt which had a rich thick body of hair slightly darker than the hair on her head.

After the program finished, there was the usual discussion on how the program went and then there would normally have been the briefing where staff discussed which items would be scheduled for future presentation. Unexpectedly, however, Emma was summoned to the Managing Director's office. What could this mean? Emma wondered. Perhaps this was another employer, like her last, **Sun TV**, a holiday TV station, who were tightening up on the licence they allowed their staff.

The Managing Director was a small man with a penchant for cigars, which Emma found thoroughly disgusting but she restrained the temptation to comment. His office resembled that of most Managing Directors except for the scattered pictures of **Harlot TV** presenters in different degrees of undress.

"This is going to be a very confidential meeting between just you and me, Emma," the Managing Director announced. "The main point is that I'm taking you off **Arouse Yourself.**"

This hit Emma as the least welcome news she could imagine. She'd enjoyed

working for the program and had got the distinct impression that the rest of the program staff got on with her and had a high regard for her abilities. Sure, there had been difficulties at the beginning with the male staff trying to seduce her on the misapprehension she was like those other naturists who equated freedom from the tyranny of clothes as the freedom to fuck whoever you wanted all the time.

“Is that because of my naturist views?” Emma ventured to ask.

“No, not at all!” reassured the Managing Director. “Some 20% of my staff are naturists of one kind or another - most being men of course. No, the only odd thing is that you’re in the minority of naturists here who aren’t presenters or stand-ins! I’m taking you off because I want to give you a more responsible job.”

“Thank you, sir. That’s a great relief.”

“As you know, Harlot TV has wanted to get *Four X* rating for a long time. You must know how limiting it is for us when we have to skirt round such things as under-age sex, sado-masochism, bestiality, and so on. It takes great skill to work within the limits that are set for us as a *Three X* station. Well, and this is highly confidential, we will be getting *Four X* status soon. The Minister for the Arts and Entertainment has personally assured me that the quality of our programming is now of a high enough and responsible level for us to get that extra X. This will do wonders for our prestige, increase our audience figures, boost advertising revenue and improve the value of the Company’s shares!”

“That’s wonderful news!” exclaimed Emma. Perhaps she was going to get more pay. But she wouldn’t do any sex and certainly not on television.

“You are a very presentable and responsible young lady, Emma. I’ve heard

very good reports about you from all at **Arouse Yourself**. Perhaps at some future stage we might find a job for you as a presenter on a program - not one I hasten to add involving sex, as I gather that's not to your taste, but on naturist issues. No, I want you to do some confidential research for me."

"Research?"

"Yes. A job requiring discretion and dedication but most of all secrecy. Which is why you are perfect. Not even staff of **Harlot TV**, let alone our competitors must know of the fact that we will be getting that extra X. It could ruin everything!"

The Managing Director then went on to explain that the Research would be to scour around for material from the video companies, foreign countries or wherever that would be suitable for *Four X* program scheduling policy, so that when the extra X was officially awarded all would be in place for rapid implementation. She would not need to come to the office except to use office facilities when necessary, her expenses would be automatically paid by the company and her official role was General Programming Research Assistant.

II

Emma left for home nearly forgetting to put Charlotte's coat on. The new responsibility would transform her life, she was sure of it. At the very least, she wouldn't have to leave for work so very early in the morning from now on. It did mean that she would have to be just that little bit more careful about how few clothes she wore to work, just as she had to be coming home.

Her home was a three bedroom flat she shared with two other girls. Her closest friend, Charlotte, was in the room adjacent to hers, with a connecting door which was usually left open. Charlotte wasn't a naturist but she wore no clothes round the home, apparently from respect for Emma. Indeed, Charlotte had quite good dress sense which was useful for Emma whenever she needed to borrow a dress or a coat to go shopping or to work. Charlotte also claimed to be a lesbian, which was strange because she never once brought a woman friend back home with her. She did, however, come home with male friends on a not too regular basis and judging by the very noisy reception she gave them, Emma felt no reason to doubt Charlotte's passion. Nevertheless, it was a little embarrassing how on the more regular occasions Charlotte got a little tipsy, she would declare her love for Emma.

Charlotte worked for the Civil Service, but envied the glamour of Emma's job. She would put her head on Emma's lap to have her hair stroked and entice Emma to tell her once again about the famous guests on her programs and the more sexy television encounters. Emma had a mostly professional pride in this as in almost all cases the most successful interviews were those she had most meticulously planned.

The other flatmate was Harriett who was a presenter on a rival station to **Harlot TV**, called **Semen South West**, (which did not reflect any regional bias). **SSW** was a *Three X* station that had only recently obtained its third *X*, so Harriett had needed some re-training. It was no longer sufficient for her merely to stimulate penises: she now also had to bring them to ejaculation. It was more important for her to maintain her composure when she might have to make love with several people in a single half-hour program. The show she presented was called **Swimming Pool Sex**, which generally featured her in the various athletic positions she could adopt in a swimming pool. This meant that she had to be a very good swimmer as well as a sexual athlete. The extra *X* meant it was more important than ever to heave the penis out of the water at the moment of ejaculation so that all could be shown to the cameras.

Harriett was obsessed by the art and technique of her trade. She often watched sex television to learn from other presenters and her conversations frequently drifted towards what she had done in a recent program or what she was practising for her next program. She undoubtedly practised: barely a night went by with Harriett not bringing home a man, often the night before they were due to perform together on television.

Harriett had one professional worry which was that the extra *X* might oblige her to make love to a woman. It was not the professional aspect that bothered her, but her worries about doing something that as a heterosexual she wouldn't really enjoy. "Perhaps," she would ask Charlotte as sweetly as she could, "I could lose some of my fear if I practised with you." Curiously, for a lesbian with little compunction for sex with men, Charlotte appeared to have little interest in accepting this offer.

Emma would be seeing much more of her flatmates, now that her work would be mostly done at home.

The first batch of videos Emma identified as worth exploring were known as *naturist Classics*, produced by a small European production company. At present, they were not broadcast on any national television stations but were nonetheless selling quite respectably in video rentals. As a naturist, this rather intrigued Emma and she thought that her exploration should start somewhere where it might coincide with her own interests.

The practise of *Naturist Classics* was to take a piece of well- known literature or drama and present it in the nude. This meant naked **Wuthering Heights**, naked **David Copperfield** and naked **Passage To India**. As Emma soon found out, these were virtually unchanged from the original text, apart from that the cast wore no clothes, however apparently inappropriate this might seem even to Emma. The appeal of these videos at first eluded Emma, and she could see no objection to screening these films on day-time national television. In the case of **Lady Chatterley's Lover**, **Nana** and **Tom Jones** she wasn't too surprised that the sex scenes were considerably more explicit, more prominent in the plot and more frequent than in the original novels, so perhaps that was why they were destined for specialist tastes. However, Emma couldn't really recall that there had been sex scenes in the originals of **Jane Eyre**, **Moby Dick** and **Anna Karenin**, but she accepted the licence for them to be in the naturist versions.

From a technical perspective, the films were very curiously filmed, but it took Emma a while to determine why.

“It’s all in medium to long shot,” explained Harriett, who had a professional interest in how much was required to be shown in a shot.

Indeed, unlike most television drama, the scenes were set up so that as much of the main characters’ torso and genitalia would be on screen in any frame. Furthermore, it soon became clear that however innocent the content of the scene the characters always seemed to be sexually aroused. Mouths pouted unnaturally, the vulva and nipples were unusually bright and either the men were always half-aroused or had been stimulated to be so. In any case, their penises never resembled the shrivelled little things that Emma more often associated with naturist men, but more like **Harlot TV** male presenters as they were readying themselves.

More investigation revealed more of the appeal of *Naturist Classics*. Although less than a half of its listing consisted of children’s classics, more than 80% of its sales were of these videos. It seemed unlikely to Emma that there were that many naturist children, so she took an especial interest in these films.

Like the adult canon, the children’s classics featured all their cast of mostly children in the nude. Again, the content was ostensibly quite innocent, if a bit bizarre. A naturist **Swallows and Amazons** featured the two gangs of children running around naked, with rather young and well-developed parents who often seemed more fond of their children than seemed normal, but not obscenely so. A naturist **Famous Five** again featured naked children, who if anything were younger than those in Enid Blyton’s books. A naturist **Alice in Wonderland** featured a naked six year old girl who seemed overawed by the nearly tumescent penises and swelling nipples of the not very well disguised actors playing the menagerie of fantastic characters.

Emma came to the conclusion that, sadly, the role of *Naturist Classics* was to provide titillating images of naked children in absurd situations for those who liked that sort of thing. The lack of overt sex, at least with children, and the plots which conformed to a certain extent to their source material, didn't detract at all from the titillation this was no doubt meant to provide. Emma could see a role for *Naturist Classics* on **Harlot TV**, and certainly the content fell well within the bounds of what was permitted for a *Four X* station. The question would be its scheduling. Mid-afternoon, she decided. The titillatory value was best served by keeping up the pretence that it was educational entertainment, but it was necessary to keep an eye on the content to ensure it never got emboldened to the extent of actually showing child sex, which was totally illegal.

A more difficult question which Emma fortunately didn't need to worry about with *Naturist Classics* was where to draw the line on what constitutes child sex. The affection that a lot of the children seemed unabashed about expressing to each other, especially in **The Railway Children**, which hinted obliquely at incest, kept sufficiently clear of the genitals or the anus not to be considered sex, but would that have been so true if adults were equally as affectionate with the children?

"Would you perform in a film like this?" Emma asked Harriett who was languidly watching **Oliver Twist**. The scene showed the children in Fagin's den holding each other tight against the cold, including some little girls, while a naked Artful Dodger was striding up and down with a half-tumescent sub-teen penis.

"Why not," Harriett yawned. "At least if you get something wrong on a film, it can be re-recorded. When you slip up on live television, then everyone can see!"

Albania had taken a very strange turn in its pornographic industry. From a period when it would let virtually anything go, Albanian hard core porn now prohibited the sexual act. However, excretion hadn't been proscribed and although there wasn't much of a demand for coprophilia, urination was now used as an acceptable metaphor for sex. Consequently, Albanian pornography was now known as *Piss TV*, because that is precisely what there was a lot of.

Although Emma couldn't imagine the appeal herself, she sat herself in front of a pile of videos from Albania with Charlotte for a second opinion. Charlotte didn't enjoy pornography at the best of times, but she felt lonely and needed some attention which Emma indulgently provided. Indeed, Charlotte scarcely watched the videos at all. She simply rested her head on Emma's naked lap and purred into her warm crotch. When she got restive she'd take a hair from Emma's crotch in her teeth and stretch it out until Emma had to stop her.

Emma couldn't speak a word of Albanian and the videos were neither subtitled nor dubbed. They had fairly conventional story-lines, neither better nor worse than those which dominated national pornography. They were essentially variations on the theme of sexually attracted individuals coming together and consummating their passion on often the most arbitrary of excuses and with sufficient aspects of kinkiness to maintain some level of interest. However, the crucial difference was that, whereas in most pornographic films the sexual encounters involved some kind of stimulation of the genitals and penetration of an orifice, in Albanian films one or the other would start peeing all over the partner or partners. There were scenes of women pissing on men's faces, clothes, genitals and hair, and

men doing much the same to women.

Sexual perversions by use of this metaphor were actually more commonly shown of children pissing on each other, parents pissing on children, animals being pissed on and so on. In only a minority of films was the urine licked or ingested by one of the protagonists, but this was clearly a growing trend as demonstrated in the more recent films.

“Uhh! How awful!” groaned Charlotte in one scene as one man pissed straight into the mouths of two apparently enthusiastic women who then proceeded to lick the urine off each other.

“I’m sure it’s not real piss,” said Emma reassuringly.

This wasn’t her real opinion, as she knew too well from working at Harlot TV, the viewers wanted to be sure that what they were seeing had at one time actually happened. She wasn’t sure what market there could be for *Piss Television* on **Harlot TV**, but perhaps repackaged as a ‘*Golden Showers*’ feature with some studio participation it could become the basis for something of interest to viewers.

“Is there anything about these films you like?” Emma solicited of Charlotte.

“I like the language,” Charlotte giggled.

“But besides that. I mean, could you imagine wanting to watch someone piss on TV?”

“I can’t. But ask Harriett. I’m sure her guests are always pissing in her swimming pool.”

Harriett didn’t much like the films either. “There’s no physical element. They just stand apart and piss on each other. And its *unhygienic*.”

So, Emma thought, a health warning would need to be included, and it might be difficult getting the ingestion and licking episodes past the censors for hygienic reasons alone. However, her instinct told her that if people in Albania were happy to see films about people pissing on each other, they probably would be at home. Her concept of '*Golden Showers*' was developing.

"Perhaps we could get guests to show how far they can piss. Have sort of pissing games - you know for accuracy and volume. Have a compère who would always have urine stains on her dress. Show people pissing in public places. And show snippets of these films in the program."

"Well, *I* wouldn't want to watch it," asserted Charlotte.

"And I wouldn't *dream* of appearing on it," said Harriett. "The only reason you're interested in this, Emma, is that there's no sex in pissing and you don't like sex."

"Yes, sweetness," laughed Charlotte. "You could do the show and still be a virgin!"

Emma blushed. "I'm sure - you know - well ..."

Charlotte smothered Emma's face with affectionate kisses. "Oh, you're such a sweetie! I love you! I *really* love you! Please *please* let me make love to you."

"*No!*" said Emma firmly, pleased to be in a position of power again.

III

Emma was at home more often than she used to be, so she met Harriett much more frequently now. Harriett's hours of work were determined by the demands of her job which varied considerably from both week to week and day to day. Generally, Harriett was as likely to be at home during the day as in the evening or weekend.

Emma returned from visiting a video company she'd been investigating. This company made sex cartoon films which concentrated on a set of standard characters with rather exaggerated sexual characteristics. This included a woman with 80 inch breasts, a man with a twenty-four inch prick, a woman with buttocks she could bounce on, and so on. Sex cartoons were able to deal with subjects which a *Four X* station would be able to screen with less worry than if they contained real people, but Emma was worried about the suitability of bestiality and child sex displayed in some of them. Her biggest concern was with the rape cartoons, where violent rape was somehow disguised as comedy.

When she got home, she was surprised to find Harriett in the living room sitting on the sofa with her head in her hands and to hear small sobs come from her. Harriett was normally so cheerful, so this was especially strange. Emma threw off Charlotte's overcoat, ran over to Harriett and put an arm round her shoulder.

"What's wrong?" she asked, studying Harriett's tear-streaked face.

"Nothing," sniffed Harriett. "*Nothing.*"

"Don't be silly!" Emma said. "There *must* be something."

"It's work," Harriett admitted.

“Yes?”

“You know that we’ve got this *Three X* rating and my work would have to change...”

“...Yes.”

“...and I’ve got to make love with a woman, and ... and now I’ve been told that I’m going to have to do it soon ... and I’ve been trying to say I can’t ... but it’s my job and I don’t want to lose it ... but I don’t know if I can ...”

“But you can make love with a woman can’t you?” wondered Emma who’d watched so much lesbian sex on research videos recently and of course had also helped to organise such activities for breakfast television.

“Well no!” said Harriett. “I’ve never done so ... and I don’t think I could ... especially with cameras on me ... I’m just not like that.”

“Neither am I,” sniffed Emma. “But I’m sure you can make love with a woman without it meaning very much.”

“But it’s different when it’s with men. You don’t know. You don’t do it, but if you enjoy making love you can at least concentrate on that and not the cameras or anything ... and I’m going to do that soon.”

“But Harriett ... I’m sure you can do it,” said Emma reassuringly, hugging Harriett’s shoulders. Harriett sniffed, but started weeping again.

“I don’t think I can,” she sobbed. “I can’t! I can’t!”

“Can I help in any way?” wondered Emma with a surge of affection for Harriett.

“In what way? You’re not a lesbian!”

“Isn’t that better? Perhaps if I’m not a lesbian, it’d be better. Perhaps we could pretend and perhaps it will be better for you.”

“Do you mean make love with you?”

“Of course not!” said Emma, genuinely shocked. “But we could sort of masturbate together and feel each other. That’s not sex. And I certainly don’t want sex. But perhaps it’ll make it easier for you when you have to do it at work.”

“Are you serious, Emma?” said Harriett who had stopped crying. “You don’t mind?”

“Well, it won’t be sex, will it?”

“Shall I take my clothes off?”

“Of course,” smiled Emma, who of course wasn’t wearing anything anyway. Harriett quickly pulled off the nylon shorts and jersey she always wore. As Harriett removed them, Emma thought with a sudden jump in her breast that this was in fact the first time, after all these months of living in the same flat, that she’d ever seen Harriett naked. Even when she had a bath, she wore a towel around her. It was curious that Harriett must have got very used to seeing Emma and Charlotte without clothes. Emma had seen Harriett on television with no clothes making love, but somehow that was not the same as being in the same room as her. Harriett had a very athletic body, with medium to small breasts, a taut stomach, and slim buttocks and thighs.

“What do we do?” asked Emma uneasily.

“Touch ourselves,” said Harriett. “Nothing more.”

At first this was very awkward, as the two girls touched and stroked each others’ bodies and occasionally kissed each other on the cheek or shoulder. Emma put

her head on Harriett's stomach and put her tongue into Harriett's navel. "That's nice," said Harriett appreciatively. More emboldened, Emma started licking Harriett's skin and Harriett reciprocated. They continued like this for ever such a long time.

"It's not making love, is it?" wondered Emma.

"We're not lesbians. How can it be?"

"Should we masturbate?"

"Only if it feels right."

"Maybe it does," answered Emma who placed her fingers on her clitoris and stroked and worried it while kissing and stroking Harriett, who smiled and watched Emma's fingers moving in and out, up and down. "I've never seen a woman do that before."

"I've only seen Charlotte do it, but I try not to watch."

Emma and Harriett were playing together for several hours of masturbating and stroking each other, kissing themselves, but nothing sexual, no tongue-kissing, nothing like that. They were still experimenting when Charlotte came home.

She stood at the door of the living room, still in her clothes which she'd not taken off and watched in growing horror as she established first what was going on and who the two naked girls were. She then released a cry of pain and sobbed uncontrollably.

Emma and Harriett hadn't noticed Charlotte arrive and were startled. They stopped what they were doing, and Emma ran over to comfort Charlotte. "What's wrong?" she asked trying to put her arm round Charlotte's shoulders.

"You know exactly what's wrong. It's *me* who loves you. I'm the one that

loves you. I want to make love with you. I love you so much it hurts. But you make love with Harriett who can make love to as many people as she likes. I love you so much it hurts.”

“But it’s not what you think...” Emma tried to explain. “Harriett’s just practising for her television program. Neither of us is lesbian, so it’s not the real thing.”

“So, if you’re not lesbian it’s all right is it?” sobbed Charlotte. “So if you love someone you are made to feel so frustrated that your heart aches with a hurt you can’t describe. You think about that person every day, and your mood changes with every smile and rebuke of that person. You feel a pain that won’t go away. But if you don’t love someone, you can have sex with that person all the time.”

“Don’t be silly, Charlotte,” rejoined Harriett. “We’re not lovers and we haven’t been making love.”

“You’re my best friend, Charlotte,” reassured Emma. “Our friendship isn’t to do with sex. Nor is my friendship with Harriett to do with sex.”

“It looks like sex to me!” sobbed Charlotte who ran into her room. She threw herself on the bed, and fully clothed she stayed there crying and sobbing all night. Harriett, who tactfully put her clothes back on, and Emma tried to console her but to no avail. “I’m the one who loves you,” repeated Charlotte. “Why don’t you return my love?”

“But Charlotte, I’m not a lesbian. How could I love you except as a friend?”

A few days later, Emma was again at home wading through a pile of videos in the series of **Hollywood Sex Classics**. These were essentially old classic films such as

Casablanca, **Gone With the Wind**, **The Wizard of Oz** and **Citizen Kane** which had extra scenes added to them to gain a *Four X* certification. This was achieved mostly by computer graphics and it worked by taking a scene in the film where there was any love interest and considerably extending it. So, in a film such as **Gone With The Wind** in any scene where the two main characters might be kissing, the faces and other features would then be, by computer emulation, superimposed on footage of some porn actors and actresses indulging in full sex so that it would seem that Cary Grant, Greta Garbo or Lauren Bacall were the characters doing so.

In **Wizard of Oz** this produced a scene where Dorothy had full carnal knowledge of the Scarecrow and of the Wicked Witch of the North. Emma found all this faintly amusing. It was strange to imagine ET having such a massive sexual organ and even more strange to see such a young child apparently enjoying it. It was strange to see Humphrey Bogart having sex with so many different women. It was perhaps a little shocking to see the Seven Dwarfs take turns with Snow White or to see Luke Skywalker have anal intercourse with Princess Leia. However, for practical purposes the issue was really whether or not the films infringed any copyright laws - though in most cases the copyrights had expired many years before.

Emma had just got to the part in a Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers film where the two pulled off their clothes and fucked in front of some delighted onlookers when she became aware that Harriett had come in.

“Hello,” she greeted, “How’s your day been?”

“Nothing special,” Harriett answered coming over to Emma and putting her arms round Emma’s shoulders in a friendly way. “What are you watching now? Not

more Tap Dancing with dicks?”

“I’m afraid so,” laughed Emma, turning her head round. She was a little surprised to see that Harriett wasn’t wearing any clothes, but she supposed that perhaps with both Charlotte and she being practicing naturists Harriett had decided to discard her clothes. Neither of the girls had made any comment about their recent intimacy, although Charlotte was still fairly upset. Couldn’t she realise, wondered Emma, that making love wasn’t the same as being in love? It’s one thing, she was sure, to be intimate with someone and another for it to have any real significance.

“I’m sure Ginger Rogers wasn’t as expert at sucking pricks as in this film,” commented Harriett.

“You should see what Dorothy gets up to with the Tin Man,” Emma responded.

“Look at Ginger’s cunt. She’s a genuine redhead. And I don’t mean what’s going in and out of her cunt.”

“Is there a difference between pubic hairs and other hairs?” wondered Emma.

“Well,” commented Harriett, “your hair’s a sort of mousy colour but your pubes are just a little bit darker.” She put her hand into Emma’s thick mass of pubic hair and started pulling and stroking it.

“What about yours?” wondered Emma, taking her eyes from Ginger and Fred fucking and screaming and looked at Harriett’s somewhat thinner bush.

“Have a good look,” smiled Harriett, guiding Emma’s hand into it. The two girls stroked each other’s groins for a moment until Harriett made bold to kiss Emma full on the mouth.

Emma pushed Harriett off.

“*Don ’t!*” she admonished.

Harriett smiled coyly and then said: “Wasn’t it fun the other day? I’m sure it’ll help me in my work.”

“Haven’t you had your lesbian session yet?”

“Not yet. It’s been postponed for a couple of weeks - but I can’t say I’m sorry.”

“Why’s that?”

“Well,” smiled Harriett shyly, “you’re still my only experience. I’m just as much a virgin as you.”

“Don’t be silly.”

“Don’t be silly yourself!” responded Harriett putting her mouth to Emma’s again. This time Emma didn’t push Harriett off, but as the two girls’ intimacy gradually grew Emma wasn’t at all sure at which stage the activity stopped being one of playing and became one where there was a sense of seriousness and urgency to it. Certainly, she loved holding and feeling and licking Harriett’s fit and muscular body. She loved the little freckles around Harriett’s nose and the other slightly larger ones speckled over her shoulders. She loved the feel of Harriett’s fingers as they probed in and out of her cunt. She loved the moistness of the feel of Harriett’s own cunt as her fingers went in and out.

“*OOh! OOOHHH! OOOHH!*” she gasped as Harriett’s tongue worked around her clitoris. She pushed her tongue deep into Harriett’s mouth and relished the taste of her own cunt on Harriett’s tongue. The two of them struggled with their mouths pushing hard against the other, their fingers frantically working at the other’s clitoris.

After Emma's first orgasm, the intensity was so great she couldn't imagine it could ever be matched. But it was only moments later Emma gave vent to a scream she just couldn't contain. And then another. And then another. She only became distantly aware that Harriett was also making rather a lot of noise. And then as their slippery bodies slid against each other the two gave a great shuddering at the same time with such intensity that they had to push each other off.

They lay back looking at each other. This isn't real sex, Emma said to herself. I don't go after women and I'm not in love with Harriett. But she enjoyed it nonetheless.

"We must do this again," commented Harriett smiling in a way that seemed both very silly and funny and impossibly endearing.

"How about now?" responded Emma leaning forward and running her tongue round Harriett's much swollen clitoris.

IV

Although Charlotte considered herself to be essentially a lesbian, this didn't mean she didn't enjoy male company. Indeed, it flattered her when men showed interest in her. So it wasn't too surprising that after a little persuading from her colleague, Jonathan, Charlotte invited him to visit for dinner. Jonathan was quite a shy young man, who thought he saw a kindred spirit in Charlotte who worked opposite him in the Approvals section of the department.

Jonathan was quite prepared to see Emma naked when he arrived. And there, just as Charlotte had warned, was Emma seated in front of a television watching a video showing men making love to other men. Not his kind of film, but Jonathan had been warned of the nature of the research Emma was undertaking so he was less surprised than he might otherwise have been. Another girl was also watching television who Charlotte introduced as Harriett. Charlotte was herself rather surprised to find Harriett was also not wearing any clothes except for what was perhaps the bottom of a swimming costume. However, Charlotte made no comment as she usually wore less than that, but she nonetheless felt an acute pang of jealousy.

Emma and Harriett were very civil to Jonathan and asked him questions about his work and what Charlotte was like to work with, while the hostess in the meantime was busy in the kitchen preparing a meal for the four of them. Jonathan occasionally popped into the kitchen to pass a few words with her.

“Your friends seem very affectionate towards you,” he commented.

“Affectionate?” wondered Charlotte, as she put the potatoes into the oven.

“Well, fond of you,” he laughed. “Actually,” he commented, “it *is* a bit disconcerting your friends not wearing clothes. I don’t know where to look.”

“Just be discreet,” advised Charlotte, wondering how disconcerted Jonathan would be in a normally naturist household.

The meal was a success. Charlotte was delighted by the praise her cooking got from Emma and Harriet. “You ought to have friends round more often,” smiled Emma holding Charlotte’s hand tightly in hers. Charlotte felt a sudden flush of affection for Emma, but with Jonathan and Harriett there she couldn’t kiss her as she wanted to, but she reciprocated Emma’s squeeze and smiled back affectionately.

“Don’t worry about the washing up,” volunteered Harriett when the last of the bottle of wine was drunk and the cheese board was bare. Charlotte smiled, and Jonathan regarded her longingly. Experience told Charlotte what the look meant and she had no intention of disappointing him. Indeed, while Emma and Harriett settled in the kitchen to wash and dry up, Charlotte took Jonathan to her room to consummate the evening.

Knowing how shy Jonathan was, and in any case itching from the unaccustomed feel of clothes in the flat (which was always kept warm for Emma’s benefit), Charlotte took the incentive in taking off her clothes. It took little more persuasion for Jonathan to undress and for her to take his throbbing member into her palm to hasten the process. His penis trembled excitedly, but she didn’t want it spurting wasted all over the carpet. She took her hand away, and massaged and pecked Jonathan about the face, chest and upper thighs. It took all Charlotte’s skill to delay the time when the two fell onto the bed and for Jonathan to hump away on top of her.

Charlotte always found sex with men slightly amusing - she could never find it disgusting as she was sure lesbians should do. And she also found it very exciting. As Emma had often commented, when Charlotte got very excited she got carried away and would soon be screaming with ecstasy. Perhaps it was the wine, perhaps it was Jonathan or perhaps it was the warm feeling of affection she'd got from Emma, but she felt exceptionally passionate today. As she screamed out while Jonathan hammered away, his tongue in her ear and Charlotte's legs wrapped around his waist, she knew that it might disturb the neighbours let alone be audible to Emma and Harriett, but she didn't care.

After an hour or so, Charlotte was quite exhausted, so she wandered naked out of her bedroom to the kitchen to get some beers out of the refrigerator. Both of them were now very hot and sticky - rivulets of perspiration running down their faces and shining on their bellies. Emma was already in the kitchen making some sandwiches for the following day. Charlotte was a little embarrassed to encounter Emma with the smell of sex emanating so strongly from her. The hairs of her vagina were a soggy mess and she felt a drip of semen flow slowly out from her vagina and down the inside of her thigh. Unthinkingly, she glanced down at it and when she looked up she could see that Emma's eyes had also been drawn there.

"I can see you and your friend are having a very pleasant time," remarked Emma kindly. "He *is* staying the night isn't he?"

"Well, if he wants to," Charlotte replied.

Emma smiled and leant over to kiss Emma on the face. Charlotte responded by grabbing Emma round the shoulders and showering kisses on her face and squeezing

her against her sweaty front. Emma gently pushed Charlotte off.

“Don’t be silly, Charlotte,” she admonished.

Charlotte felt even more aroused after her encounter with Emma and in the ensuing lovemaking with Jonathan it was Emma who was foremost in Charlotte’s thoughts as Jonathan thrust away. Charlotte forced Jonathan to enter her from other positions - including from behind (but not, despite Jonathan’s entreaties, into the anus). Charlotte’s screams and cries echoed into the night and soon there was no more to do than lie back and recover. Charlotte’s crotch ached from the battering it had taken, but it was a pleasant ache that reminded her of all her recent passion. She studied Jonathan’s shrivelled penis which was still moist and shiny if no longer so very appealing. Charlotte tenderly kissed it and stroked Jonathan’s testicles, but carefully so as not to wake him. He was a nice boy, Charlotte felt, but her first love was always Emma. Just the thought of her hug with Emma filled Charlotte with enormous desire.

This aching passion for Emma compelled Charlotte to push open the door leading to Emma’s room. She often did this to relish Emma sleeping peacefully in her bed. Sometimes, Charlotte would sit for hours by Emma as she slept just to feel the pleasure of her closeness and the sound of her breath. She loved the cherubic expression on Emma’s face as she breathed. She loved the opportunity to study what she could see of Emma’s naked body, without being accused of voyeurism. The wonderful breasts, that slender waist, the hair that fanned out over the sheets and tangled in her nipple.

Emma wasn’t in bed, nor did it look like the sheets were disturbed. A little

alarmed, Charlotte wandered through Emma's bedroom and then around the living room and kitchen. No sign of her there. But she could hear a giggle. Charlotte started. Nothing! And then again, just a little louder followed by a tiny shriek. It was coming from Harriett's bedroom.

Harriett often had lovers staying the night, so this wasn't unusual - but with Emma not in her bed, Charlotte feared the worst as she softly pushed open Harriett's bedroom door. The walls of Harriett's room were covered with posters of sporting heroes and heroines, and it was these that Charlotte first saw as her eyes became accustomed to the light shining in from the street lamp through the window. Then, as she feared, she saw Emma and Harriett together in bed kissing and cuddling each other. No! Charlotte corrected herself. It was Harriett spreadeagled, arse towards the door with Emma underneath busily tonguing her vagina.

Charlotte gasped.

Emma looked up, startled. "Oh, it's you!" she said, sounding not too pleased. "What do you want?"

"I ... I ... just wondered why you weren't in your bed."

"Who could possibly sleep with you and Jonathan making so much noise in the room next door?"

"But ... but..." Charlotte gasped, the few remaining tatters of her dream that Emma was in truth reserved for her flying and scattering as Harriett and Emma readjusted themselves to face her, both naked, both sweaty, both with the hair on the head and below bedraggled and ragged, neither looking too amused.

"Charlotte," said Harriett reasonably. "What Emma and I do is not your

business - and besides you're clearly having quite a fun time with your boyfriend."

"It's not the ... not the same," Charlotte stuttered on the edge of tears.

"It is," Harriett insisted.

"No, it isn't," contradicted Emma. "You're having sex with a boy. I'm merely being affectionate with a friend. You have nothing to be jealous about. So go to bed."

Charlotte sighed. She wouldn't be able to resolve this by crying. She smiled sadly and defeated as she eased Harriett's door shut.

"Good night," called one of Harriett or Emma as she left.

"Good night," mumbled Charlotte as she returned to her bed which, with Jonathan in it, seemed too crowded and even uninviting now.

V

After Charlotte's discovery of the two girls together, Harriett and Emma no longer made even the slightest pretence that there was nothing between them. Charlotte became accustomed to finding the couple entwined around each other in the living room and elsewhere, and her sense of betrayal and frustration gradually receded in the face of a fact that couldn't now be changed. Charlotte tried to look away from their activities, but her eyes still strayed towards them, although there was nothing too overtly sexual in their behaviour. As long as they just cuddle, Charlotte said to herself, I can still dream. She gazed longingly at Emma, but she felt constrained from even kissing or hugging her. Contrarily, Emma was much more affectionate towards Charlotte - stroking her hair, kissing her cheeks, patting her buttocks - but never in a way that could be construed as a sexual invitation.

Emma was concerned that Harriett shouldn't lose sight of the original intention of their intimacy. "Perhaps now," she suggested, "we've practised enough and we should find out how you actually would perform in front of the camera."

"But how would we do that?" wondered Harriett from between Emma's legs, a few loose hairs in her teeth.

"I've got a video recorder and we can ask Charlotte to film us," suggested Emma matter-of-factly.

And indeed that's what they did next time they saw Charlotte just as she was returning from work. She was just pulling off her knickers - always the last item she took off as to her it marked the moment she progressed from merely undressed to

nude. It was not a welcome suggestion, but there was probably no favour that Emma could ask that Charlotte wouldn't perform. Even scorned in love, Charlotte reasoned, she could show how pure and unselfish her love was. She still hoped that Harriett was merely a phase in Emma's love life and that soon her true love would return to her, an altogether better candidate.

"I've never used one before," Charlotte answered, hoping this could be the excuse to avoid the humiliation of filming the woman she loved making love to another woman. "And certainly not for something like that."

"Don't be silly," said Harriett. "There's nothing to it. It's auto-focus. All you've got to do is point it in the right direction and make sure it's rolling."

"Isn't there some art to it?" wondered Charlotte. "The right angles and so on."

"We're not asking you to make an art film," Emma laughed. "We just want to see what Harriett's like, so that when she makes love with a woman professionally it all goes well. No one's going to watch it except Harriett and me."

"And anyway if you think the cameramen at work are making art, you're sadly mistaken," laughed Harriett. "All they do is what we're asking you to do. Just film us making love and point the camera at the interesting bits."

"The interesting bits?"

"Don't be so naïve!" Emma exclaimed amusedly, leaning over and kissing Charlotte on the mouth. "I'm sure you'll have no difficulty in working out which they are."

Emma and Harriett spent about an hour together in the bathroom to prepare for the filming, mostly soaping themselves in the shower and ensuring that their bodies

were clean and their pubic hairs shining. Emma was fascinated to find that even Harriett, with her athletic slim body felt she needed more than just soap to look her best as she adorned make-up over her nipples and around her crotch. “It actually looks more natural on a video,” she explained, but Emma wasn’t persuaded. Her principles of naturism were too strict to permit such artifice. She did consent, however, to Harriett sucking and pulling on her nipples to ensure they were quite erect to start with.

Charlotte practised, in the meantime, by filming around the living room and then playing the results back on the video player. It was very easy: technology had certainly come a long way. You just pointed the video recorder at something - say a chair - and it remained in focus as you moved towards it or away from it. Even in darkened parts of the room the recorder automatically widened its aperture to ensure that enough light entered the lens.

“Are you ready?” wondered Emma coming out of the bathroom with a blow-dried crotch and a radiant expression. Charlotte couldn’t help noticing how very stiff Emma’s nipples were: they were normally pert but not *that* pert.

Harriett suggested her own bedroom because her bed was the widest and there was better lighting. “And that’s where I’m most relaxed anyway,” Emma laughed. Charlotte was not amused.

At first the exercise was very clumsy. It was very difficult for Emma to proceed knowing that Charlotte was filming her every move. She kept catching glimpses of the video recorder as it panned around her crotch and her breasts. Charlotte herself was thinking more of her own humiliation in filming the woman she

loved doing the things she wanted to do, and found it difficult to keep her mind on the object of the exercise. However, the more experienced Harriett took everything in command. She kept half an eye on the camera and Charlotte and occasionally made signs to Charlotte as to where to point the camera. Emma appreciated how Harriett also took command of her love-making. Emma admired Harriett's professionalism as she guided Emma's mouth down to her vagina while stroking Emma's back and gesturing Charlotte to film Emma's frantic tongue. The skill was not only that of being able to make love unselfconsciously in front of other people, but of also maximising the activities for their erotic televisual potential.

Charlotte was able to think as she filmed that perhaps this was not really Emma she was filming, but just a sex star on the sex videos Emma was bringing into the flat. Was it real sex? she wondered. She'd sometimes wondered that when watching these videos. However, as Emma relaxed more and became more excited by the eroticism of the occasion, it became evident to Charlotte that this was real sex. Emma emitted gasps and grunts that increased in frequency and were reciprocated by Harriett. "*Oh God! Oh God!*" she yelled from a sudden orgasmic shudder. Charlotte was taken aback, but she was herself aroused by Emma's arousal. Her thoughts focused on Emma and almost forgot that it was Harriett who was orchestrating the pleasure and whose tongue and teeth were working round Emma's vagina.

Almost unconsciously, while holding the video camera in her right hand, her left hand wandered down to her own clitoris which she stroked to the same rhythm of Emma's orgasmic shudders. She found that her own vagina was moist. *Oh!* if only it was me that was giving Emma this pleasure, she sighed.

All too soon for Emma, whose body glistened with perspiration, they were finished and the lovers lay on their backs in exhaustion. Charlotte was still filming, but on Harriett's prompting she had receded so that she could film the two girls together.

"I wonder what it looks like," wondered Harriett signalling that Charlotte should now stop filming. As the company soon found out, it didn't have the gloss or sparkle associated with most television sex, and the video was peculiarly story-less, being just Harriett and Emma groping together. It was almost an emetic experience for Charlotte to see the two girls together again just as she had seen them earlier through the camera lens.

"What do you think of our performance?" Emma asked Charlotte kindly as the action showed Emma's finger working in and out of Harriett's anus.

"I don't think I know what to say," said Charlotte truthfully.

"I still need practice," Harriett stated forcefully. "There are quite a few things I'm just not happy about. Not," she added, smiling at Emma, "in terms of your performance, but my own. I think we'll have to repeat the exercise again."

Charlotte sighed inaudibly. She knew what Harriett's statement meant for her. However, she watched the rest of the video with the two lovers. After a while, both Emma and Harriett were stroking and rubbing their vaginas - and remembering her own excitement while filming Charlotte did the same thing. But she wasn't arousing herself at all. She was wondering if she could bear to stay and watch the rest of the video, when she heard a sharp gasp.

Was it that part of the video already? wondered Charlotte watching again as

Harriett's mouth worked around Emma's breasts which was held up in offering. No, it wasn't - she was sure - the video hadn't even got to the bit when Harriett had put almost all of her tongue into Emma's vagina. She turned her head to look at Emma and Harriett, and saw that they had started making love to each other again.

Charlotte was then in a dilemma, which she could not reconcile. For the rest of the space of the video she had the choice of watching Emma and Harriett making love in the flesh or review them again on video. Eventually, she decided that the only thing she could do was leave. She went to her own bedroom and slumped on her bed. Away from Emma and Harriett she was now able to imagine herself making love to Emma and that she was the recipient of Emma's affection. And in this way she furiously masturbated herself and was eventually sufficiently exhausted to get to sleep and not reflect too much on her loss.

Although Emma was becoming quite expert in making love, she could almost be considered to be a virgin - she had only once ever had full penetrative sex and that was not a particularly enjoyable experience. In fact, it had so upset Emma that she had lost interest in making love altogether: but as a result of her experiments with Harriett she felt sure that the time had come when she could lose her virginity in a more meaningful way.

Charlotte really didn't see this as a shortcoming in Emma's sex life, indeed she had become rather used to seeing all the variations of it either through the camera lens or otherwise. Indeed, Emma and Harriett seemed to be making love all the time now. Whereas the two girls had previously been a little discreet, they now showed no compunction in cunnilingus or mutual masturbation or other such sexual activities

when Charlotte was around. And Harriett continued to insist that Charlotte film the two girls together: an activity which was becoming more polished. The videos Charlotte was filming now were still technically poor and had no story content, but Emma had lost her initial shyness and had learnt techniques from Harriett which made her performance much more interesting to watch. Charlotte concentrated more on the technical aspects of filming, and Harriett no longer needed to indicate what views to take.

Charlotte was watching one of these videos when Emma announced her desire to lose her virginity. Emma and Harriett were still glistening with sweat after the sex in which they had just been indulging and a very strong post-orgasmic smell emanated from them. “But it’s got to be done properly...” she announced.

“Do you mean,” wondered Charlotte, “that you want it filmed?”

“What an interesting idea,” commented Harriett.

“No,” decided Emma. “I just mean it’s got to be right. You know, it’s an important thing and I want it to be something I’ll remember with joy.”

Charlotte’s own first experience with sex hadn’t really been that satisfactory either, so she appreciated what Emma was saying. But then, when you’re a teenager, boys do tend to be unsubtle and clumsy. “What do you mean *properly*?. Do you mean we invite a boy round to fuck you?”

“God no!” said Emma with horror. “I could only do it with Harriett.” Charlotte inwardly sighed. “No. I mean Harriett would have to wear one of those artificial penises, - dildos. I’m sure it’d be fine that way. I don’t want to be impregnated by some disgusting man. And anyway the mere thought of a man sticking his thing in me

is enough to make me feel unwell.”

“But why tell me?” wondered Charlotte, who often wished that Emma wasn’t so open about her sexual relationship. Naturism at home was one thing, she reasoned, although there was always some sexual teasing in that. But watching the two girls having sex together day and night was entirely different. Charlotte was very nostalgic for the earlier days when only she and Emma wore no clothes.

“Because, sweetest,” said Emma with a very warm smile, “whatever Harriett is, *you* are my best friend. I need you to be there. It’s very important to me.” She pulled Charlotte’s warm naked body to her own still slightly damp one and hugged her more tightly than she had ever done before. She showered kisses all over Charlotte’s face. “Please say you will,” she pleaded.

Charlotte was taken aback by the affection. “But what am I to do?” she gasped, hoping perhaps that she might still have a sexual role to play. But no, all Emma wanted her to do was to hold her hand.

Emma and Harriett arranged the day on which Emma would lose her virginity with some care. Harriett went out to choose a dildo with Charlotte from a shop that sold such things. Charlotte felt uneasy with Harriett these days, but Harriett was very good at reassuring her. She explained how much she treasured her relationship with Emma and how grateful she was for her affection. “She loves you too,” she confided to Charlotte, “but she cherishes her friendship with you too much.”

Harriett seemed like a different woman to Charlotte when she was not at home and undressed. She wore shorts and sweater just as she used to: looking much more like a sportswoman than a television sex performer. Charlotte now knew all about

Harriett's body and envied her for its athletic trim. The two girls studied the different dildos in the shop. There seemed to be a much wider selection of dimensions and designs than Charlotte had ever expected.

"I imagine Emma will want one that looks as natural as possible," commented Harriett picking one up and holding it to Charlotte's face. "This is about standard size, isn't it?"

It was actually significantly larger than the penises Charlotte generally saw, but she was aware that Harriett would always be meeting better endowed men in her trade than would the average woman. Harriett eased down her shorts and strapped the dildo on over her knickers.

"What do you think?" she wondered, spinning round with the dildo looking almost like the real thing.

"I'm sure it'll do the job," commented Charlotte, and indeed it was the one chosen.

The day came and the three girls arranged themselves in Emma's room (which was not the usual place for making love). Emma lay on her back and supported her head and shoulders in Charlotte's lap. Charlotte supported her shoulders and felt a warm sexual tingle as she felt Emma's naked skin on her crotch and thighs. *Oh!* if only it was me and not Harriett, she said to herself, as Harriett, dildo strapped around her otherwise naked body, lubricated Emma's vagina with her tongue and fingers.

Harriett spent what seemed to Charlotte from her experience of men an unusually long time stimulating Emma, occasionally stopping to look up at Emma to gauge her expression. Emma looked lovingly down at Harriett and sometimes gazed

up at Charlotte. Charlotte could see that Emma was a little nervous so she gave as reassuring a smile as she could.

Eventually, Harriett assessed that Emma was ready. She seemed more than ready to Charlotte who felt the shuddering in Emma's shoulders and the whiplash of her hair as it was thrown about in ecstasy. Harriett eased the dildo into Emma's cunt and the reaction was almost immediate. "*Ohhh! Godd! Go-o-oddd! Uuooaahh!*" cried out Emma, shaking herself ecstatically. She grasped Charlotte's hand and squeezed it as if her life depended on it while gasping out. Then she screamed out in an aural ejaculation that frightened Charlotte.

Emma held tightly onto Harriett who rhythmically and rather slowly thrust her crotch back and forth. Charlotte eased herself back as she was worried about getting hit by Emma's frantically energetic body. She watched as the two girls rolled around as close together as they could while conjoined by a phallic length of plastic. She noticed that Harriett gradually sped up the thrusting, and Emma's response became faster and more urgent. She's playing Emma's body like a musical instrument, thought Charlotte. And then she thought that Harriett was doing very well considering, as she had told her when they were choosing the dildo, that this was the first time for her as well in this role.

Eventually, and not a moment too soon for Charlotte, who was frankly rather bored, the two girls finished and Harriett eased the dildo out from Emma's vagina.

"You're not a virgin anymore," commented Charlotte dryly.

Emma gazed at Charlotte through the damp hair plastered to her sweaty forehead. Hers was the sweetest face Charlotte had ever seen, and quite suddenly

Charlotte's heart broke. She burst into silent tears in the aura of Emma's post-orgasmic ecstasy and satisfaction. Emma smiled and let Charlotte take her body and stroke it with a freedom that had never been allowed before. She even managed to stroke Emma's pubic hairs, but Emma guarded her clitoris from her attention. Harriett also lay back exhausted. It was difficult for Charlotte to assess what Harriett's pleasure had been, but there was a smile on her face.

"You were wonderful!" suddenly exclaimed Emma falling on top of Harriett and kissing her again. She wept from passionate love for Harriett. Charlotte felt very embarrassed, but it didn't surprise her at all when Emma and Harriett recommenced their love-making. Charlotte silently detached herself from their company and settled in her bed where she tried to sleep as best she could with the thumping and screaming emanating all night from Emma's bed.

Charlotte was quite pleased when Emma told her that she and Harriett were entertaining a friend for a meal, even though it would mean that true to her natural modesty she would wear clothes that evening. (Not a concession that would ever occur to Emma). The main source of pleasure was that perhaps for one night Charlotte wouldn't be confronted by the naked bodies of her flatmates writhing about the living-room floor. This pleasure, however, was replaced by some apprehension when Harriett explained that the young lady, Josephine, was actually the woman who had been successfully auditioned for the role of making love to Harriett on television, but a little relieved when Harriett explained that she'd never made love to a woman before either.

Her apprehension seemed totally unfounded when Josephine arrived. She was

a tall quite slender woman in a quite constricting white dress and had her long hair tied up and off her face. Her face was pale and she had blue cheeks underneath slightly startled eyes. When she smiled she emanated an air of sweet innocence which seemed almost inappropriate for someone in her industry, but as she explained it was a thespian rather than a pornographic career that she really aspired to.

The four girls sat round the table for a meal cooked jointly by Emma and Harriett and listened as Josephine discussed her stage performances in repertory and about the difficulties of finding work for an actress even in the big city. Unusually, everyone but Emma was dressed and looking, Charlotte thought, just like most groups of girls gathered for a meal together should look. Indeed, Charlotte found the thought of Emma wearing clothes so alien that her nudity seemed far more natural than it might otherwise be.

After the meal, Emma and Charlotte retreated into the kitchen to wash up the dishes and Harriett remained with Josephine. Harriett was explaining to Josephine how she and Emma had practised making love together and how, to improve their technique, they had encouraged Charlotte to film them together. The conversation was of such a matter-of-fact tone that Charlotte wasn't in the slightest bit alarmed. And anyway she had news that she had been dying all day to impart to Emma and now was the ideal time.

"I've got the transfer I've been applying for," she announced to Emma.

"Oh how wonderful!" said Emma giving Charlotte a kiss while wiping the inside of a glass with the tea-towel. "Where to?"

"To this naturist branch in the Civil Service," Charlotte announced, her sleeves

rolled up and soap-suds to her wrists.

“‘Naturist’ branch?” wondered Emma who’d never heard of such a thing before.

“Yes,” smiled Charlotte triumphantly, “Some branches - especially unpopular ones like tax, social security and so on - attract staff by having a naturist policy. That means that staff have the freedom to wear as few clothes as possible while at work. So now I can work in as few clothes as I wear at home!”

“That’s absolutely marvellous!” exclaimed Emma, grabbing Charlotte round the waist and showering her face with kisses. “Absolutely wonderful! I’m *so* happy for you.”

Charlotte was delighted with Emma’s response. She had been trying for so long to get this transfer as she had felt so inferior compared to Emma who could wear nothing at work all day and nobody would think it the oddest thing at all, while she had to wear smart clothe. Now, she felt, she could be a real naturist and, perhaps, get the respect from Emma she felt was lacking.

When Charlotte and Emma came back into the living room, laughing and giggling, they found Josephine and Harriett sitting in front of the video watching one of the videos Charlotte had filmed of Harriett and Emma making love. Harriett was explaining in technical terms some of the sexual techniques involved in the performance. To Charlotte’s ears, it sounded more like someone explaining golfing techniques rather than how to make love. Alarmingly for Charlotte, she found that both Harriett and Josephine were wearing just underwear, which in Josephine’s case meant a white silk slip and knickers and in Harriett’s case nothing but black knickers.

Not *quite* nudity, thought Charlotte.

All that was to change however, as Harriett explained to Emma that Josephine had watched the videos that Charlotte had filmed and felt very nervous about her own lack of sexual experience with other women. Consequently, they agreed that it was better for her to practice with Emma and Harriett. They had been waiting for Emma to return from the kitchen to ask her if she wouldn't mind participating in some instruction.

At first Emma seemed hesitant, but she looked at Josephine's rather shy face and the slender body beneath the slip and relented.

"We'd better take all our clothes off, then" she announced.

At this prompting, Harriett pulled her knickers down to reveal her little triangular bush of hair, and, somewhat less enthusiastically, Josephine removed her slip to reveal smallish round breasts with pert pink nipples and a very tidy patch of pubic hair.

She looked at Charlotte pleadingly. "Are you joining in?" she asked.

"Charlotte doesn't do this sort of thing!" announced Emma, which to Charlotte's ears sounded very presumptuous, but she didn't feel like arguing at this juncture. Indeed what she did do, as the girls settled down in a cross-legged triangle on the well-worn rug in front of the gas fire, was discreetly retreat to her room without another word.

As soon as her door was shut, Charlotte pulled off her clothes. "That's the last time I'll ever wear clothes!" she announced to herself with a kind of determination, knowing full well that it was unlikely that she'd ever be able to stay true to her own

word. She examined her naked reflection in the mirror. What was wrong with her? she wondered. She was sure she wasn't unattractive. She *was* of a less slender frame than Emma and a less athletic trim than Harriett, but she had an attractive body nonetheless. She slowly masturbated herself trying to excite herself with thoughts of making love, but she somehow couldn't get any excitement.

"What the hell!" she announced loudly, standing up and walking out of her room still naked. Perhaps with Josephine there she would have that opportunity to show her sexual self that had been so much denied, she thought. She pushed open the door to the living-room as quietly as she could. What she saw was a writhing mass of three bodies all intent on stimulating each others' bodies. Only the odd glimpse of a face and Charlotte's familiarity with Emma's and Harriett's bodies could distinguish one body from another. She stood by the door for several minutes feeling like a trespasser in her own house in the midst of the gasps and pants of sexual excitement.

Josephine was clearly not as experienced in lesbian love as the other two girls, but that, if anything, only made her the more attractive in Charlotte's eyes. Indeed, Charlotte was beginning to feel that same melting-away feeling she very often felt in Emma's company. As she watched Josephine, she caught a glimpse of her spying her and for a moment she froze, enduring her gaze. She flushed, feeling suddenly embarrassed for being there naked, neither joining in nor being apart, but being merely a voyeuse.

And then she ran off to her bedroom and, although it was earlier than her usual bed-time, she went straight to bed. She was able to masturbate now, and she did so furiously until she went to sleep, but the image uppermost in her mind was the vision

of Emma and Josephine locked in passionate embrace.

VI

Charlotte was very anxious on the first day of her new job: not just because of the anxiety of working with new people and finding new routines, but also just the idea of working all day with no clothes. She had, of course, been shown round the offices and knew what to expect. It was nonsense to say that nudity was compulsory. Not everyone working in the branch was a naturist, although they had to be sympathetic, and even those who took off their clothes didn't necessarily take them all off. Despite this, it took little time for the oddness to wear off of being in a government office surrounded by computer terminals and paper files with naked people. Her new supervisor made no mention of clothing policy and only discussed the duties Charlotte would be performing. He was, however, totally naked except for a pen dangling over his chest. Undoubtedly the work was going to be more tedious than that which Charlotte had been doing previously, but this was the penalty that Charlotte expected to pay for the privilege of being a naturist at work.

One of Charlotte's main anxieties was quite simply what clothes to wear on the way to the office. She spent ages the night before trying on all combinations of overcoat and jacket. She eventually decided to wear only a pair of black swimming trunks and a short jacket, but when the morning came and she prepared herself she actually found herself putting on exactly what she would normally have worn. As she was just about to leave, she thought better of it, but only to remove her knickers and bra. "I won't need these," she said to herself slyly as she felt the dress against her bare skin.

She gingerly knocked on Harriett's door to say goodbye to Emma, who had insisted she do this so she could wish Charlotte good luck. There was no response, so Charlotte eased open the door to see Emma in bed with Harriett and also the tanned naked body of a third girl who was in the bed with them. This was another in the series of girls Harriett had started inviting back to practice making love with. The night before, Emma confided to Charlotte that she found Molly a little common for her tastes, but refreshingly open. She'd not hesitated in getting down to some serious love-making with Emma and Harriett: the artificial tan of her body and bleach-blond hair standing out in contrast to Charlotte's flatmates' more natural skin colour.

It took Charlotte a few moments to be sure, but Molly was active in eating Harriett's vagina with Emma beneath exploring Molly's raised vagina with her tongue and fingers. Emma looked up from what she was doing, her vulva pointing directly towards Charlotte.

"Are you off now?" she asked softly.

Charlotte nodded and made to leave through the door. "Don't leave so fast!" cried Emma who pulled herself up from under Molly, who was too engrossed to disengage herself, and ran up to Charlotte. She gave Charlotte a hug and a kiss. "I hope your day goes well!"

Charlotte's journey was by underground train and she felt nervous that somehow people could see she wasn't wearing underwear. Other people probably didn't care, and indeed one girl, probably a secretary, was quite clearly showing a bare nipple through her very low-cut dress. This didn't prevent Charlotte from feeling self-conscious. Indeed, she was pleased when she could get out of the train and walk

the hundred yards through the rain and puddles to the office. She stood at the escalator doors after showing her pass to the doorman, wondering when it would be appropriate for her to take off her clothes. When the lift arrived, no one was naked there, so she stayed fully clothed until she reached the 6th floor and entered the reception area.

“Hello, what do you want?” asked a girl at the reception desk, who was wearing no clothes at all that Charlotte could see besides the petite glasses on her nose.

“I’m Charlotte. It’s my first day here.”

“Charlotte,” sniffed the receptionist looking at a list which she held up in front of her pert breasts whose nipples stood out. “The new girl. Another naturist, I suppose?”

Charlotte nodded. Although the receptionist was unclothed she didn’t appear very sympathetic to naturism.

“You’ll be wanting to know where to leave your clothes then,” the receptionist continued. She stood up and Charlotte could see that she was not totally naked but wore some very brief shorts and knee-high boots. She was taken to a room marked **Private** where there were coats on hooks and some lockers.

“This is your locker,” the receptionist said pointing at one which was open. “You’ll have to provide your own padlock, I’m afraid. And you *must* wear clothes if you leave the premises.”

Charlotte felt hopeless as she stood in front of the locker. “Don’t you want to take your clothes off, then?” wondered the receptionist. Charlotte smiled pleadingly, but received no sympathetic gesture. A little embarrassed, Charlotte removed her

jacket and pulled off the dress to reveal the naked body underneath. The receptionist sniffed again, but made no comment.

“Right, I’ll take you to Bernard who’ll show you your desk,” said the receptionist referring to the supervisor Charlotte had met before.

The rest of the day was spent meeting other members of staff and learning about her duties. Most of the staff were men and almost all of these were nudists. The main embarrassment Charlotte felt as she met all these new men was of avoiding eye-contact with their penises. She studiously looked up at their faces and reminded herself that, as a lesbian, men should be the same to her clothed or unclothed.

There were three other women besides Charlotte working in the office. There was Peggy, the receptionist, who was adamant that she wasn’t a naturist but was nonetheless usually topless and, Charlotte was told, would frequently wear nothing at all in warm weather. There was Mildred, a late middle-aged woman who had the cracked skin of years of sunbathing and droopy breasts that flopped over her tight, lined, brown belly. There was one woman about Charlotte’s age, Clarissa, who was plump with a round pair of breasts crowned with nipples the size of Charlotte’s fist.

Charlotte’s desk faced towards a male colleague, Desmond, who although a committed naturist almost always wore an open shirt so he could have access to a pen at all times. He was also rather shy and had great difficulty at looking at Charlotte’s face, let alone anywhere else on her body. She looked out on to the street and was pleased to see that there were no vantage points where anyone could spy on the office. Charlotte had no intention of being the subject of anyone’s voyeurism.

Bernard spelt out the rules pertaining to dress which was to wear clothes

outside of the office and to respect the views of any member of the public who didn't actively express a willingness to be interviewed by a naked Civil Servant. A white overcoat of standard issue was provided in all interview rooms so staff could be dressed in these circumstances, but as Bernard assured her, very few people would come to this branch without expecting to meet some naturist staff.

When 5 o'clock came, Charlotte joined the others by their lockers as they got dressed to go home. Bernard stayed at his desk, as did Desmond who Charlotte later discovered was very shy of being seen putting his clothes back on. Clarissa's locker was right next to Charlotte's and she smiled at Charlotte as she put on just a leather jacket over her otherwise naked body and pulled on some leather knee-high boots.

"You going home by yourself, love?" she asked.

"Yes," admitted Charlotte doing up her own jacket which more convincingly hid her smaller breasts than did Clarissa's from which her breasts were clearly trying to escape.

"My boyfriend's picking me up," Clarissa said, "but perhaps another night we can go out for a drink after work."

"That would be very nice," Charlotte admitted, who still felt very much a stranger amongst her colleagues. She was sure Clarissa wasn't a lesbian herself, but that was all for the best. It was Emma who she loved.

Her day had been mostly desk-bound, though she knew that her job would soon involve meeting the public, of which all she'd seen all day were the people in the streets when she'd gone out for her lunch-break. She felt sure then, as she felt now leaving the office, that everyone could see her nakedness under her clothes.

There she goes, she imagined them thinking, when the lift stopped on her floor and she joined the other office staff and executives already in the lift. You can see she's got no clothes on underneath. She's a filthy nudist. She spends all day indulging in the perverse pleasure of nudity. And what's more she's a lesbian. She loves other women. She's a disgusting, perverted, naked dyke.

And, Charlotte reminded herself with a wince, a lesbian who can't even have sex with the woman she loves above all else. A woman for whom she'd sacrifice everything. But a woman who nonetheless denies that she's at all gay while forever making love to Harriett. And not just Harriett, but any friend Harriett brings home with her. Last night it was Molly. A girl who probably couldn't even spell her own name. Will it be Molly tonight? Or some other girl?

Her bitter thoughts followed her and distracted her from the self-consciousness of her hidden nakedness as she travelled home on the underground train, with bodies of men and women squeezed right up against her, supporting herself only by the strap. As she hurried up the stairs to the surface, she absentmindedly let her breasts fall out of her coat, but she hurriedly replaced them, sure that everyone had now decided that she was the worst kind of slut.

It wasn't Molly Emma was making love to when Charlotte came in. In fact, Emma and Harriett weren't making love at all, but seemed to just be talking to a girl that was with them. This girl was quite short - less than five feet high - and built on a corresponding slender model, with breasts barely showing as more than discoloured bumps on her breast. Her skin was very pale, and at first Charlotte was convinced that this girl was just a school-girl who Harriett had persuaded to strip off. In fact when the

girl turned round and smiled at Charlotte with a sparkle of teeth and deep dark eyes, it was clear she was actually an oriental woman, probably in her mid-twenties.

Emma jumped up and ran up to Charlotte. She grasped Charlotte round the shoulders before she had the chance to take her coat off.

“How was your first day at work?” she asked. “It wasn’t too frightful was it?”

“No, no. It was alright. Perfectly alright.”

“They were kind to you, were they?” Emma wondered, a look of real concern as she noticed the bitterness that had set into Charlotte’s face.

“Oh yes, they were very nice. I’m just not, you know, just not used to being nude all day.”

“How peculiar,” laughed Emma, who was rarely anything but. She showered Charlotte’s face with dry little kisses. “Now can you be a darling and help us.”

“Of course,” volunteered Charlotte with no idea what Emma, Harriett and the oriental girl wanted.

“Meet Susan,” said Emma, showing her guest. “She has a problem about making love.”

“Yes,” explained Susan, who had a slightly foreign enunciation to her immaculate English. “All my life I only ever make love when I am being watched. That is why I work in sex television, because it is the only way I can have a happy love life. And I want to make love to both Emma and Harriett...”

“...And both of us want to make love to her,” agreed Emma squeezing Charlotte. “Don’t we, Harriett?”

Harriett was holding Susan’s shoulders. She gently kissed Susan full on the

mouth to signal assent.

“So please, Charlotte,” pleaded Emma, “Can you watch Susan with us? But don’t touch.”

And so Charlotte’s first evening after a day at her new job was spent watching the three girls make love together. Emma seemed particularly enthusiastic. More enthusiastic in her passionate love with Susan than Emma had ever seen her with Harriett. Her cries of passion were louder and fuller than she’d ever heard before. Is it Susan who makes her so passionate? wondered Charlotte. But she couldn’t be sure as Harriett seemed to be giving her great pleasure too as she nibbled Emma’s clitoris with her teeth, while Susan, in turn, squeezed her vagina tightly against her own. Or was it because I’m watching? Perhaps, Charlotte thought, my presence gives Emma just a bit more pleasure. Perhaps she gets sadistic pleasure out of my discomfort. Or maybe, and Charlotte was sure this was the real truth, she thinks I get pleasure from seeing her get pleasure.

However, it was not Emma, but Susan who seemed most aware of Charlotte’s presence. Frequently and from whatever absurd angle it was, with pubic hair in her mouth or a tongue in her ear or her fingers firmly up Emma’s cunt or even when Harriett forced one of her dildos as far up Susan’s anus as it could go, Susan’s broad smile and sparkling gaze seemed directed not at her lovers but rather at Charlotte. In fact, Charlotte had never been looked at in such an unambiguously sexual way before. At one stage, Susan disengaged herself from her two lovers, who continued making love with each other regardless and suddenly squeezed Charlotte to her tiny breasts and kissed her passionately on the face, eyes and mouth. And then, just when

Charlotte became fully appreciative of this act of passion, she pushed herself back off to rejoin the love-making with what seemed re-invigorated passion and lust.

The three girls made love for what seemed forever to Charlotte, who envied them all. Afterwards though, Susan's conversation was held not with Emma and Harriett, whom she'd enjoyed so passionately, but with Charlotte. She felt that Susan was blatantly flirting with her, particular as she so often held Charlotte's hands in her own delicate hands and traced her fingers gently over their back. In fact, she barely seemed interested in Emma and Harriett now, who retreated after a while to watch some of the videos that Emma was still investigating for her television station.

Charlotte soon became aware that Susan's flirting, although meant sincerely, was not intended as an invitation to sex, (which she discussed coolly and dispassionately), but as an expression of affection. As Susan left, putting on a very tight silver jump-suit, she gave Charlotte a long embrace, hugging her and kissing her on the cheeks.

"I *must* see you again," Susan insisted. "You *must* come and visit and watch me making love to my boyfriend. He is so passionate. And," she added, "we can only make love when we have visitors watching. *Please* say yes, so I can make love to him. He'll love it when such a beautiful girl as you is watching."

Charlotte nodded, and said she would. But in truth, she felt very weary of all this second-hand love. When would someone make love to her? And would that person ever be Emma?

VII

“Are you doing anything this evening?” Clarissa asked Charlotte as the two colleagues prepared to return home after a full day at work. Clarissa was pulling on a dress which like all her clothes looked awkward over her full round breasts and buttocks. Charlotte, who had more of a sense of style still found it strange becoming accustomed to wearing fewer clothes than she used to. She buttoned up the black silk blouse which was all she was currently wearing. As it was a warm day, she also had a pair of loose shorts, which she found more comfortable when not wearing knickers.

“No, I’ve got nothing planned,” admitted Charlotte, who in fact rather dreaded going home. Who would Emma and Harriett be making love with tonight? she wondered.

“In that case, I’ll take you to the Haworth,” announced Clarissa. “It’s a naturist wine bar near here. We can have a drink and a chat.”

“Ooh, that’d be a nice idea,” Charlotte admitted. It certainly meant she’d be absolved of acting as a voyeur this evening. “Does it cost anything to go in?”

“Of course not,” Clarissa assured her. “But you *must* take your clothes off.”

After working all day with no clothes, this seemed quite natural to Charlotte. In fact, the sight of a man or woman wearing clothes now seemed almost odd to her. Clarissa led Charlotte down a few quiet back streets in the town centre to a fairly anonymous street, near a delicatessen and a shop selling apparently nothing but lamp-shades, where there was the sign **The Haworth** just above a staircase which

led down below street level. Nothing of the wine bar was visible from the street, and in fact it didn't really seem very inviting. It certainly wasn't the sort of place where Charlotte would normally choose to go.

Charlotte followed Clarissa down the steps to a more inviting place than she expected. It was well-lit with subtly attractive decor and the people inside were indeed wearing no clothes. The large black gentleman at the door was also naked (or at least what was visible over the counter). "We'll have to leave our clothes here," Clarissa announced. The two girls undressed and handed their clothes to the gentleman. Charlotte was about to retrieve her handbag, but Clarissa signalled that it wasn't necessary: "You buy everything on tab here," she explained.

There weren't many people in the bar. There was a group of four men in the corner drinking beers and looking well at ease in their nudity. They glanced at Charlotte and Clarissa as they entered, but in a fairly neutral fashion. A man and woman were chatting in the corner and held their hands together over the table. They had eyes only for each other. Clarissa went to the bar to be greeted by a bar-girl wearing only a welcoming smile.

"The same as always, Clarissa?" the bar-girl asked.

"Yes, of course, Emily," Clarissa answered. "And what are you having, Charlotte?"

"Oh, an orange juice I think," she answered.

"Nothing stronger?" wondered Clarissa quizzically, but this was what Emily poured into a glass which shone an orange triangle onto her apple-shaped breasts. She then made a note on a piece of paper of the purchases.

The girls chose a table which seemed unnecessarily hidden for such a relatively quiet place. While they chatted about work and colleagues, Charlotte gazed about the room examining the other customers as they entered. Clarissa did much the same, but in a decidedly predatory manner.

Charlotte was soon tempted to have a glass of wine, which seemed to go straight through her, so she soon had to go to the toilet. It was a very clean toilet, but nonetheless bizarre in that there were no doors in the cubicles. No need for modesty here, reflected Charlotte, as she brushed through her long hair with her hands.

When Charlotte got back, she found that they were no longer unaccompanied, as Clarissa was talking animatedly with a young man who was seated on a stool by their table. "Oh hello, Charlotte," smiled Clarissa, as she sat down. "Meet ... um ..."

"Edwin," announced the young man, smiling broadly at Charlotte. "I work in Electricity. Are you in the Civil Service as well?" Charlotte nodded. "In the same section?" She nodded again. "It must be wonderful not having to wear clothes all day. Electricity would *never* countenance it. But I guess, the Civil Service have got to provide some benefits to counter the lousy pay."

Edwin sat with the two girls for the rest of the evening which seemed to go on interminably. Edwin ordered a bottle of wine, which the three shared between them, with Clarissa drinking the most. Gradually Clarissa became more intimate with Edwin, and it didn't surprise Charlotte too much to see her stroking Edwin's penis. "Don't do that!" he laughed, but he neither removed her hand nor resisted the swelling of his penis from the attention. The conversation remained more mundane and by concentrating on that, Charlotte just about succeeded in ignoring Clarissa's blatant

teasing.

It was gone eleven when Clarissa announced it was time to go home. “Do the both of you want to come back for some coffee?” she asked. Charlotte was feeling slightly tipsy and assented as she thought a coffee might do her some good. Edwin didn’t hesitate at all.

Clarissa’s flat was only five minutes walk from the bar. The three of them got dressed, and settled their bill with the black gentleman at reception. Edwin put on a business suit, which seemed very peculiar after having so long worn nothing over his bronzed naked body. Clarissa’s flat was up a couple of flights of stairs, and had a no-clothes policy like the bar, as Clarissa announced pushing open her front door, The three of them removed their clothes again and left them in the hall-way, before entering the flat proper.

Clarissa didn’t live alone in the flat. Her boyfriend was sitting in front of the television and briefly greeted them as they entered. Charlotte sat in the living room while Edwin and Clarissa prepared the coffee. It seemed to take ages to arrive, and Clarissa’s boyfriend seemed far more interested in the television than on chat.

It was the city’s only naturist station, **Nude Horizon**, and like all naturist stations there were strictly no clothes, but also none of the explicit sex associated with Emma’s station, **Harlot TV**. Like **Harlot**, however, it religiously pursued its preferred subject matter and was often just as dull about it. There was probably less sex on **Nude Horizon** than on most other television stations and most intimacy was of a fairly chaste kind. There were soap operas and documentaries, quiz shows and

films just like on any other station: all totally unexceptional but for the nudity. Although Charlotte wasn't a great fan of sex television she preferred it to this.

Nude Horizon was showing a general interest program which was actually discussing **Harlot TV**. What a strange coincidence, thought Charlotte, glancing at Clarissa's boyfriend and wondering if she should say anything about her loose connection with the station. She decided against it. He might not approve. The program was discussing the fourth **X** awarded to **Harlot TV** and the more sexually explicit programs it was now considered responsible enough to show.

"Of particular interest to our viewers," the television presenter announced, "is that the guiding hand for much of the new policy is a committed naturist who, amongst other things believes there should be a more positive attitude towards nudists on sex television."

The program then featured Emma (*yes, Emma, my love, my lovely*) who was wearing no clothes as always and looking not at all embarrassed as the rather flabby middle-aged woman presenter asked her questions.

"For too long on sex television," Emma said in her most polemic style, "nakedness has been thought of as nothing but a prelude to full sexual intercourse. But that is, of course, absolute nonsense."

Emma explained in the few minutes allotted to her, that she would influence programming to ensure that **Harlot TV** would have its fourth **X** renewed. There would be a new soap opera which would not present its cast as just simpering sex toys. There would be discussion and chat programs where the presenter would not be

obliged to have sex with the guests. And yes, there would be a more positive attitude towards naturism. And there would be an attempt to move away from nudity as titillation, towards nudity as a rational person's life-style choice.

After the interview with Emma, the presenter addressed some sceptical comments to the camera, but Charlotte heard none of this as her mind focused entirely on Emma. On her beauty. And her formidable modest but assured presence. And on how much she loved her.

"This coffee's taking rather a long time to arrive!" commented Charlotte.

Without taking his eyes off the feature on naturist cheese factories, Clarissa's boyfriend commented expressionlessly: "I expect that means I'll have to sleep in the spare bedroom." The connection seemed fairly odd to her, so Charlotte, whose mind was still reviewing Emma's television interview, chose to ignore it.

However, he was right, as Charlotte discovered when Clarissa came in with two cups of coffee, which Charlotte was displeased to find had two sugars and not none as she'd asked.

"Sorry, we took so long," Clarissa said smiling in a very peculiar way, her skin shining with an equally peculiar glister. "Edwin and I just got carried away in the kitchen." She looked at her boyfriend. "He's so good, Cyril, you wouldn't believe! That prick of his just feels so right!" She paused while Cyril continued watching the television as it reviewed naturism and recent amendments to Motoring regulations. "You don't mind sleeping in the spare bedroom tonight, do you, Cyril?"

His eyes continued to focus on the film of a motorcyclist wearing what was considered the legal minimum quantity of clothes, covering head, chest and limbs, but

left the crotch displayed. “No, of course not Clarrie. I even prepared it earlier.”

“Oh you’re *such* a darling, Cyril!” remarked Clarissa, as she kissed him full on the mouth. “Edwin’s *so* good!” She turned to Charlotte and took the hand that wasn’t politely holding the cup of coffee she was soon going to let go cold. “And he wants you to join us, Charlotte. Isn’t that wonderful?”

Charlotte hadn’t expected this and so wasn’t sure how to respond. She gave a little frown, but her thoughts were more on Emma, and the idea of sex with Edwin and Clarissa just didn’t appeal. When would it appeal to her? Charlotte wondered. Perhaps if she’d had more to drink. “I feel a bit tired, I’m afraid.”

“Oh come on, Charlotte,” said Clarissa imploringly. “It’s not every day you get a chance at this kind of fun.”

That was true, reflected Charlotte, but it *was* every day she got to witness it. But, as she also thought, Clarissa wasn’t gay and Charlotte was, after all, a lesbian. She shook her head shyly.

“OK,” said Clarissa, clearly disappointed. “Well, I hope you don’t mind if I go off now and enjoy myself with Edwin.”

Then she raised herself up, and left Edwin and Charlotte to watch a commercial break featuring products designed for the naturist market, such as sun tan lotion, creams for sore crotches, and privacy devices.

Charlotte continued watching television with Cyril, who made no comment, for what she judged as a polite length of time. After the commercial break, there was a naturist situation comedy set on a naturist newspaper. The humour was, if anything, even less funny than that in most situation comedies and the bizarre aspect of

newspaper people wandering about in the nude soon palled on her.

“I must get going now,” she announced.

“Oh yes,” said Cyril, looking up at her as she picked up her virtually untouched cup of coffee. “Well, it’s been very nice having you visit. Please come again.” He smiled in a reassuring way that somehow compensated for much of his previous silence and then his eyes returned to a situation where one of the characters had spilt drink down her breasts and made the comment that at least she didn’t have to worry about a dry-cleaning bill.

Charlotte found the kitchen, and poured the coffee down the sink. Then as she wandered back past the living room to the front door she saw that Clarissa’s bedroom was wide open and could see Edwin fucking away inside her in a room otherwise remarkable only for its pink and cream decor. Edwin’s back was to her, but Clarissa was mounted in such a position he could easily see Charlotte going by.

“Are you coming to join us after all?” asked Clarissa in a slightly breathless way as Edwin thrust in and out of her, her breasts flopping backwards and forwards to the same rhythm. Charlotte sadly shook her head. “No?” said Clarissa, regretfully. “Well, I’ll see you tomorrow then.”

Charlotte left early enough to be able to catch an underground train home, and was soon through the front door and into the flat. Off came her clothes again. She now viewed them more or less as encumbrances to be worn *between* rather than *at* places. The flat was very quiet, and, as Charlotte discreetly verified, Harriett and Emma were sleeping together in Harriett’s bed with no guests. She went to the bathroom and while sitting on the toilet, feeling the warm rush of urine splash up from the porcelain onto

her thighs, she reflected that perhaps tonight had been one night when she'd have felt more comfortable staying at home.

However, this view was shattered when, with the smell of toothpaste still lingering in her mouth, Charlotte pushed open the door of her bedroom and found it was not empty. She turned on the light and woke up the small white figure of Susan, lying naked in a huddled figure under the sheets.

"Oh Charlotte!" Susan cried in a tone of affection. *"At last you're back!"*

Charlotte certainly hadn't expected Susan to be there. She'd become an occasional visitor to the flat, and Charlotte had become rather accustomed to watching Susan make love to Emma and Harriett, and on one occasion to Molly, who had been visiting at the same time. She'd taken up the habit of arriving unannounced and assuming that there'd always be sex available, which rather annoyed Harriett who liked her life better organised.

"What are you doing in my bed?" wondered Charlotte.

"Because I've been waiting for you," smiled Susan seductively. She put her arms out and held Charlotte's hands in hers'. "And," she added with an unusually coy grin, "because I love you."

This rather shocked Charlotte, who had never made love to Susan, though she was very aware that although she got virtually no sexual attention when Susan visited she got almost all her non-sexual attention.

"Do you want to make love to me?" asked Charlotte wearily, not sure if this was the opportunity for the love affair she needed after being so decidedly rejected by Emma, or if this was just a nuisance she could do well without.

“Heavens, no!” exclaimed Susan. “No, I love you too much for that. I just want to be with you. I want to sleep in the same bed as you. I want to feel your tender body near mine. Feel your breath on mine. Have you watching me make love to my boyfriend, to Emma, to Harriett, whoever.”

“But not actually make love with me?” wondered Charlotte.

Susan smiled. “I feel so fulfilled when I feel you watching me. When I made love to Emma this evening with only Harriett watching, I felt *so* empty. I know Emma enjoyed it. She really loves my body.” Charlotte winced, but she knew it was true. Perhaps Harriett’s annoyance with Susan was also because she seemed to give Emma more pleasure than anyone else. “Emma was so passionate. And *aggressive*. Look at the bruises.” She emerged from the sheets and pointed at blue and slightly red patches of skin around her lower body. “And the bite marks,” she added, indicating her little breasts and just above her crotch. “And look at the blood!” she added, pulling herself out of the bed, turning round to face her bottom to Charlotte and opening her buttocks to show her anus. And indeed, Charlotte could just about make out patches of dried blood attached to the hairs around her anus. “Emma just goes wild. She just doesn’t care what she does to my body,” Susan smiled. “But it’s *you* I love.”

“And it’s Emma *I* love!” exclaimed Charlotte who suddenly burst into tears and threw herself on the bed.

Whatever it was that Susan expected to do that evening it probably wasn’t what she in fact did do: which was to comfort Charlotte as she cried through the night, talking about her love for Emma, her jealousy of Harriett, the way she felt neglected when so many women could make love to Emma but not her, the way she felt like just

an appendage to the goings on in the flat. “It just fills me with pain to think of you and Emma making love together. With Emma loving you and not me. It was so much better before Emma discovered sex!”

“I thought you enjoyed watching people make love,” commented Susan sadly - herself disappointed. “That’s why I was convinced we’d make the perfect couple. I thought I would fuck and you would watch and maybe masturbate. And then we would be just friends and love each other - as I love you. And I would be fulfilled. And I thought you would be fulfilled too.”

“No,” sniffed Charlotte, holding Susan’s slim shoulders to her chest. “No, that’s *not* what I want. Not at all.”

VIII

When Charlotte returned from work and saw two girls writhing about entwined together on the carpet in front of a sex video on the television, she at first assumed that it was Emma and Harriett. After all, when only two women were making love in the flat it was usually those two. When that happened, she usually hid herself in the kitchen to prepare dinner, only venturing out when she judged the two had exhausted themselves.

However, as Charlotte reflected, it couldn't be Harriett having sex with Emma, as it was only last night that she and Emma and a few of Harriett's other friends had seen her off at the airport. Harriett had started working on a new television series which involved her being filmed making love in exotic parts of the world. Her first destination was Cambodia, at one of its premier luxury holiday resorts. From all accounts this was a fairly demanding job involving group sex and the opportunity to practice her newly acquired lesbian skills.

No, as Charlotte soon became aware, the woman who was giving Emma such obvious pleasure was Penelope, a friend of Harriett's who'd visited several times before. Penelope was a very skinny girl whose breasts were almost all nipple and whose groin was slightly hollowed out. Charlotte could almost see the bone of her buttocks through the flesh as it pumped in tune to Emma's cunnilingus.

Penelope's flushed face emerged from between Emma's legs, her lips raw and red from exertion. She saw Charlotte and smiled welcomingly before returning to

Emma's crotch.

Emma had good reason to celebrate. She had finished her research for *Harlot TV* and made her recommendations of what programs to buy and which to emulate just in time for the station to receive its fourth **X**. This had been very fortuitous timing, because she had become the default spokesperson for the now more responsible station, which was in the throes of renaming itself in a way that better reflected its new status.

Emma had been interviewed on the countless manifestations of the media. Her appearance as a serious woman with an uncompromising policy of naturism had acted as a very strong advertisement for the station. She had been interviewed on mainline television, national newspapers, several magazines and innumerable organs of more specialist interest in sex entertainment. She had now been seen by more people than had ever watched the station, though in some cases she'd only been filmed or photographed from the waist up. In one or two instances, including a television station which claimed the moral high ground, she could only be seen from the shoulders up. In all her interviews, she freely expressed her views about the role of sex television and of naturism as a philosophy of life. Indeed, she got the distinct impression from her employers that the more polemical her views the more they were appreciated.

Charlotte smiled weakly at Penelope and then shyly made her way into the kitchen to busy herself over the cooker boiling vegetables and unfreezing a pre-prepared meal. She sat on the kitchen stool waiting for the food to be ready, thinking about her own rôle in the changes that had taken place. While she was there,

Penelope came in, still naked and reeking of the shared sweat of her own body and Emma's. She sat down on another stool and chatted to Charlotte about her job which was not in the sex media, although she aspired to it, but as a clerk for a large supermarket chain.

“Why is it you never make love with Emma and Harriett?” she asked. “I've asked Emma and I know it's not because you don't find women attractive.”

This question unbalanced Charlotte. Why indeed had she never been involved? It just hadn't happened. That was all. She didn't know why really, and she certainly envied everyone else who'd made love to Emma.

Charlotte shook her head sadly.

Penelope stood up from her stool and put her arms around Charlotte's naked body. Charlotte felt the heat from her skin before it touched her, and almost burnt her. “Oh! You poor dear!” simpered Penelope, kissing Charlotte tenderly on the face. Then, (Charlotte wasn't too sure how), she and Penelope fell to kissing full on the mouth, their tongues entwined. Charlotte's tongue trailed round Penelope's teeth and her throat felt the thick mass of Penelope's tongue deep inside. Then, Penelope's hands gripped into her buttocks and Charlotte's arms cautiously encompassed her slender bony waist.

This didn't last for long. Penelope announced she had to return to Emma and, in any case, Charlotte's food was ready. Penelope left Charlotte alone with her vegetables and thoughts. She felt excited by the attention she'd just received, but she also felt peculiarly guilty of a kind of disloyalty to Emma.

For the rest of the evening, Charlotte sat in her bedroom reading a novel she'd

recently bought, frightened as always of going into the living room where she might perhaps be invited to film the two girls making love or, as with Susan, just to observe in a rage of envy. The hours passed, with Charlotte feeling somewhat disorientated from the affection Penelope had expressed, until it seemed late enough for her to go to bed. She wandered to the bathroom to clean her teeth, knowing she wouldn't meet either of the girls there, as she could hear the familiar rocking of Emma's bed.

Charlotte returned to bed and pulled the sheet over her naked body. As so often, she gently stroked her body as she settled down, asking it if it was interested in masturbation. Although clearly excited, her body wasn't going to be satisfied by anything like that, so Charlotte rolled over on her side and faced the wall.

Several minutes later, Charlotte heard her bedroom door open, and then a body tiptoe silently across the room towards her bed. Perhaps she'd been secretly expecting it, but she wasn't too surprised when she was joined by Penelope's skinny and smelly body, still moist from sex. And it wasn't at all long until she found herself rolling around and writhing with her incredibly hot and bony body. As she pulled at Penelope's long thin nipple in her teeth, Charlotte smelt Emma's odours emanating amongst Penelope's. Well, she thought, if you can't experience Emma's body first-hand, it was probably better to experience it second-hand.

While Penelope's expert fingers lubricated Charlotte's cunt, she was considering that, *yes!*, this was the first time with a woman. She'd always considered herself a lesbian, but one who'd always loved women from a distance. And now, as Penelope's tongue descended down her body to join her exploring fingers at the vagina, she was now to know what it was really like. In some ways, it was like making

love with a man, but the smells were different, the body was different and the expectations were different.

“So that’s where you are!” Charlotte suddenly heard. She started and withdrew her face from the buttock she’d been licking while supporting herself on Penelope’s legs. “This is being really very deceitful!”

“Sorry, dearest?” wondered Penelope, who jerked her head out of Charlotte’s pubic hair to look directly at Emma who was standing by the open door and, although only her silhouette could be seen, was almost certainly frowning.

“I thought I was always honest and open with you,” Emma continued crossly, “but then you steal my lovers from my bed. Why couldn’t you have just asked and joined us in the normal way, instead of sneaking off behind my back.”

“Don’t worry, Emma my love,” Penelope apologised, “I’ll come straight back to bed with you.”

She disentangled herself from Charlotte’s red hot body, which was burning as much with humiliation as with lust. She let herself out of Charlotte’s room, pausing only to peck Emma on the cheek as she went out.

“So, this is how my best friend treats me!” exclaimed Emma bitterly. “How could you do it? How could you be so ... so ... underhand and deceitful?”

She turned round abruptly and left Charlotte’s room leaving only the memory of her departing bum for Charlotte to masturbate furiously to.

IX

Every so often, Charlotte was required to be on duty to meet the public: usually just to answer their rather technical questions on tax status. There was a policy that interviewees should state whether they would be embarrassed by being interviewed by someone unclothed, but it was generally only a small minority of rather elderly clients who preferred not to. Ironically, it was those who were least enthusiastic about being interviewed by a naked woman that Charlotte felt least reserved about being naked with. She had adopted the policy of wearing the white coat provided when interviewing men and it was only for women and fairly asexual men that she would remove it.

Charlotte adopted her usual policy for interviewing Miss J. Taylor by preparing her notes but not bothering with the white coat. Miss Taylor was an actress concerned about a rebate that she felt was due her after a period of three months in a high street clothes shop at a lower rate of pay than for the other nine months of the tax year. It was only when Charlotte entered the interview booth that she realised that Miss Taylor was the Josephine she'd met only the once at her flat. She was wearing a prim white blouse with a silk black scarf and her hair was kept in place by an ornate hair-clip.

It was an embarrassed start to the interview, but Charlotte soon relaxed and, after giving Josephine the required forms and explaining the procedures to her, they were able to chat about more general matters. Josephine was auditioning for several

television plays and her agent was very optimistic about her chances in at least one of these. Most of her recent work had been in commercials: and she'd been in enough of those to no longer need to work in **Maurice's (*Gentleman Outfitters*)** for a while. The commercials had been of a generally saucy nature, which seemed a little odd when the products were for such things as detergent, formica furniture and road safety.

The interview seemed so brief, but in fact when Josephine had left they'd been talking for nearly an hour and a half. Charlotte arranged to meet Josephine for a meal later that week, which Josephine would cook. "I just love cooking!" she said. At first Charlotte suggested certain clubs and wine bars that she'd been to with Clarissa.

"Oh, I don't like the sound of the Haworth!" Josephine exclaimed. "It's a naturist singles bar, isn't it?"

Charlotte couldn't really argue with the description, but she felt it strange that someone like Charlotte who had become accustomed to making love for the camera would be so prudish about taking her clothes off in a place like that. Josephine admitted that she'd enjoyed her visit to Charlotte's flat, but she hadn't felt like going again.

"It was almost like going to an audition," she remarked. "Even though Emma and Harriett are such marvellous company."

Charlotte watched Josephine with a feeling of elevation, curiously happy with herself and the world. That Josephine seemed only interested in her as a friend was perhaps as elating as anything else. Emma was not the Emma that Charlotte used to love so deeply: however much she still craved for her.

When Charlotte went home on the underground she felt she was on a cloud. She had a brief drink with Clarissa at a small wine bar near the office (not a naturist one) and found it difficult to even pretend to be interested in Clarissa's conversation which, as always, concentrated on her sexual encounters and how her boyfriend, despite being so wonderful, didn't really understand her. When she ascended to the open air and walked through the suburban streets to her flat she was propelled by thoughts that took her past her flat and forced her to retrace her steps.

When she entered the flat, took off her clothes and announced her arrival, she was surprised to see Emma run towards her rather solicitously. Emma grasped her round the shoulders and hugged her against her chest.

"Can you forgive me?" she asked.

"Sorry?"

"After how snotty I was last night when I saw you with Penelope. I don't know *what* got into me! I must have been *deranged*. It must be with Harriett away. I don't know! I shouldn't have been like that. Of course you should feel free to make love with Penelope and whoever else you like. I shouldn't be so selfish and get in the way of what you want. How can you ever forgive me?"

"That's alright! I'd almost forgotten ..."

Emma hurried Charlotte along with her into the living room and Charlotte was very conscious of a very firm grip around her waist.

"I've chatted with Penelope about it. She says I was just jealous. I think it's worse than that. I just don't think of your needs at all. While Harriett and I have been making love, I've just not thought of you (and a professed lesbian too!) having the

same needs. But Penelope's here."

The two girls entered Emma's bedroom and there, indeed, lying on her bed was Penelope who was, however, still dressed in the rather plain clothes she wore to her supermarket office. Penelope looked up shyly and, it seemed to Charlotte, with some embarrassment as well. What had Emma and Penelope been talking about?

"So," announced Emma, emphasising her statement with a pause, "if the two of you would like to make love I'll stay out of your way."

And with that Emma disappeared and left Charlotte with Penelope.

What followed was certainly not passion. More like duty performed for Emma's benefit. After a short chat, where both Charlotte and Penelope skirted discreetly around any subject which could be construed about sex, Penelope shyly removed her clothes to reveal her pale bony frame. As the two girls entwined and went through the motions of what had been more successful the day before, Charlotte felt that perhaps their earlier conversation on the new robotic tills and the bar-codes on the new notes had, after all, been more satisfying. And this was only her second time of making love to a woman. What she'd always wanted! What, as a lesbian, should be the pinnacle of sexual activity!

Penelope must have felt much the same, because after only half an hour of groping, fumbling and rolling around together, they separated and, almost unconsciously, she started putting her clothes back on. She certainly wasn't as hot after this as she'd been the previous night.

Emma was surprised to see Charlotte and Penelope emerge after such a short time. She was watching a film which was thankfully free of all the sex she'd had to

watch the last few months, and she'd expected to be able to see that and perhaps another before the two lovers emerged. She was also slightly put off to see Penelope in her clothes again.

"Didn't you make love?" she asked.

"Oh yes! We did!" said Penelope with a look of enthusiasm.

"And did you enjoy it?" addressing Charlotte quizzically.

"Yes. It was very nice," said Charlotte in a way that left Emma more questions unanswered than she'd had before.

"Oh, that's alright then," said Emma, conscious that further questioning was probably not in order. "Shall I wind back this film. It's *very* good."

"What is it?" asked Charlotte eagerly.

Emma looked at the video sleeve. "**Mary Barton**. It's based on a book I believe. And it's not a sex video. I promise you!"

It was a more relaxed Emma that Charlotte met in the kitchen before leaving for work. It was she, and not Charlotte, who had spent the night making love with Penelope, which, despite a certain element of envy, was actually a relief to Charlotte. Emma kissed Charlotte on the lips with Penelope's arms around her waist and one of Penelope's fingers lightly stroking her clitoris. Penelope then followed suit by giving Charlotte a somewhat more passionate kiss: her tongue skimming around Charlotte's teeth and the roof of her mouth.

Charlotte left for work feeling more than a little anxious about her evening with Josephine. She'd not felt such an anxiety about having an evening out with someone since she'd first been invited out for a date as a school-girl. An anxiety that

proved to be well-founded when all the boy seemed interested in was getting his hands inside her clothes and pulling her knickers down. She didn't care enough about him to even bother stopping him. Her day at work seemed to drag on. Perhaps it was just that all the most tedious end of the month accounting happened on the same day. Or perhaps it was the way that the clock was going so much slower than usual.

There was a temp on reception who took naturist license a little further than most by straying out of the office with no clothes and down to the building's foyer. This was the only incident of an otherwise tedious day and by no means the first occasion that a temp had misinterpreted departmental policy for sexual license or overt exhibitionism. When the day ended, Charlotte found herself sitting next to this temp by the bus-stop waiting for the bus which would take her to Josephine's flat in a seedy but bohemian part of town distinguished principally by having no underground stations. She was going in the same direction, so Charlotte found herself doomed to nearly an hour of chatter about her boyfriends, her holidays abroad in tourist traps like Croatia, Albania and Libya, and how much she thought of herself a naturist like Charlotte.

"It must be *great* not wearing clothes all day!" she exclaimed rather loudly.

Charlotte didn't really like the thought of everyone on the 73 bus imagining her naked, so she was quite relieved when she left the bus and followed the directions attached to a piece of paper in her **A-Z** and could wander about fairly sure that no one was aware she was a naturist. She wore rather more clothes than usual for a warm day, sure that Josephine would disapprove if she'd turned up even topless, and felt rather virtuous for it as she passed others in the street showing rather more flesh than she.

Men, she noticed, always got away with flaunting rather more flesh than women, as she passed cars being washed in the street and workmen sitting on a wall.

Josephine's flat was a tiny affair in a large rambling building in obvious need of renovation. The door was almost bare of paint and an upstairs window was covered with cardboard to replace the glass. It was Josephine, though, who Charlotte had come to see, and her heart audibly thundered as the door came ajar and Josephine appeared.

"I'm *so* glad you could make it," she said, smiling broadly. "It's almost ready - the ratatouille that is."

The two girls went upstairs to Josephine's flat which was full of the aroma of casserole and peppers. It was also full of cushions which covered most of the floor and most of a rather battered-looking sofa. The other thing it was full of was photographs and posters, all of a thespian nature, obscuring the dull and faded wallpaper.

"You can take your clothes off now if you like," announced Josephine kindly.

"Sorry, I'm ..." began Charlotte, who had been convinced that she'd be spending the evening in the clothes she was wearing. The experience would even be quite novel. She now associated clothes as the rather clumsy things she was obliged to wear to keep her modesty when travelling to work or being in the public eye. But the proposition of spending an evening naked with a fully clothed woman herself seemed as peculiar as not being naked.

"Don't be silly!" smiled Josephine. "I know you're a naturist, and it doesn't embarrass me at all."

This was quite different from the image she projected by her reserved selection

of clothes, which even as a concession to the warm weather (being a pair of white shorts and blouse) seemed quite prim. However, Charlotte couldn't help feeling that the subject having been broached it would be rude to decline the offer, so she stripped off and laid her clothes neatly in a pile in the tiny hallway.

The meal Josephine prepared was truly sumptuous. Not large in quantity, but certainly so in taste. She was a witty woman, which was assisted by her ability as an actress to entertain Charlotte in a way that soon had her gasping for breath between gales of laughter. Her life as an actress had certainly involved quite a few misadventures and meeting very interesting people. Charlotte was no expert on the theatre or cinema but she knew at least the names of many of the people mentioned in Josephine's anecdotes. After the meal, the two girls sat together amongst the cushions and the odd fluffy toy while Josephine flicked through a photograph album of stills from plays, films and advertisements she'd been in.

The great majority of her performances had involved her performing naked and often in full penetration sex. The photographs Josephine showed was almost like a sequence of black-and-white and colour pages from a pornographic magazine. There were shots of her being buggered, of having semen squirted onto her face, of penises either fully in her mouth or on the edge of it, of objects as well as penises up her vagina, and shots of her on stage with more long-distant versions of the same kind of activity. Even many of her stills for television commercials or magazine advertisements involved some quite explicit sexual act.

“How can you make love in front of the camera?” wondered Charlotte.

“It's just a performance,” Josephine admitted, looking ludicrously modest in

the flesh compared to her photographic record. “You learn your lines and perform to the best of your ability. And it’s not the camera I perform to. It’s the audience that may be looking through that camera. That takes significantly more skill!” She smiled warmly at Charlotte. “But it takes a little bit more than just play-acting to perform sex successfully. So, I was pretty grateful to the assistance that Emma and Harriett gave me to learn lesbian love. I was able to sail through the auditions ...”

“Auditions?”

“Well, they’ve got to be sure of how well you perform... I sailed through the auditions to get a part in the last film I was in where I had to make love to several women. Not just men, in this case. And here’s the proof!” She proudly showed a few photographs which showed her having very passionate sex with two women: one of whom was black and had a large pink dildo incongruously strapped round her waist. “That part got me more money than any part I’d played in a film before.”

As the evening progressed and the two girls sipped the white wine that Charlotte had brought with her, it seemed natural for Charlotte to miss the last bus and stay semi-slumped on the cushions on Josephine’s floor. It also seemed natural when Josephine slipped off her clothes in a practised and unembarrassed gesture that Charlotte for all her professed naturism was not really capable of. The two girls soon lapsed into a kind of contemplative silence, while a Compact Disc of a mid-twentieth century string quartet played in the background, their arms around each other, and Charlotte blissfully happy with the warmth of Josephine’s flesh against hers.

And it didn’t seem strange when the two girls drifted off to bed together and made the tender sort of love that Charlotte had always dreamed of making with

Emma. No penetration. No toys. Not even an attempt at an orgasm. Just lying together exploring each other's body with their eyes, hands and tongues. As Charlotte looked deep into Josephine's beautiful large eyes, her body and heart melted like ice-cream on a hot summer's day. Her love for Josephine choked her, and the only thing she could do was allow a tear to gently loosen itself from her eye and onto her cheek. She could only hope that Josephine felt the same way. But she was sure. *Oh so sure!* That Josephine did.

X

Emma's new role in **Harlot TV** took her out of the studio background and into active involvement in the television station's output, and, in recognition of her advocacy of the station, she was promoted to the title of Executive Producer. She was now involved in the executive decision-making activities of many of the station's new programmes, in particular those which she had recommended on the basis of her research.

She had also been given a company car, - a luxury which she didn't really need in a city with good public transport. But she was very grateful for not having to travel to work by underground and having to dress for the occasion. Now she was able to take her nudity with her to the garage attached to the flat, along the slow-moving traffic, where she avoided the voyeuristic glances of other commuters, and from the television station's underground car park to the studio. All she ever needed to wear were a pair of sandals to protect her feet from chafing on the pedals.

Much of her work was involved in the production of **St. Denis Road**, a soap opera that Emma had suggested to the board on the basis of the statistics she'd gathered on the international sales of sex programmes. She'd ascertained that sex soap operas were always initially quite expensive to set up, but that those which reached a certain standard found a ready and profitable international market. She also made suggestions on the structure of the programmes to permit efficient editing to meet different standards for different stations and, indeed, different countries. In many

cases, this might involve shooting different versions of the same scene.

The suggested method was that certain regular parts of the programme would consist of sex scenes which could be defended as integral to the story (so that **Harlot TV** could fulfil the conditions of its 4X status). However, the filming of these scenes would be designed such that particularly explicit scenes could be removed in their entirety so that an edited version of the scene could be broadcast without affecting the series' continuity. Furthermore, to ensure that the soap opera remained interesting even after the total removal of penetration, semen, oral and anal shots, it was necessary to have sufficient soft core titillation between such scenes. The general atmosphere of the soap opera was, therefore, of rather coy and playful scenes: where for instance water would be spilt on a woman's chest and thereby requiring removal of her top, or a penis would be caught in a fly, interspersed by much harder scenes which could contain urination in the mouth, anal sex or double entry but could be removed without too much plot discontinuity.

One innovation, which quite pleased Emma, was to introduce children to the cast so that the programme could attract an audience of special interest without actually doing anything illegal. The justification was that as the soap opera was intended as an account of a normal suburban street, there would necessarily be children. As long as they were never touched by an adult and there was no hint of sexual activity, the children could be filmed having a bath, going to bed and sitting on the beach where nudity was relatively natural. Emma was convinced that the market for such coy child erotica would maximise the soap opera's attraction and thereby its sales.

There were about half a dozen children in the series, from about eight to fifteen years of age. The fifteen year old boy and his fourteen year old girlfriend were permitted to kiss and even be filmed naked together, but the letter of the law was strictly observed. No close-up crotch shots. No touching of breasts or genitals. No explicit discussion of sex. There were two boys of eight and thirteen, and two girls of fifteen and twelve. The fifteen year old girl was particularly fond of taking showers and of sporting activities like swimming and racing which normally don't require wearing clothes.

The twelve year old girl, Maisie, was also often to be filmed without clothes, but Emma was intrigued to see that, unlike the other child actors, she didn't immediately slip on her clothes after filming. She behaved totally naturally without clothes and often when the set was finished the only two characters still naked would be Emma and Maisie. Maisie had a slender frame which had lost its childhood tummy but hadn't yet developed any breasts or pubic hair. Her dark hair was cut into a bob and her nose shone appealingly between apple-shaped cheeks in a perpetually cheery face.

Emma immediately developed an affection for Maisie, perhaps because her natural nudity reminded her of when she first developed her naturist tendencies in childhood. She also remembered the somewhat less than sympathetic response of her parents when they became aware of her policy of nudity except when absolutely necessary. "Aren't you thoroughly ashamed of yourself?" her mother would say. Perhaps Maisie would also need encouragement in her tendencies. Or at least a balance to the discouragement she might normally receive. At **Harlot TV**, however,

nudity was no problem and nobody treated Maisie at all differently than was Emma herself.

After shooting an episode of the soap opera one afternoon, Emma was walking through the foyer towards the lift to the underground garage when she saw Maisie sitting on a chair in a sweet blue dress with white ankle socks reading a comic book.

Emma wandered up to her.

“Are you waiting for someone?” she asked kindly.

Maisie looked up and smiled that beautiful little smile that Emma found endearing. “Not really. It’s just that my train only arrives once an hour and I’ve got absolutely *ages* to wait.”

“Oh, that’s alright!” said Emma, almost without thinking. “I’ve got a car. I can drive you home.”

“But I live *miles* away.”

“That’s no problem,” Emma said reassuringly.

And so Emma took Maisie down to her car, and drove Maisie to her home in the very outer suburbs which was actually a great problem getting to. The journey was a long haul through urban traffic where traffic lights frustrated any good spurt of movement. However, talking to Maisie took Emma’s mind off the journey. She’d never thought that the appeal of comic book characters, pop stars, school lessons or school friends could be so fascinating.

Maisie’s mother was a teacher at the local Further Education College and had divorced her father. Maisie had always been very keen on acting and her mother had been the one who’d encouraged Maisie to attend the audition for the part in **St. Denis**

Road. She smiled cheekily. No, she didn't think her mother really appreciated the sex content of the soap opera. Yes, she enjoyed working on it and she loved watching herself on television. Her mother had insisted however she shouldn't tell her school-friends about what exactly it was she was acting in, but that didn't matter because none of her friends had ever heard of **Harlot TV** anyway.

Emma eventually arrived at Maisie's home in a pleasant tree-lined suburban street. She sat in the car, while Maisie got out and thanked her for the lift. Yes, she'd love a lift next time: it saved her train fare and loads of time. Emma watched Maisie go to her front door and briefly saw her mother: a woman in her late thirties with a thin face and mousey brown hair. She watched Maisie enter the house and felt a strange spasm of sadness as Maisie waved goodbye.

Emma drove back to her flat (a journey that took well over an hour), and on the way her thoughts were on Maisie. Such a sweet girl! she thought. When she got home, she found Charlotte in the front room watching a film by herself on the movie channel. "Hiya," she said wandering over to the kitchen to prepare a small dinner (she didn't feel hungry somehow). Then she went back and nestled against Charlotte. Charlotte was a little surprised, but responded by gently wrapping her arm round Emma's shoulders.

Charlotte seemed much happier these days, Emma surmised. She knew that she had a new friend, but they never talked about it much. At first, Emma thought it was one of Sarah or Penelope who she'd known had been particularly interested in Charlotte, but it became fairly obvious that it was neither of them. Whoever it was, Emma didn't care. As long as her best friend was happy, that was all that mattered.

Charlotte and Emma stayed enmeshed together in front of the television. Emma was engrossed in her thoughts but also concerned that Charlotte might think there was something wrong. At least Charlotte didn't try anything on like she used to do. In fact, Charlotte's apparent lack of sexual interest was the very reason that, for the first time, the two girls went to the same bed and slept together all night with their naked bodies entwined.

Emma wondered whether it was because Harriett was away abroad that she felt so empty these days. She received a regular flow of short letters and postcards from the different countries that Harriett was being filmed in. It was almost always a surprise to see yet another different postmark on the letter or very different country depicted on the front of a postcard. One week Uzbekistan, the next Slovakia and then maybe Kurdistan or the Kashmir. In all these places, Harriett would describe the sex scenes she'd been filmed in, what special friends she was now making love to and how much she missed Emma. The more passionately Harriett was making love and the more lovers she had, the more she appeared to miss Emma. She'd jogged round Hanoi naked (apparently a great sport in that naturist city). She'd swum naked in the Tigris. She'd made love to a transsexual in Detroit (famous for its sexual variety). It all sounded very exciting and Emma was very conscious of not being part of it.

Harriett's and Emma's lovers weren't visiting so often these days. Susan had come round, but seemed more interested in chatting to Charlotte, who was again out, than anything else. And, no, she wouldn't make love if she wasn't being watched. Penelope came occasionally, but extremely irregularly and always unannounced. When Charlotte was in, she and Emma would spend time together, but what Emma

wanted from Charlotte, and she emphasised it whenever hands wandered, was friendship not passion. They now always slept in the same bed, but Emma reasoned it was for the warmth and comfort of their bodies. She enjoyed Charlotte's accounts of Josephine's stories and was pleased that Charlotte had at last formed a true lasting lesbian relationship. She was surprised that it was one which involved very little of the penetration sex she'd enjoyed with Harriett, let alone bondage, anal or urination, but then Charlotte was a lesbian and Emma wasn't.

Emma had got into the habit of taking Maisie home from work. In fact, she went considerably out of her way to be available to do so. But then, of course, you can't leave a child to travel alone on public transport. You heard such stories! Emma shuddered to consider the idea of Maisie being involved in any form of child abuse. Some people (paedophiles or paederasts, she wasn't sure) are *so* disgusting! She enjoyed listening to Maisie's stories about school-life, the other cast on the set and her mother. She discovered for instance that the fifteen year old boy wasn't really interested in girls at all, let alone his 'girlfriend', and was known to have a relationship with one of the male actors. Also, this 'girlfriend' had slept with all the men on the cast and boasted about it. She would say "I'm not yet sixteen but I've had more than sixteen good fucks!"

Her mother was a teacher of *Communications & Life Skills, English Language* and *Video Appreciation*, and, though apparently a very good teacher, felt frustrated at her lack of career advancement. She had wanted to be an actress, but when she was young she failed audition after audition and was so thoroughly disenchanted that she opted for a career as a teacher instead. Also, Emma found out, her mother was very

interested in her.

“Why’s that?” she wondered.

“I suppose because I tell her about you,” said Maisie. “She knows you’re an important person on the set and she wonders why you take so much interest in me.”

“I just don’t want to see you come to any harm going home from work.”

But Emma was aware that other people at **Harlot TV** had commented on Emma’s friendship with the young girl. One colleague, who had several children herself, told her that it was Emma’s maternal instinct. Emma didn’t want to tell her that whatever it was, it wasn’t a maternal feeling she had towards Maisie. What it was, she wasn’t sure, but she spent rather a lot of time thinking about the girl.

“Mummy would like to meet you, you know,” commented Maisie.

Emma felt a sudden rush to her throat, and in a slightly throttled voice she said “Is next time all right?”

And indeed it was. And the next time that Emma drove Maisie home, she took the car up the drive and followed her into the house. Maisie’s mother seemed startled at first and it took Emma a few minutes to realise that perhaps it was because the silly woman wasn’t accustomed to women walking around with no clothes. Maisie went to her bedroom from whence, just seconds later, thundered some of the pop music she particularly liked which to Emma’s ear sounded suspiciously like, if rather more lightweight than, the music she enjoyed at Maisie’s age. Maisie’s mother, Dorothy, smiled resignedly at Emma over her cup of coffee as if to suggest that she couldn’t help Maisie’s musical taste.

Dorothy was a slim small breasted woman with a broad smile which clashed

with her weary eyes, which suggested a life of great disappointment.

“Maisie’s told me so much about you, Emma,” she said.

Emma smiled. “And she about you...”

“It’s strange for me to entertain with such strong principles - in naturism and so on - working for sex television...”

“It doesn’t matter,” smiled Emma, who’d heard this kind of thing before from other women. “I’m just doing a job. And one which allows me to be a naturist.”

Emma allowed herself to sink into a role which with the practice she’d gained with Harriett and her friends had somehow become easy for her, and that was to gradually steer conversation away from abstract notions towards sex. And so it was that before long, Emma and Dorothy were holding hands and looking at each other with obvious intent. Dorothy had never made love to a woman before, and Emma, in her practised way, reassured her that it didn’t mean either that she was a lesbian or that they were in any way emotionally tied.

“It’s only fun. And harmless fun at that!” she explained.

“*Mummy!*” Emma suddenly heard, and then felt Dorothy’s hand disengage from hers. She looked round to see a naked Maisie standing at the doorway and smiling cheekily at the two of them. Dorothy was still fully clothed but her clothes were rather unruffled and her hair had fallen untidily onto her face.

“What is it, dear?”

“Just saying good night, Mummy,” Maisie said, who walked up to Dorothy and kissed her. Then in the same spirit, she kissed Emma on the lip, and disappeared off to bed. Dorothy smiled at Emma as she watched Maisie going upstairs to bed.

“I think Maisie’s a bit like you with regards to clothes,” Dorothy said with an apologetic tinge to her voice.

“And a very good attitude it is, too,” laughed Emma, undressing Dorothy.

Perhaps it wouldn’t have happened like this if Harriett had never introduced Emma to sex, or perhaps if Harriett were here and not fucking in Burundi, but the result was that the following morning Emma and Dorothy were breakfasting together with Maisie after a night which for Dorothy had been a sexual adventure she’d never experienced before. This need to explain herself wearied Emma somewhat who, after all, had heard it several times before from other women, and, to be honest, had felt rather distracted from exertion during the night. In fact, as she finally closed her eyes after Dorothy had given up stroking her clitoris, the abiding image in her mind was that of the naked Maisie framed in the doorway as she went to bed. It was with a tremor of excitement which almost upset Emma’s cup of tea, she saw a naked Maisie enter the kitchen to join them for breakfast.

“Oh! You’re still here!” Maisie said to Emma.

“Yes,” said Emma, smiling as welcomingly and naturally as she could, but nonetheless suddenly aware that it was not just her relationship with Dorothy that had changed overnight, but that with Maisie had also changed irretrievably. “I’m still here!”

XI

Charlotte's life was now spent on a cloud. Each day drifted by in a euphoric haze, waiting for the evening in which she'd either make love with Josephine or sleep with Emma. This was paradise: the two women she loved being so close. She could imagine Josephine and her beautiful body, her wonderful jokes and the lovely way her tongue lingered over her clitoris. Or she could fix on Emma who, despite never letting Charlotte touch her groin nowadays, allowed much more license than before. How could life ever improve on this?

Emma was in love too, Charlotte knew. But not, alas, with her. She also had a dreamy air about her these days. An air of easy distraction. Her eyes would wander away with her thoughts. She was fairly sure that Emma had never been in love before, and it had always been clear that, despite the passion of their lovemaking, she'd never been in love with Harriett. Emma spent many nights each week with a teacher called Dorothy who lived a long way away. But from her conversation it was pretty clear it wasn't Dorothy who Emma loved. In fact, it seemed like a relationship that Emma was either already tired of or had regretted even beginning. Why then did she continue to see this Dorothy? Even though Emma's old lovers weren't visiting nearly as often as they used to, Charlotte was sure they remained a viable alternative.

However, it soon became impossible for Charlotte to hold off Josephine's entreaties that she come and visit Emma and Charlotte at their flat. Charlotte couldn't continue just visiting Josephine's rather small flat when her own flat was both larger

and more accessible. Charlotte loved every inch of Josephine's home. She loved every cushion, every joss-stick holder, and she and Josephine had names for all the fluffy toys that lay around the place. The teddies, the gollies, the trolls and other evidence of the soft under-belly of Josephine's character. Often the two of them just laid together cuddling up close to whatever fluffy toy was at hand, just happy to be in such a nursery of erotic joy together.

Josephine was starring in a few episodes of a soap opera on one of the sex stations - but not **St Denis Street** nor on **Harlot TV** at all. The plot sounded very silly, but it troubled Charlotte that Josephine had to make love with several men and women in the process of filming the series. "It's only *work!*" assured Josephine. However, the studio was close to Charlotte's flat, so she had to relent to pressure and invite Josephine round for tea with her and Emma, who would be at home that day. Charlotte reasoned that there was no cause for anxiety as things were and anyway Harriett was working abroad ...where was it this week? The luxury casinos of Baku?

And indeed, when Josephine arrived after work, all seemed to go well. Emma had volunteered to help Charlotte prepare the meal and throughout the preparation, they chatted just as much as friends as they'd ever done. Emma was fascinated by all that Charlotte told her about Josephine and on occasion she leaned over and kissed her, apparently moved by the depth of her passion. Charlotte wondered how her relationship with Emma would continue. Josephine often talked about her, and how much she had appreciated Emma's lovemaking and, of course, that of Harriett. But she often said that whereas with Harriett, she could see the actor, there was something essentially genuine about Emma's sexual performance.

Emma talked to Josephine like an old friend as soon as she arrived, and indeed as the evening progressed, with each course, Charlotte began to feel that her unfocussed dread had been fully justified. Bit by bit, she felt increasingly isolated from the general drift of conversation. Why was this? she wondered. Why couldn't she get into the general flow of chat? Perhaps, she reasoned, it was because Emma and Josephine were just inherently more interesting people than her. Emma was now a successful executive producer, famous for her nude promotion of **Harlot TV** and Josephine was an actress, destined, Charlotte was sure, for fame and fortune.

Her fears almost overwhelmed her, as she saw with horror Emma use her new practised skills of seduction to ease conversation and activity towards sex. She reminded Josephine of their first sexual encounter and stroked Josephine's knee in a way that promised more. And then Charlotte saw the two girls move off together, Emma's arm around Josephine's waist to where sure enough Josephine would begin to take her clothes off and the two would make love.

"Don't leave Charlotte," protested Josephine, as Emma eased up the white tee-shirt over her neck to reveal the white brassiere underneath.

"Charlotte?" queried Emma, turning round to look at Charlotte sitting disconsolately at the table in front of a collection of cheese, biscuits and a glass of half-finished wine.

"Doesn't Charlotte ever join in when you and Harriett make love?" wondered Josephine pulling a knee-length white sock off her leg to reveal a shapely white foot.

"Well," commented Emma cautiously. "Well ... no."

"Why not?"

“I don’t know. It’s just never seemed right.”

Josephine stood up, wearing just one sock and a pair of knickers. “It doesn’t seem *right* without her!” she exclaimed in a way that showed disapproval for Charlotte’s exclusion. She walked up to Charlotte and leaned over, her breasts dangling, a beautiful rosette of nipple on each, and kissed her full on the lips. Then she pulled Charlotte out of her seat by the arms and dragged her over to Emma.

And so it was that for the first time Charlotte made love to Emma together with Josephine. From what she had seen of Emma’s usual love sessions, Charlotte’s presence appeared to act as a restraint on the sexual games that were played. It was much more like the gentle love she and Josephine indulged in. Although Emma forced her forefinger up Charlotte’s wet and ready anus, and both she and Josephine put tongues and fingers as deeply inside Charlotte’s vagina as it was possible to go, there were no dildos, sex toys or anything like that. Of the two lovers, Charlotte wasn’t sure whom she preferred. This was a peculiar thought, Charlotte reflected, as she deeply loved both women - but the two were very different as sexual partners. Emma was the more adventurous and the one most keen on penetration. Josephine, like her clothes, was more reserved, and also the more tender.

The three made love for hours and eventually collapsed on Charlotte’s bed. Some moments, she was kissing Josephine deep inside her mouth, while Emma played around in some mysterious way with her vagina. And then her teeth were nibbling Emma’s clitoris, while Josephine was stroking her buttocks and groin.

If there’s a heaven, contemplated Charlotte as she gasped from yet another orgasm of passion which could surely be heard in all the adjacent flats. If there’s a

heaven, she continued contemplating, glancing down at her two lovers tongues around her groin, supporting her wet and sticky torso in their naked arms. If there's a heaven, then it must be like this!

One of the unanticipated penalties of spending her working hours in the nude, Charlotte discovered, was that the battering she was getting these days around her groin could not be easily hidden. The swollenness of her vagina after an evening of sex with Josephine or with both Emma and Josephine just could not be disguised. Neither too could the bite marks around her clitoris or on the top of her thighs. Nor could she hide the bruise she'd somehow inflicted on herself while Emma was guiding her body to yet more torturous demands. And when, on a whim, Emma suggested that she'd find Charlotte more attractive if she had no hair on her crotch, Charlotte now shaved her crotch every morning, an affectation that was impossible to hide for long at the office. She had to invent an allergy to explain her new appearance, but anyone who cared to look at all carefully at her battered body could see that it was best explained by the demands of lovemaking.

Charlotte was surprised when Emma first suggested she shave in this region. Surely it went against the grain of her naturist views: her uncut hair, her unshaven armpits and her vegetarianism. And it was noticeable that Emma didn't shave off her own pubic hair. But any sacrifice she made for Emma was surely worthwhile, and she didn't begrudge it at all. And, anyway, she was sure it increased Emma's passion for her.

Most nights Emma wasn't at home and Charlotte assumed she wasn't lying when she said that it was because she was sleeping with Dorothy. Charlotte couldn't

understand the attraction Dorothy exercised, but she felt it must have something to do with Emma's curious moods, her long gazes into the distance and this heightened passion for sex. Perhaps, it might explain Emma's new fascination for shaven groins. Or maybe this increased need to swamp herself in erotic pleasure.

Most of Charlotte's nights were spent with Josephine who had no difficulty in sharing her lover's affection with Emma. Perhaps it was because Josephine could see that Emma was not in love with Charlotte and was therefore no threat in that way. Perhaps it was because she could see that the continued ambivalence of their relationship caused Charlotte so much distress. Josephine was definitely a comfort to Charlotte. They spent many hours holding each others naked bodies. Watching television. Talking. Sometimes just in silence. It was Josephine who made Charlotte's life whole and who ensured that she didn't get depressed about the way her deep passion for Emma was reciprocated only in a physical (perhaps even *too* physical) way.

However much she loved Josephine, and she loved Josephine dearly, Charlotte was still besotted by Emma. How can it be possible, wondered Charlotte, as she mused on this, to love two people so much and at the same time? She needed the nights with Emma when she was thrown roughly onto the carpet, carrots and courgettes inserted up her vagina, the little drip of blood when they'd been a little too rough, that wasted, wet and dripping feeling as the hours of lovemaking drained her of all moisture and energy.

"Susan's coming this evening," Emma announced to Charlotte when she returned home from work and was throwing off her clothes.

“Susan?” wondered Charlotte who’d not seen the oriental girl for a long time and assumed she’d not be visiting again.

“Yes,” Emma said mysteriously. “I invited her.”

“For dinner?”

“And sex,” said Emma, having no patience for avoiding the crux of the subject. “I’ve been thinking that what I need might be her.”

“Oh?” said Charlotte sadly.

“And you *will* stay and watch, won’t you?” asked Emma with a weary smile, knowing that Charlotte could never refuse her anything. Charlotte nodded resignedly and then the two girls went into the kitchen to prepare a bean lasagne for dinner. Emma explained to Charlotte that she’d recently been thinking about Susan and, stroking Emma’s bare crotch, she’d also been thinking of shaving off Susan’s pubic hairs. Charlotte couldn’t really see why Emma should get so much erotic pleasure out of such a small thing, but she nodded her head.

Emma and Charlotte finished cooking before Susan arrived, and made passionate love together in front of the television. Emma’s imagining I’m Susan, thought Charlotte as Emma pushed her fingers deep inside her anus. And when Susan arrived, a bit shy towards Charlotte, she could see that Emma was somehow more solicitous towards her than she’d ever been before. Susan tried, however, to disengage herself from Emma’s attention and affix herself on Charlotte whom she touched shyly but affectionately.

“*Oh!* You’ve shaved your vagina!” she exclaimed. “It *does* look odd! Emma’s asked me to come so that she can shave off *my* crotch. I agreed, of course, but more to

see you than anything else. Why *is* Emma so keen on shaved crotches though?"

Charlotte didn't know but she didn't want to appear too ignorant of her lover's feelings. "Emma's been seeing this older teacher a lot recently. I think she's learnt some pretty odd things from her."

Susan nodded, as if this somehow explained it.

After dinner, Susan took off her clothes in a number of quick movements, practice learnt from her career as a porn star. Charlotte noticed with a pang that Emma seemed excited at the sight of Susan's tiny breasts, slim figure and narrow hips. Then Emma gently sat Susan down in a chair and parted her legs, so that the whole of her vagina was revealed. Then, using Charlotte's shaving foam and brush, she lightly lathered the hair around the groin.

Charlotte stood back to watch the care and attention Emma was paying to Susan's crotch as she shaved it with her safety razor. Susan also watched with a slightly puzzled expression as the hair came off with each scrape of the blade. When Emma finished, she lightly washed off the foam and splashed it with water to remove the loose cuttings of hair and shaving foam. Susan and Charlotte looked bemusedly at the now bare crotch. It was very smooth, revealing the folds of her labia around a somewhat larger vagina than might have seemed possible for such a small girl.

Susan smiled at Charlotte and then, curiously shyly, at Emma.

"My crotch hasn't been like that since I was a child!" she announced.

Somehow this statement excited Emma, and it was in no time at all that Charlotte witnessed the two girls roll over onto the carpet and make love. And *such* ferocious passion as well. It was frightening to watch. How could Emma have so

much energy? And what was the passion that possessed her as she bit and pummelled away at Susan's bare crotch which was fast accumulating bite marks and bruises. Even Susan seemed frightened by Emma's passion. It was unrelenting and nearly violent. Or perhaps it *was* violent. Charlotte didn't feel, as she most often did when she watched Emma make love with someone else, that she wanted to be actively involved.

In fact, her feelings were very much more with the bruised and dazed Susan who later that evening she took to bed with her, while Emma, uncharacteristically and perhaps brusquely, went to bed by herself. It seemed to Charlotte as she watched Emma leave that she was rather unhappy. Whatever it was she'd hoped to gain from her lovemaking with Susan hadn't been achieved. And was it the sound of Emma crying or sobbing that Charlotte occasionally heard during the night? as she held a strangely silent Susan to her. She looked like someone who had been used and discarded, and Susan didn't seem to have relished the experience. Although the two girls didn't exactly make love, they stroked their shaven crotches, their thoughts elsewhere, but somehow Charlotte was sure, focused on the same woman.

What was the trouble with Emma these days? Charlotte wondered. Why can't my love for her make her feel better? Am I the one at fault or is it she? It was several hours until Charlotte could fall asleep, knowing that the morning would come too soon and she would not feel much better for only a few brief hours of sleep.

XII

“Are you staying with Mummy again tonight?” Maisie asked Emma while they watched two of the cast of **St. Denis Road** making love.

One of the cast had just passed her sixteenth birthday and could now be filmed legally in sex scenes. She had looked forward to this day for a long time and had discussed with Emma which of the cast she would most like to be filmed having sex with. An additional complication was that her “boyfriend” from the cast was still under age, so she had to be portrayed as unfaithful. This conflicted with the general ethos of the program especially as her preferred fuck was her ‘father’. It was necessary to opt for her second preference: a next-door neighbour who in the program generally played a rather simple humorous rôle wherein he often lost his trousers and underpants.

However, the scene Maisie and Emma were watching featured her having sex with her ‘father’ in a specially filmed episode intended for export partly in deference to the girl’s actual desire and the added interest generated by making such a ‘pirate’ episode. Emma wondered what boost it might bring to the programme’s already quite respectable ratings.

Maisie had become rather accustomed to seeing such sex scenes and Emma didn’t really feel at all embarrassed to be with her as the ‘father’ and ‘daughter’ carried on in their enthusiastic way. But she did get a little embarrassed by Maisie’s question.

“Why yes, of course,” she answered. “Why do you ask?”

“Oh, no reason!” Maisie replied. “*Oh* look at Melissa! You can see she’s often done this before!”

And indeed you could as she took her ‘father’'s penis with a practised air and aimed the come directly into her mouth. Emma wondered about this. It would make good television, but it somehow compromised the premise of the character’s virginity. Perhaps this scene would have to be edited out and attached to an episode where she would be supposedly more experienced.

At the end of the day, after congratulating Melissa on her performance and scheduling her ‘official’ episode for the following day, Emma again waited for Maisie to be ready for the drive home. Maisie was chatting with Melissa who was giving details of how she and her ‘father’ had practised for this scene. Eventually, they headed for the car and put on their seat-belts. Maisie had stopped wearing clothes at all: at home, at work or even in the car. This had caused comment from others at the station about Emma’s influence on the child, despite it being entirely Maisie’s choice.

Dorothy didn’t wear many clothes either these days, but she couldn’t really be called a naturist. She generally wore a dressing gown and was eager to hide her nakedness from Maisie. But there was very little hesitation about taking her clothes off when the two women went to bed. Emma carefully avoided being rough with Dorothy. She reserved a certain kind of respect for Maisie’s mother and felt there would be something distasteful about treating her quite as passionately as she would Charlotte or Susan. In fact, Emma was aware, she didn’t really make love to Dorothy with anything like the passion she did most other women. Why then did she still stay

with Dorothy and Maisie so often?

Dorothy didn't bother to hide her affection to Emma from Maisie. As soon as Emma and Maisie made their way from the garage to the house, she would kiss Maisie tenderly on the cheek and Emma for a few moments longer deep inside the mouth. While sitting together with Maisie in the living room, watching television or having dinner, Dorothy would squeeze Emma's hand, put her arms around her shoulder and occasionally lean over and kiss her.

Dorothy and Emma chatted with Maisie about work and Melissa's exciting day. "She's *ever* so good at it," Maisie said. "A lot better than Nancy."

"Nancy?" wondered Dorothy.

"She plays Maisie's 'mother' on the show," explained Emma. "One of the running jokes in the series is that Maisie keeps catching her 'mother' making love to milkmen, neighbours or her 'father'. Because of that Maisie's got rather used to seeing Nancy making love on the set."

"And what's Nancy like?" wondered Dorothy.

"As an actress? Or in the sex scenes? Well, she's good as a comic actress. She used to be in the theatre before sex television. She was quite used to being in trousers-down and breasts-out comedies. She's improving her sex scenes, but it's not really that important how well she performs every time. We can always edit the scenes if we have to."

"Why don't you always do that?"

"We're obliged by the terms of our charter to provide a high percentage of authenticity in the sex scenes."

“And so my daughter sees rather a lot of sex at work, does she?”

“I’m afraid so, but she mustn’t appear as a participant in any sex scene. Nudity is permitted and non-sexual touching of other children, but everything else is totally forbidden.”

“Well, that’s alright then,” commented Dorothy, but not sounding very convinced.

When Maisie had left and the first thumps of her audio system could be heard, Dorothy leaned over to Emma and rather forcefully pushed her tongue straight into her mouth. Emma was taken aback a little, but soon reciprocated and the two women began caressing each other. Dorothy’s dressing gown slipped off and the two of them were naked. Emma detached her tongue from Dorothy’s mouth and whispered in her ear.

“Shouldn’t we go to the bedroom?” she asked.

Dorothy didn’t answer and instead became noticeably more amorous. Perhaps she likes the novelty value of making love in the living room with the television burbling on, thought Emma, who herself rather liked the change of scene. It wasn’t too long till all consideration of such niceties were forgotten as the two struggled together, groin rubbing against groin. For the first time, Emma inserted her middle finger all the way up Dorothy’s anus and was somewhat startled by the passion of her response.

“*Oh God!*” Dorothy gasped. “*I love you! God! Deeper! Deeper!*”

It was at that moment Emma caught a glimpse of another figure in the living room. It was Maisie, sitting calmly on the settee watching Emma and her mother

make love.

Emma abruptly stopped and whispered urgently to Dorothy: “Maisie’s here! And she’s *watching!*”

Dorothy looked up from Emma’s breasts where she had been biting at her nipples.

“So what!” she said before returning with more vigour.

As Emma leaned back while Dorothy’s finger started easing into her own anus, she looked questioningly at her lover. She could just about mouth the word “daughter”. Dorothy responded by pulling her face directly up to Emma’s and pinching her clitoris firmly.

“If she sees sex every day at work,” she whispered, “what difference does it make if she sees it at home?”

Emma couldn’t argue with that and indeed the thought of Maisie watching their lovemaking rather added more excitement to the proceedings. She enjoyed catching sight of Maisie from the corner of her eyes as Dorothy prised open her vagina and pushed as much of her tongue and some of her fingers as deep inside her as she could. She looked at Maisie’s pretty figure as she reciprocated by swivelling round to put her mouth and fingers dangerously deeply into her mother’s slightly shit-smelling backside. She hoped Maisie didn’t spot her as she detached a piece of dried shit which had got caught in her teeth.

Maisie was still there when Emma and Dorothy had finished.

“You’re still not as good as Melissa,” she commented matter-of-factly.

“Don’t be so rude to Emma,” laughed Dorothy.

Emma blushed. "It really doesn't matter," she said, but at the same time feeling curiously snubbed.

Later, when Dorothy and Emma were in bed together and Dorothy had failed to interest her lover in making love, she commented: "You don't fool me, you know."

"Fool you?" started Emma suddenly feeling guilty.

"Yes, you know, - about my daughter ..."

"I don't know what you mean..."

"It's not me you're in love with at all. It's not because of me you come here so often and share my bed. It's Maisie!"

"*Maisie!*?"

Dorothy sniffed with a mixture of contempt and sympathy.

"You don't have to pretend. I *do* know. It's Maisie you're in love with!"

Now that Dorothy had made it obvious what her real feelings were, Emma felt curiously disoriented. She now understood why she was so obsessed with Maisie. She also understood why she had insisted on poor Charlotte shaving off her vulva and why she had become so eager on making love to women with small breasts and slender hips. She also could also see what she'd been hiding from herself and what had been making her so unhappy.

At first Emma felt very guilty at being discovered by Dorothy. She was a paedophile. Someone who wanted to molest children. Someone whose desire was to corrupt youth and pervert them to her own despicable lusts. This made her cry, and she clung tightly to Dorothy who was surprised at the depth of Emma's response. She'd probably not realised that Emma hadn't let herself recognise her love for

Maisie. A few days later, though, Emma felt relieved that it was out in the open at last. She didn't have to pretend to herself. And she didn't have to pretend to Dorothy. But, and this dampened her relief, she did have to continue to pretend to Maisie.

"What can I do?" she confided to Dorothy. "I see her every day when she's on the set. I can't suddenly stop seeing her and pretend she's not there. And am I to stop coming here where I see her all the time? What can I do?"

"You do love Maisie," commented Dorothy. "And sincerely." She pulled the younger woman towards her front and held her tightly to her breasts while Emma wept in self-pity and held back the occasional choke.

When Emma left the following morning to drive back to her flat, Dorothy was particularly insistent that she should visit again. "You mustn't make your feelings for my daughter blight your life," she insisted. "In fact, I'll have a word with her."

"What good would that do?" sobbed Emma as the garage door opened and she drove off.

The next time Emma came to stay with Dorothy was again after a day in the studio where she'd been polite with Maisie but tried not to look directly at her. She mustn't torture herself. She had to let her feelings gradually die. Maisie, however, seemed peculiarly jolly and made many strange comments about the other cast. She particularly made a point of watching this episode's sex scene which continued Melissa's affair with her 'next-door neighbour' and was followed by a scene in which her 'boyfriend' (who in fact had already had sex with the 'next-door neighbour' in real life) discovered the two together and had to appear rather distressed.

"Melissa's really enjoying these sex scenes," commented Maisie. "She much

prefers it to all those swimming pool, bathroom and bathing bed scenes.”

This sounded odd to Emma who knew that Maisie had her fair share of exactly those kinds of scenes. In fact, the only times she wore clothes (except when she went to school) were those scenes where she was not required to be naked. In those scenes, Maisie seemed almost a different girl but no less seductive.

When Emma and Maisie arrived at Dorothy’s home, she noticed a curious air of anticipation about Maisie. An air she’d sensed on the journey back where Maisie spoke relatively little and often looked at her. What could Dorothy have told her daughter? Surely she wouldn’t have told the truth?

Dorothy smiled and hugged Emma. “I’m so glad you decided to come,” she said. “I was frightened you’d never come again. And Maisie’s pretty glad too.”

“Why Maisie?”

Dorothy put her arms around Maisie’s shoulders and pulled her towards her dressing-gowned body. “Well we spoke didn’t we, Maisie?”

“Yes,” said her daughter with none of the older women’s caution. “Mummy told me that you’ve got a crush on me. She said that you want to have sex with me.”

“*She did!*” gasped Emma in alarm.

“Well, Maisie asked some pretty direct questions...”

“And I said to Mummy that I don’t mind. After all, Katie’s done it enough times.”

Katie was another girl on the set, a little older than Maisie but still rather young. But what was Maisie saying? “What don’t you mind ...?” Emma asked, hardly daring to guess.

“You know, silly,” laughed Maisie. “Mummy says she’ll help.”

“Help what?”

Dorothy interceded. “Help you make love with my daughter, of course! She’s not done it before, but she’s very keen on the idea. She said she thought you might, as she calls it, *fancy* her, but she didn’t know if you’d ever ask. Apparently, she’s been wanting you to ask her from whenever she first met you.”

“You’re quite nice,” Maisie admitted. “And you look really nice too. And you’re not going to stick a willy in me like the men do. Katie says it sometimes hurts really bad and it’s better with girls.”

And so it was with trepidation that Emma made love to Maisie. Her mother held her head and shoulders in her lap and stroked her hair while Emma explored Maisie’s body with her tongue and fingers and encouraged Maisie to reciprocate. At first, both of them were very awkward. Emma was in awe of Maisie’s beautiful child’s body. Her heart thumped like a steam-hammer and her cheeks burned like toasters. Maisie, meanwhile, watched Emma with the intense concentration of a child, no doubt wondering what pleasure was supposed to be given.

After a while, Dorothy moved away and sat discreetly on a chair. She occasionally nodded and smiled encouragement at her daughter who was gradually getting more used to what she was doing and feeling. Maisie crawled down Emma’s body and explored her vagina with her tongue and fingers. She opened up the labia and peered right in. “It’s much bigger than mine,” she commented, as she put her fingers right in. “And it’s very sticky!” Emma gasped as she swivelled round so that she could stimulate Maisie’s tiny little vagina. The difference in size required Emma

to bend over in a very unnatural manner to insert her tongue there, while most of the work came from her fingers as they exercised Maisie's minuscule clitoris.

"*Ooh!* That feels funny," giggled the child. "And you give out *ever such* a funny smell. And you've got a funny thing like a little boy's willy."

"You've got one too," commented Dorothy.

"But it's not like this!" Maisie exclaimed. "And there's lots of folds here and lots of hair. *Oooh!* It keeps getting in my teeth! And what are you doing to my bottom? That feels really funny! I think it's nicer at the front. There's *much* more space!"

Emma's and Maisie's lovemaking session was very different from what both had expected. Maisie had expected the world to explode like fireworks and that she'd gasp and make noises just like the other girls did on the set of **St Denis Road**. Emma hadn't really considered how much difference pre-pubescence made on sexual awareness and sexual attitudes. Maisie had no concept of homosexuality, perversion or sexual morality. Her only criteria were comfort and pleasure. She thought the smells were funny and that Emma sweated too much. Also, neither of them had really considered the difference their sizes made, particularly in terms of sexual organs. Maisie found Emma's spectacularly large and her nipples enormous. Emma found she had to be much more careful and considerate with Maisie's vagina than she'd ever been with one before. It was as delicate as a new flower and resisted penetration by even Emma's tidily manicured fingers to an extent she'd never imagined.

At the end of it, Maisie felt slightly disappointed and Emma felt she had somehow passed through an emotional stage in her love-life that perhaps most lovers

go through long before they had had as many sexual encounters as she'd had. Maisie complained that she hurt in certain places, particularly her bottom, and was covered in saliva from Emma's tongue.

"Don't worry, dearest," her mother reassured her. "The first time is always a bit funny."

"Does it get better?" Maisie wondered.

Dorothy looked meaningfully at Emma who surrounded her daughter lovingly in her arms and was filled with peculiar and conflicting thoughts. "That depends on the next time, doesn't it?"

Maisie was jolly pleased that she had a girlfriend now. Especially a grown-up one and one as important as Emma. Even Katie didn't have a girlfriend although she was always making love with different people on the cast. It was much nicer to just have the one girlfriend and not lots of different ones even if you still sometimes felt just a little sore when you went to the toilet.

When she was at the **Harlot TV** studio, she would stay as close to Emma as possible, often holding her hand and sometimes kissing her on the face or other places which she thought of as special places. Emma didn't seem to mind the hand-holding, but she didn't like the more intimate stuff. "You shouldn't do that at work," she commented.

"Why not? Melissa does all the time. She's always fucking people even when she's not being filmed!"

"Well, *don't!* Some people don't like to see it!"

"Oh! You're *such* a Silly!" Maisie exclaimed, pointedly kissing Emma's

clitoris in the way that Emma usually liked so much. She liked to tell Katie and the other children on her cast about what she did with Emma at home. What was especially nice was the way they would tell her more about the things they did. It was like joining a new club where the membership fee was to have done it with someone.

“I think Emma’s really pretty!” said Melissa. “I’d love to fuck her!”

“What about your mum?” asked Katie. “Does she join in?”

“Not really!” admitted Maisie. “She does it with Emma but not with me. But she kisses me a lot when she’s done it with Emma and she makes *such* a lot of noise. It’s funny how much noise Mummy makes. It’s ever so much more than Emma! And she smells funny too.”

“You ought to do it with your Mummy,” advised Melissa. “It’d be a lot better!”

“Isn’t that naughty?” wondered Maisie.

“Don’t be silly!” exclaimed Katie. “Mummy’s been doing it with me for years! She says that’s why she got me into this: so’s she could watch me doing it on television. She says it gives her a real kick. And she says if my Daddy hadn’t left Mummy years ago, I could do it with him.”

“Daddy used to do it with *me* before he left with Uncle Freddie,” said Melissa.

“And I’ve never done it with Mummy. And I’ve asked her *ever* so many times!”

Maisie still wasn’t sure it was right to make love with her mother, but since her mother was always there watching when she made love with Emma it was easy to try it out. The next time Emma and she were making love together she looked at her mother who was fingering herself in the front like she often did.

“Why don’t you join in, Mummy?” she asked.

Her mother nodded. She sometimes did do, but only to kiss, fondle or stroke Emma. She crawled onto the bed beside Emma and Maisie and kissed Emma on the mouth while Maisie’s tongue nibbled appreciatively at Emma’s clitoris. Then Maisie lifted herself off Emma and nibbled her Mother’s vagina. It was quite different to Emma’s, she could see. It looked a bit older with a few greying and coarse hairs and the pubic hair was somehow less bouncy. She pushed her tongue in deeply and was pleased to hear her Mother make groaning noises. This was different! thought Maisie, as she disengaged one of her hands from underneath Emma who was, in any case, enrapt in locating her mother’s anus and sticking her finger up it. She pushed her fingers into her mother’s vagina and watched as Emma put her much larger finger into the back where little dark brown bits stuck to the hairs at the back. Maisie put her tongue to the area between the vagina and the anus that Emma particularly liked. It was nice and sticky and smelt strongly of a different kind of sex smell to Emma’s. Her tongue occasionally lapped against Emma’s finger which she’d often before put into her mouth and licked off her own sticky stuff.

Suddenly, Emma and her mother pushed themselves apart and Maisie to one side.

“*Maisie!* What *are* you doing?” gasped her Mother. “What *on earth* are you doing!”

“Don’t you like it, Mummy?” wondered Maisie. Katie told her that her mother always liked doing it. Why should her own mother be different? Maisie’s mother simply looked aghast.

“It’s nice dearest. But you shouldn’t do it,” Emma tried to explain.

“Why not?” asked Maisie who felt she’d done something very naughty and didn’t like being told off for it. “Katie does it. And Melissa. And Mummy seemed to like it!”

On this occasion, both Emma and Maisie’s mother were adamant that Maisie shouldn’t continue, and indeed the whole of the rest of the evening was spoilt. Maisie started crying and retreated to her room leaving the other two looking both guilty and upset. She lay in bed, naked as always, sobbing into her pillow. “What did I do wrong?” she asked herself.

A little later, Emma came up to her room but she didn’t come into the bed with her as she usually did. She sat by Maisie holding the sobbing girl’s head to her breast and comforted her.

“Mummy just doesn’t want you to do that with her,” she tried to explain.

“But *I* wanted to do it with Mummy!” sniffed Maisie. “*You* can! *Why* can’t I?”

Emma smiled grimly. “It’s different for me,” she explained. “Anyway, Mummy says she doesn’t want to watch us together any more. She says it’s not right. So we’ll just have to make love together in your room.”

“But Mummy’s bed’s a lot bigger and more comfortable.”

“Well, perhaps we can use Mummy’s bed. But not with Mummy there.”

After this occasion, Maisie noticed quite a different atmosphere at home. Emma made love with her less often and more often with her mother. Maisie felt she was being punished for something she’d not done, and she believed that Emma felt the same way. Emma was actually even more affectionate with Maisie than before,

but seemed obliged to spend more time with her mother. Maisie was sure that it was she rather than her mother that Emma loved the most, but that Emma had to please her mother to be allowed to sleep with her at all. Maisie had the idea that in some peculiar way, Emma was paying her mother sex to have sex with her. What a funny way to pay!

She mentioned this to Emma when they next made love together.

“It’s like you have to make love to Mummy two or three times for every time you make love to me. Why don’t you make love with me more often?”

Emma looked startled at Maisie’s observations, as if she’d been found guilty of theft. “Well, no, it’s not really that I’m paying Mummy to sleep with you,” she said in a way that to Maisie’s ears sounded like a lie. “But Mummy says I’ve got to spend more time with her.”

“But if you *didn’t* do it with Mummy, would Mummy let you do it with me?”

Emma didn’t answer, but bit her lip. There was an uncomfortable pause before Emma changed the conversation. Nonetheless, Maisie thought that Emma was somehow upset about what she’d said.

XIII

It was Amelia to whom Emma reported at work. Amelia was a stunning woman, Emma thought objectively. Certainly, the way she dressed was quite unusual. She wore stockings, suspenders and very high stiletto heels, but then, except for the cloak she sometimes threw over her shoulders and which came down to just below her buttocks, she wore nothing else at all. Amelia certainly wasn't a naturist, otherwise, like Emma, she wouldn't have affected any clothes at all. Nor was she particularly poor. Her clothes changed quite frequently - although they remained the same in principle - and looked fairly expensive (not that Emma was at all sure how much clothes actually did cost). Emma learnt that Amelia owed her position as one of the Executive Directors of Harlot TV to holding a substantial stake in the company's shares, and she was one of the company's founders. She'd made her fortune as a sex actress while in her teens, and, unlike many sex actresses, she'd saved her money and chose to invest it in the relatively new venture of sex television, rather than spend it on drugs and gambling.

Emma found Amelia rather intimidating. It wasn't Amelia's age, though she was a little older than Emma, being in her early thirties. Indeed, despite being older, Amelia was still very attractive and took care to remain so. She had a trim figure which would have been athletic except that it was offset by a voluptuous bosom which might have been surgically enhanced. Her black hair fell straight onto her shoulders and then was cut so that it was shorter at the back than the front. Her chosen style of

dress emphasised her legs. The stretch from her toes to the top of her thighs was breathtakingly long, and her pubic hairs were tidily trimmed to further exaggerate the length.

It wasn't often that Emma was called to Amelia's office. She had just been supervising a production she had conceived: a guest show where ordinary members of the public would have the chance to fuck a celebrity. She had to concede that this was probably not one of her best ideas because ordinary members of the public might have enthusiasm but not technique, whereas the celebrities performed more for the camera than for their apparent partners. This meant rather more footage and clever editing than was normally budgeted for such programs. She had been sitting with Maisie who had alternated between pulling Emma's clitoris and putting a finger up her anus, and complaining about why Emma was spending so much more time with her mother. Emma was getting a bit upset about this herself, as her love affair with Maisie was getting unnecessarily complex. Would she have to drop Maisie? And could she survive the wrench?

"Amelia would like a word with you," announced Amelia's Personal Assistant, Betty, who, as always, appeared out of nowhere. Betty was a slender girl with glasses and hair tied in a bun. She always wore a very smart suit, with stockings and stilettos, but only a bra under her jacket. She was smart and officious, and had a habit of somehow vanishing into the shadows wherever she was, so you were never sure she was still there or not. Betty took no apparent notice of Maisie's blatant behaviour, and Emma wasn't at all sure if her attitude belied disapproval or acceptance.

“Why do you want to see me?” asked Emma when she was sat in front of Amelia in the comfortable armchair provided for visitors. She felt very nervous as Amelia leaned forward stroking her chin and allowed her breasts to touch the shiny oak veneer of her desk.

Amelia smiled warmly. Behind her were pictures of actors and actresses - including a young Amelia - engaged in various sexual postures. On her desk was an expensive laptop computer.

“To see you.” she answered enigmatically. She allowed Emma time to get a little more uncomfortable and then explained. “We’ve been working together a long time, Emma. Years in fact. And you’ve shown yourself to be very competent as a researcher and now as an Executive Producer. But I don’t think I really know you. I know you’re a naturist. But then, who doesn’t? And I’ve heard that, unlike most of the staff here, you’ve stayed commendably aloof from the sexual games that go on here. But that may just be a wise strategy in a business where sexual favours can count more than competence in the short run but count against you later. You have nevertheless advanced to quite a senior position with Harlot TV in a very short time.” Amelia paused and smiled again. “I thought I’d like to invite you out for a meal, so that I can get to know you better.”

Emma was taken aback. “Well, that’s very kind of you ...”

“Is tomorrow night at the Iguana okay?”

“I think so,” replied Emma, aware that she was now committed and that the one night of the week she usually reserved for visiting her home and seeing Charlotte was now taken up.

The Iguana was a restaurant that Emma had never been to before, but it had always looked very exclusive. She had no idea what to wear, so she had to phone in advance to see if naturism was acceptable. She was surprised to find that Amelia had already taken that into account, and had booked the two of them in to a Private Dining Room. “That means, madam,” explained the gentleman from the restaurant, “that you are at license to wear, or indeed not to wear, whatever you like.”

Nevertheless, Emma was still very nervous and bought a coat for the night. She had no idea what to buy and bought an ankle-length coat which forced her to walk in a curious and uncomfortable mincing way if she buttoned it to below the waist, which she had to do to prevent her crotch being displayed. When she arrived she was very nervous that the waiter would offer to take off her coat and reveal her nudity in a crowded room, but the waiter was incredibly discreet.

“I dare say you would rather leave your coat on until we are in the room Ms Uruqhart has reserved.”

The Private Dining Room was actually rather small, with just enough space for the table, guests and waiters. Emma was pleased to find Amelia already waiting for her. At first, Emma believed she was dressed as always, and then she noticed that Amelia wasn't wearing stockings, suspenders or shoes.

“I'm so glad you came!” smiled Amelia as Emma sat down.

Emma soon lost her wariness as Amelia engaged her in conversation which somehow and subtly shifted away from work and general interests to Emma's private life. By the time the main course was finished and a second bottle of champagne had been ordered, Emma found that Amelia had already guessed at her relationship with

Maisie.

“Some of the other Directors thought that maybe you just weren’t interested in sex at all - though I must say yours is a most specialist interest.”

Amelia then found out about Emma’s relationship with Charlotte, Harriett and others. “You really don’t like men at all do you?”

“I’ve never really considered it much,” confessed Emma who still had no opinion on her sexual identity. “They’re just friends of mine. Maisie’s my only real love.”

“And her mother?”

Emma confessed to her worries about that, and the way she felt that Maisie’s mother was blackmailing her into more sex with her than she really wanted. But she emphasised it was Maisie she loved. Maisie was the only person she’d ever loved.

“I’d love to get to know Maisie a lot better,” commented Amelia, but didn’t elaborate.

The conversation progressed from talk about relationships to Amelia’s own life history which appeared to involve a great deal of travelling, being interviewed, being photographed and spending a lot of money. The way Amelia described it, it was easy to forget that any of the films she’d been in had ever involved fucking at all. In fact, as Emma had heard somewhere else, one of the secrets of Amelia’s success was her ability to take complete penises into her mouth and down her throat.

This wasn’t a skill that Emma witnessed after the meal, but she witnessed many others, when Amelia steered a quite tipsy Emma into a taxi and then into the bedroom of her substantial town house. The door was answered by a quite short and

slender black woman in an apron and nothing else who prepared the two women a cup of coffee which was brought to them in Amelia's bed. Emma had experienced enough love from women to appreciate Amelia's sexual skills, but she could see that Amelia was a little surprised by Emma's sexual appetite and by its tendency towards roughness.

"That Maisie must be battered black and blue!" she commented.

Emma smiled and squeezed her teeth more firmly on Amelia's firm toe-sized nipple. Rough? Not to Maisie, she wasn't. She would only treat the girl with the tenderness and care she deserved. True love is never rough.

The following morning Emma was awoken by Amelia's servant with a breakfast tray that contained a selection of breakfast foods.

She looked around her, but could see no sign of Amelia. She looked at the servant questioningly. The servant wore the same clothes, or lack of, as the night before but appeared no more aware of this than Emma who was generally only belatedly aware of what other people wore, if anything at all.

"Madam's already left for the studio," the servant said with a reassuring smile. "She said that if you wish to see her, the door to her office is always open."

Emma thanked the servant, who left with her black bottom showing as she turned out of the bedroom and shut the doors behind her. Emma relished her breakfast and stayed under the silk sheets for far longer than she'd intended, relishing its sheer luxury and enjoying the thoughts of her passionate night. She restrained herself from masturbating to the memory - she didn't want to add more stains to the already love-stained sheets. Eventually, she emerged and with the assistance of the servant, who

magically appeared just when she was needed, she found her overcoat and made her way across town to the Harlot TV studio where she had to supervise a children's pissing programme.

This was an idea of Emma's which exploited the fascination that children had for pissing and other excretory functions. It was much the same as any children's programme except for the prevalence of excretion jokes and demonstrations of guests' skills at pissing and, to a much lesser extent, shitting. Emma didn't actually enjoy the show at all, - the smell was dreadful and she didn't envy the cleaning staff at all - but it had become one of Harlot TV's most popular programmes and had spawned a tamer equivalent on mainstream television.

After the show, she decided to take Amelia's offer and find out just how open the door to her office actually was. She walked down the corridor with rather more trepidation than usual, feeling the eyes that always trailed her naked body were somehow able to detect her present destination and intention. She knocked on the door of the room just outside Amelia's office where Betty, her personal assistant, would sit and where there were seats for waiting visitors. Betty was sitting at her desk in her smart, immaculately pressed suit with a computer screen in front of her, occasionally pressing a key and moving a mouse around. Betty smiled as soon as Emma appeared, and, without waiting for Emma to say what she wanted, she said, "I'll see if Ms Uruqhart is able to see you. Please take a seat."

She stood up and walked precisely on her stilettos to Amelia's office, while Emma sat down on one of the lush leather chairs. It felt deliciously cool against her naked buttocks. Betty left the door sufficiently ajar for Emma to see Amelia's

stockinged legs high up in the air whilst a man was thrusting in and out of her.

Emma felt a curious twinge of disconcertment. Amelia definitely wouldn't want to see her now, she thought with disappointment, but at a deeper level she felt hurt that Amelia would need sex so soon after their night of passion and with a man as well. She saw Betty lean over close to Amelia and pass a few words, not seemingly at all abashed by Amelia's intimacy. She then strode out to the reception area leaving the door still ajar.

"Ms Uruqhart says that she's temporarily tied up entertaining a customer, but that she would be more than delighted if you would accept me as a substitute for the meantime."

Emma wasn't at all sure she'd heard Betty quite right. "What do you mean?" she asked hoarsely.

"Ms Uruqhart is not a lady who likes to disappoint those whom she considers to be her lovers, - and you are one of the very select whom she now considers in that capacity. Consequently, she would much rather that I made love to you than you were to leave unsatisfied."

"That's very considerate of her..."

"You need not worry about discretion. Ms Uruqhart has a room set aside for exactly this purpose. So if you could just follow me, please?"

Emma was actively considering finding her way out of this embarrassing situation, but somehow Betty's very matter-of-fact approach and the feeling that she'd somehow be disappointing Amelia if she didn't, encouraged her to follow Betty into Amelia's office. Amelia was on the desk, her legs in the air and her stilettos still on,

while a very hairy pair of buttocks was rhythmically pushing in and out of her. As Emma walked by Amelia turned her face towards her, with sweat pulsing down her face, and smiled welcomingly. "I'm so ... glad that ... you ... decided to ... decided to ... come..." she gasped between thrusts. "To come! To come!" She became thoroughly distracted as the quite stout man on top of her leaned back with his mouth open pushing deeper and deeper into her. "Bet ... ty won't ... disapp ...point you! ... Ohhh! God! ... God!"

Emma was no stranger to watching men making love to women. Normally she saw at least one such event each day, and usually in the flesh. She still felt uncomfortable about it, partly because it was something she'd not done herself, but it was a discomfort lessened by her complete indifference to the people involved. This time it was different - perhaps because she still felt warm from her very recent sex with Amelia.

Betty, however, was not a bad substitute for Amelia as Emma soon found, and the presence of Amelia's lovemaking in the room next to them actually seemed to stimulate their passion. Betty had taken her to a small room at the corner, the door of which Emma had seen before but had assumed to lead to an adjoining office. In fact, the room consisted of only a large mattress which filled all the floor-space and a window that let in light from outside.

Betty divested her clothes before entering the room. All she wore under her smart suit were knickers and a bra, which she folded up neatly on a chair. She demurely pulled off her stockings, taking especial care not to snag them on her toenails. Then the two of them fell onto the mattress in the room and started making love

in a very gentle way. Emma found Betty demure and perhaps reticent in a way she'd come to associate with Maisie, but at the same time she felt a little bored that Betty skirted around her genitals and spent so much more time licking and embracing her breasts.

“Do you make love to women very often?” Emma wondered.

“Not very often,” admitted Betty, sitting up so that her trim figure was silhouetted against the window through which Emma assessed that anyone with a pair of binoculars in the building opposite would have a very clear view of what the two girls were doing.

“How often is that?”

“Only when Ms Uruqhart requests,” she said with a slightly troubled frown.

“Aren't I pleasing you?”

Emma smiled as broadly as she could at Betty's admission of inexperience. “Of course you are,” she said, and then took complete control of the lovemaking. It was clear that Betty's experience of lovemaking with women had generally been with fairly inexperienced ones, perhaps only those Amelia had seduced. Betty was soon to realise that sex with a woman could be just as rough and physical as it could be with a man, and was clearly surprised by the strength of the orgasms that Emma orchestrated and the pain throbbing from her vagina and anus afterwards.

“It's never been like this before,” she confessed, when the two re-emerged into Amelia's main office to find the room empty.

Betty walked to a basin in the corner of the office and sponged clean her lower regions and patted them dry with a towel. “Ms Uruqhart is no doubt keeping her

dinner appointment with the representative from Turkish television,” she commented.

Emma smiled and kissed Betty full on the lips. “I wouldn’t have liked to have delayed her appointment.”

Betty then carefully reattired herself and led Emma back to the reception area where she reasserted herself in her seat.

“Ms Uruqhart will be very pleased if you would visit her at any time that suits you, and will endeavour to avail herself on your next visit,” she said in an officious manner. Then she smiled slightly wickedly. “And if she is not able to do so, she will endeavour to assist by any other means.”

XIV

Emma was hardly ever at home these days. Where she was Charlotte didn't really know. She believed that Emma was still seeing that teacher, Dorothy, and one of Emma's colleagues had told her that it was now common knowledge that she was having a relationship with her boss.

Charlotte felt totally excluded from Emma's life. It seemed that the only times Emma ever came back to the flat was when Charlotte was out - perhaps spending the night at Josephine's or still at work. Whatever it was, though, Charlotte knew she wasn't part of it, and she was sure that Emma wasn't paying her enough attention to be bothered to intentionally avoid her. Nevertheless, Charlotte was a faithful lover and nothing that Emma could or couldn't do would shake her love for her flatmate.

Perhaps, she hoped, when Harriett returns from her jaunts abroad, Emma might be home more often. But even that hope - compromised as it was by her feelings that she'd again be excluded from their lovemaking - didn't seem very likely judging from Harriett's last letter from Baghdad where she was making a sex film with a Kurd with whom she claimed to have fallen passionately in love. It seemed that Harriett had more or less forgotten about returning home. Every assignment she had seemed to lead to another assignment in yet another exotic location. Charlotte felt incredible envy at her good luck in visiting and working in places she'd only vaguely heard of, and then in the most bizarre of places: Damascus, Samarkand, Shanghai, Puerto Rico, the list was endless. Charlotte hadn't realised that the sex industry was so

widespread, but then these were modern days and the sex industry was the world's single largest industry (or so she read once).

However, Charlotte wasn't actually lonely. In fact, her position as the last of her flatmates to stay in actual residence was not at all a lonely one. Her relationship with Josephine was building towards an intimacy and passion that outstripped anything she'd had with Emma. However much she pretended that her love for Emma was unassailable, the evidence of her heart as she greeted Josephine when she came back from work was that Emma had become pretty much the secondary passion. It was difficult to be sure what Josephine's feelings towards her actually were, though she was sure that she had no other lover. However, as Josephine made a living from making love with people, it was not for sex that she needed a relationship.

Josephine was always much more enthusiastic about taking work in stage performances rather than in film or television, despite the fact she earned more from a short slot in an advertisement or a short role in a film than from a month's run with a production in the theatre. However, she was in a play at the moment where she played a princess in a harem in a production of Sindbad the Sailor. This production seemed to spend far more time between the harem sheets than anywhere else, and even though Josephine's role was fairly minor she still had to have sex with Sindbad, a portly actor with a stuck-on goatee beard, and two of the other harem girls.

"The advantage of a stage performance," Josephine asserted while the two girls were resting after their lovemaking, "is that you make love to the same people every night. No surprises, you see. The disadvantage, however, is making love to the same boring people night after night. No surprises at all."

“Don’t you get tired of it?” wondered Charlotte.

“Not tired exactly,” Josephine considered. “A bit sore perhaps. But not tired so much. And anyway if you know what your partner’s going to do, you can concentrate on your lines. Make sure you come at the right time.”

“What are the girls like?” wondered Charlotte who felt a sudden spasm of jealousy. She’d seen Josephine on stage, and it seemed to her that her lover had particularly enjoyed the scene in which the black and blonde girls were having sex with her. She felt a particular pang when one of the girls inserted a long steel phallus into her vagina while the other put her tongue into her anus. Why did Josephine have to be such a convincing actor?

“Not as good as you, darling,” responded Josephine, who as always knew precisely the right thing to say.

Despite Emma being such an infrequent visitor, Charlotte kept her vagina shaved as a kind of reminder to herself, if nobody else, of the love she felt towards her. It was a ceremony every morning, to perch by the bidet filled with hot water and to carefully scrape off the bristles of pubic hair. It was not, however, a ceremony that Charlotte needed to do herself. Susan had left her boyfriend and had moved into the flat as a permanent guest. Susan didn’t shave her own vagina any more - she’d been somehow more upset by Emma’s treatment of her than Charlotte could have imagined and was quite happy to lose this memory of the incident. However, she made clearer than ever her passionate love for Charlotte. A passion she said that eclipsed any previous passion in her life.

This passion rather embarrassed Charlotte, who, although she was quite fond

of Susan, couldn't say that she actually had passionate feelings for her. Well, not feelings that compared to those she held for Josephine or Emma. This didn't trouble Susan, however, who went to the trouble of moving her own bed into Charlotte's bedroom so that there was plenty of space for her as well whenever Josephine was staying the night. Charlotte's love for Josephine didn't prevent Susan leaving her boyfriend, as she claimed it was hypocritical to stay with someone who was not your first love. She even went to the extent of having her shoulder tattooed with Charlotte's name surrounded by a festoon of oriental flowers - the only tattoo on her body. This was so that when she was being filmed making love, the viewers would know the name of the only person she truly loved.

Charlotte and Susan did, in fact, make love together. Part of Susan's love for Charlotte was apparently because she had at last found a lover to whom she could make love without being watched by others. "You make me feel more whole!" she would say to Charlotte in her frequent outbursts of praise and adoration. "With you I am a whole person!"

Charlotte couldn't deny that Susan's love for her was not undesirable. Indeed, Susan's passion for her made it easier for her to keep at bay the jealousy she felt towards Emma's mysterious sex life and Josephine's thespian one. She knew that Susan was also enjoying a sex life away from her. She was quite in demand in films that required oriental women and, taking account of her small breasts and boyish body, sometimes children. Charlotte had even seen Susan in some of these films on video. Susan would frequently watch them to review her technique and make notes of in a small school notebook she kept for the purpose. Charlotte occasionally watched

Susan and Josephine make love together - something she allowed because far more frequently she would be making love to Josephine with Susan watching.

Susan had a very understanding relationship with Charlotte. She knew that Josephine occupied a primary role in Charlotte's life - and showed no embarrassment about this. When Josephine visited, which was four nights out of seven, Susan stayed quite out of the way, occasionally watching but more often seeming totally uninterested. Even at night, with the three of them under the same sheets, Susan would stay to one side as Josephine and Charlotte made tender love together. In fact, she admitted to getting a warm fulfilment out of seeing the woman she loved getting so much pleasure out of sex - even if it wasn't with her.

Susan still saw her boyfriend, saying that it wasn't possible just to abandon someone who she'd lived with for so long. Indeed, she once invited him round one evening. He was an oriental himself - shorter than Charlotte and much shorter than Josephine, but still taller and less slight than Susan. It wasn't very long after the meal, that Susan and he started fucking on the living room floor. Charlotte, who didn't see this kind of thing nearly as frequently as Josephine, felt immobilised by the sight of it. On the one hand, the sight of this erect penis in Susan's mouth and then in her vagina rather repulsed her. On the other, it brought back warm feelings of the men she'd made love with when she was still a sapphic virgin.

After Susan had decided that she'd had enough of making love to him, she invited the other girls to join in. "Best to be polite!" said Josephine with a smile, kissing Charlotte full on the mouth and allowing her tongue to glide over Charlotte's teeth. She then went down on the ground with Susan's boyfriend, while Susan herself

came over to Charlotte and put her arm round Charlotte's naked waist and gently stroked her pubic hair.

It was inevitable that when Josephine had finished that Charlotte felt that, yes, she'd like to have sex with a man again. She felt a bit nervous, but Susan's boyfriend, who was a sex film actor like Susan, knew how to comfort her, and soon she was again enjoying full penetrative sex. She occasionally looked up at her friends and could see Susan and Josephine, with their arms around each other watching her with supportive smiles, and this added passion to her activity. She wasn't really making love to a man, she thought. It's my friends whom I'm making love with, she said to herself as the penis thrust deep inside her and brought her to a crescendo of gasps. She enjoyed the deep thrust that she'd almost forgotten after all these months of sapphic love. She may be a lesbian, Charlotte reflected, but that didn't mean she couldn't enjoy herself with men.

XV

Dorothy and Emma were wrapped around each other and Dorothy's teeth were greedily guzzling on Emma's vagina. They'd been having a fairly busy session of love-making, enlivened by Emma beating her buttocks quite ferociously with a table-tennis bat: a game they'd only recently started playing. Indeed many of the games they played had an air of brutality: involving the insertion of quite painful objects up her vagina and anus, and frequent beatings across the buttocks. Indeed, lovemaking with Emma had become more brutal than making love to a man had ever been. And it was always she who was getting the roughest of it. In bed, it was always Emma who was the dominant partner. Dorothy didn't mind, though. At least it kept the two of them together. She allowed her eyes to wander from Emma's clitoris towards her face and noticed that Emma's eyes had a far away and distant look in them.

She tried to work out what it was that Emma may have been thinking about. It certainly wasn't sex. Perhaps she was thinking about her daughter. Certainly, Emma's love for Maisie, although rather perverse, was also very touching. Emma and her daughter would return together from the studio, hand in hand, in delightful joy at just being together. Maisie's eyes lit up so brightly when she was with Emma. And Emma's eyes also sparkled in a special way when she was with Maisie.

There was none of that sparkle in Emma's eyes at the moment. Nor did there ever seem to be any sparkle in her eyes when they were together compared to that when Emma was with Maisie. In fact, - and Dorothy pulled her mouth off Emma's crotch at the thought, - the most common expression in her eyes was boredom.

“What’s wrong, Dorothy?” asked Emma from above on feeling Dorothy suddenly disengage herself.

“You don’t love me at all, do you?” Dorothy accused her suddenly.

“Sorry. What do you mean?”

“It’s Maisie you love,” Dorothy continued, pushing herself back and instinctively covering her breasts from Emma’s gaze. “Not me at all. You only come here to see Maisie!”

“That’s nonsense,” said Emma, but blushed like someone who had just been found out.

“It isn’t, you know,” Dorothy continued, standing up and putting on her underwear. “You’ve never loved me, have you? You only started a relationship with me to be able to see Maisie. I hate you!” She burst into tears and sobbed uncontrollably.

Emma jumped up from the bed, with the table-tennis bat still in one hand, and put a comforting arm around Dorothy’s shoulders. At first Dorothy was comforted, but then she abruptly flung Emma’s arm off. “I don’t care. I’m not living a lie with you. When you come round here from now on, you come round to see and sleep with Maisie. You don’t sleep with me any more! Do you understand! No more sex between us!”

Emma was clearly taken aback. She sat disconsolately at the end of the bed looking down at her hands and idly examined the rubber surface of the table-tennis bat. “What shall I do?” she asked weakly.

“Go into Maisie’s bedroom and make love with her, as that’s what you want to

do. But don't come here and don't try to make love with me again."

Emma initially resisted leaving, but when a fully-clothed Dorothy started pushing her out of the bedroom it was clear that her erstwhile lover was in earnest. She obediently walked into Maisie's bedroom where the child was delighted by the surprise visit.

A new pattern had formed in Emma's relationship with Maisie and her mother. From now on Emma's visits to Maisie's home felt much less welcoming than before, but her love for Maisie drove her to continue.

Dorothy felt both sorry for Emma's discomfort when she was visiting and bitter now that they were no longer lovers. When Emma and Maisie came home, she would greet Maisie as warmly as before, but was much more frosty towards Emma who she greeted as briefly and politely as she could. Then Emma and Maisie would retreat to Maisie's bedroom where they no doubt indulged in their sex games together. Games from which Dorothy was now excluded.

She sometimes speculated as to what Emma and her daughter did together. She knew the games that she had played with Emma herself, and she remembered how rough they could be. She still had red marks on the cheeks of her buttocks from when Dorothy felt in need of a beating and Emma had obliged. She remembered the occasions when she had nearly broken her nose in repeated batterings against Emma's buttocks. And she could still feel the carrots, cucumbers and other such vegetables that Emma would force up her vagina and sometimes her anus. She remembered the tiny blood stains that sometimes dripped out from between her legs the following day after a particular passionate night, irrespective of how close it was to her menstrual

period.

Dorothy's concern for Maisie was also coloured by a wave of jealousy: one which wasn't at all improved by the fact that her daughter was quite obviously enjoying the extra attention that her lover was giving her. Dorothy would often see Maisie squeeze Emma's hand tightly in affection. She would see Maisie grip Emma tightly around the waist, and nuzzle her nose in the bushy mound of Emma's pubic hair. Emma's affection for Maisie was also undeniable. In her more charitable moments, Dorothy reflected stoically that at least the two people she cared about most were happy together, even if they didn't seem so happy with only her.

However, this uneasy relationship couldn't last for long. Its strain was particularly agonising when Dorothy saw Maisie licking at Emma's vagina while her hair was being appreciatively stroked. Or when she heard her daughter's cries of ecstasy or, less frequently but louder, those of Emma, coming from Maisie's bedroom during the evening or night. But the final moment was when an ecstatic Maisie came rushing in to confide to her mother what she'd been doing.

Dorothy was reading a book at the time. She'd just finished marking some essays, and had squeezed ear-plugs in her ears to drive out the sounds from Maisie's room of Emma's cries and the dreadful thumping of the bed against the wall. Then she noticed her daughter coming in, naked as always and saying "I've done it! I've done it!"

"Done what, dear?" wondered Dorothy, looking up from her book and noticing for the first time that Maisie wasn't actually naked. She was wearing quite a sizeable, anatomically correct, dildo around her waist which looked monstrous on such a small

slender frame.

“Why, Mummy! I’ve fucked Emma! I’ve always wanted to and now she’s let me!”

“You’ve done what?” demanded Dorothy angrily. Is this the sort of language she’d taught her child to use?

“I’ve fucked Emma!” Maisie said, with a mixture of residual ecstasy and satisfaction tinged by uncertainty derived from her mother’s tone.

“Don’t use that language with me, young lady!” Dorothy suddenly shouted, slapping her daughter on the face. “Don’t use words like that ever again!” She slapped her daughter again.

Maisie fell back on the bed crying, with the still-moist dildo sticking out incongruously.

“What have I done wrong, Mummy!” she cried.

At that moment, Emma arrived, with trickles of sweat still running down her thighs and chest.

“What’s going on?”

From then on, the evening was a long tirade of screaming, shouting and accusations - mostly made by Dorothy. Maisie cried to herself - and only said anything when asked. And then whatever she said seemed only to make things worse. Emma said very little, but was clearly unhappy.

Finally, Dorothy announced: “If you want to see my daughter again: Fine! But don’t come around here again. Have your perverted sex somewhere else, and don’t let me know about it!”

“Can I stay at Emma’s then?” wondered Maisie through her reddened, tear-stained face.

“If you must! It’s none of my concern what you do together! But Emma’s not to cross the threshold of this house again!”

XVI

At last! Maisie was going to visit Emma's home and meet the girlfriends Emma had told her about. Actually, she'd would only meet one of them, Charlotte, because her other girlfriend was working abroad at the moment making sex films. But it was so exciting anyway to be staying somewhere that wasn't her normal home. And as Emma had explained to her, she might be staying at Emma's flat quite frequently in the future. Ever since Mummy had argued with Emma, staying at home had become quite awkward, with Mummy being so sullen and being funny about her not wearing clothes. Why had it been alright to wear no clothes before and now totally wrong? Grown-ups were so funny!

Emma's flat was in such a very old building which you had to go up ever so many stairs to get to. And when you got there you had to use keys just as you had to get into the building in the first place. But the flat was very welcoming, with a book-cupboard and a vase of dried flowers in the hallway just outside and a very pretty poster of more flowers on the actual door. Emma and Maisie hadn't put any clothes on after leaving the studio and going by the car from the television car-park. Nor did they from getting out of the car in the apartment block's underground car-park to entering the flat. It was a strange thing, Maisie thought to herself, to lead a life of no clothes. None of her school-friends did that.

Inside the flat were more naked bodies: there were two girls with shoulder-length hair lying on a sofa and idly playing with each other and another girl watching

television from a sofa. Only this other girl wasn't so naked and she looked terribly young. In fact, as Maisie soon realised, this girl was wearing only a tee-shirt, advertising a popular soft drink, and only looked young because her body was so small and slight. She was Japanese or Vietnamese or Chinese or something. When Emma and Maisie entered the living room, there was a sudden eruption of activity as the girls jumped up to greet them. Maisie began to realise that none of these people had seen much of Emma for a while and were asking her ever so many questions about what she'd been doing and telling her about what they'd been doing.

“And who is your young friend?” asked Josephine, addressing Maisie, who not unnaturally was feeling rather out of place.

“Maisie,” announced Emma. “Her name's Maisie. She's on the cast of St Denis Street.”

“I've seen that,” said Susan rushing up and kissing Maisie tenderly on the cheek. “You're not called Maisie on the program. Though I can't quite remember what you're called. It's a very popular soap opera.”

Charlotte was feeling rather overwhelmed by the arrival of the other love in her life. And where was this teacher that Emma was supposed to be living with? And what about this boss of hers? And what had this little girl ... this naturist little girl ...got to do with anything? She'd not been aware that Emma had ever had children. She soon pieced together from the conversation that Maisie was this teacher's daughter and that because her home was such a long way from the Harlot TV studios it made sense for her to stay the night at the flat. Why did it make sense now and not before? wondered Charlotte, before being rushed off in the group towards a chattering

mass of anecdotes and recollections that accompanied the preparation of dinner - which everyone had a hand in - and its consumption over a bottle of wine.

Josephine and Susan were excellent with children - especially Josephine who shared a child's enthusiasm for fluffy toys and for life in general. Susan helped in her own way by being a sort of bridge between Josephine and Maisie, and the conversation she was having with Emma. Emma was affectionate as she'd used to be, and in fact was rather less tense than Charlotte had mostly remembered. It was as if some load had been taken off her mind.

She was even rather surprised to see that Charlotte was still shaving her crotch. "There's really no need to do that for my sake!" she exclaimed. "I'm really not worth such love!" Charlotte felt her old warm emotions swell towards Emma as the conversation went on. She was right, she said to herself, to have kept her loyalties true to Emma.

It wasn't long until Charlotte's thoughts moved towards sex. She kept her hands and arms on Emma as much as she could and was pleased to see that Emma wasn't pushing her off. After the dinner, she and Emma sat together on the sofa, their arms around each other, tenderly kissing each other's face and breasts and talking intently. Charlotte allowed her hands to wander down to Emma's crotch and was just about to start stimulating her clitoris in the way that Emma had always seemed to like, when Emma abruptly pushed her hand to one side.

"Don't forget Maisie!" Emma remarked pointing out the child who was busily discussing computer games and pop music with Josephine and Susan. Charlotte nodded and decided that it was probably best to wait until the child had gone to bed

before she and Emma became more physically intimate.

When Maisie did go to bed though, in Emma's double bed, Charlotte was surprised to see Emma go to bed at precisely the same time. Emma wasn't known for being the sort of girl who went to bed especially early, but it particularly peeved Charlotte. She *had* hoped that she and Emma would be going to bed together. Josephine could see that Charlotte was disappointed, but as a faithful friend she let Charlotte herself take the initiative in moving towards bed where Susan was already waiting. Susan could also see that Charlotte was disappointed, and so it wasn't too surprising that with both of Charlotte's lovers being so concerned about her welfare that very soon all three of them were making intense love together. And not too long until the flat was shaken by the sounds of the three girls passionate cries - particularly those of Charlotte, who despite her disappointment was still intensely excited by Emma's return to the flat.

After a while, Charlotte, Josephine and Susan felt that they'd had enough and lay exhausted on top of each other, the salt of Susan's sweat dripping down her nose and into Charlotte's mouth, while Josephine's shiny moist legs wrapped around Charlotte's. It was at that stage that Charlotte became aware of the sound of lovemaking coming from Emma's bedroom: a sound at once familiar from the countless conjugal couplings that her bed had been party to and unfamiliar because Emma had been so much absent of late. But yes! it was lovemaking. And it was coming from Emma's bed. There were the unmistakable gasps that Emma made when she was at her most passionate and a thundering noise as her bed rocked repeatedly against the wall.

Charlotte put a finger to her mouth and looked at Josephine with a quizzical expression. “Who ...?” she mouthed.

Josephine smiled reassuringly and whispered, “There are two people making noises in there.”

“Two?” wondered Charlotte, but sure enough there was another relatively squeaky voice also making sounds indicative of passionate love. “Surely not Maisie...”

“She’s very honest about her relationship with Emma,” commented Josephine, reminding Charlotte of who had been talking to Maisie all evening. “It seems they’ve had a relationship for several months now, which for a girl of her age will have seemed like forever.”

“But how can Emma be making love with a girl who’s basically just a child?” wondered Charlotte.

“Don’t worry about that,” smiled Susan stroking the bristles on Charlotte’s crotch. “But I think you’ll find that one bald crotch is enough for Emma now.”

Charlotte looked down at Susan’s face peeking up cheekily from just beneath her stomach. She couldn’t help smiling back at the good humour that Susan was emanating, and experienced a certain weight of mystery about Emma’s intentions and desires suddenly lifted by the light of Susan’s illumination.

Josephine also smiled, but her thoughts were elsewhere. Much as she dearly loved Charlotte, she was aware of an element of deception in their relationship. She knew that Charlotte didn’t really have any lovers besides herself and Susan - a situation basically unchanged since Emma’s return to the flat - but this didn’t deter her

from making love widely and freely, and not just because her job required it. However, she appreciated Charlotte's sensitivity on such issues better than Susan. She knew how much Charlotte loved her, and also how much hurt it would cause her to know that she might have made love to one or more men during the day. Josephine also knew that her love for Charlotte couldn't possibly equal the intensity of Charlotte's for her. Or even Charlotte's for Emma. This despite the fact that since Emma had returned to the flat, she's spent virtually all of her time with Maisie.

It felt strange to Josephine to be in the midst of so much love and passion. It wasn't that she didn't feel love or passion herself. It was just somehow less intense. Less exclusively focused. She rather appreciated her own flat on the other side of town, where she would sleep one or maybe two nights a week: often just by herself in amongst her cuddly toys. It wasn't just Charlotte's love for Emma and her, or Emma's passion and jealousy of Maisie, there was also Susan, who was so absurdly obsessed with Charlotte. Not that this prevented Susan from having sex with men, nor if the opportunity occurred, either through her work or otherwise, with other women. As a sex actress, her attitude towards sex was extremely ambivalent, and although Josephine didn't share the same feelings, she could see how it might be possible to feel passionately in love with one woman, and still really enjoy sex with many other people including, of course, Josephine herself.

Susan had made her worship of Charlotte into something of a religion. Not just shaving Charlotte's crotch (which had now discontinued since Maisie's appearance on the scene) but in the way she brought Charlotte breakfast in bed, fussed around her all the time and combed her hair. Indeed, if Charlotte had allowed it, she would probably

wipe her arse clean after Charlotte had a shit. Susan had even tried to demonstrate the permanency of her love by getting a small tattoo put on her upper shoulder with *Charlotte* written on the face of a red rose.

Josephine knew more than Charlotte of the intensity of Susan's passion, as she was in the position of being Susan's confidante. She knew that Susan always fantasised about making love with Charlotte whilst making love with other people. She knew that Susan claimed to have never truly loved anyone else before. This was why previously she could only make love to an audience, as a way of exciting her libido through exhibitionism. She knew that Susan religiously spent half an hour to an hour each day masturbating with a variety of sexual aids, concentrating her sexual passion entirely on Charlotte.

Although Josephine knew that Charlotte was fully aware of Susan's love for her (it was after all declared almost every day) she was sure Charlotte wasn't aware of its intensity or its purity.

The way that Susan would selflessly sit aside to permit Josephine to make as much love to Charlotte as her true love desired, and only participated when her well attuned sexual instincts told her that Charlotte was truly prepared. The way Susan would tirelessly watch Charlotte and jump to attention whenever an opportunity to be helpful occurred. The way Susan never betrayed, even to Josephine, the frustration and disappointment she must have felt in not having her love reciprocated.

Josephine didn't have to go to work that morning. Indeed, the only one who had to was Charlotte, and, with a little help from Susan, she'd been packed off to work in her overcoat and sandals while Josephine was still luxuriating naked in bed.

In fact Josephine was really only stirred into real wakefulness when Susan slid back under the sheets after slipping off the kimono she habitually wore, lowered her hands down to her crotch and began stroking her clitoris as she often did after bidding Charlotte off. Josephine rolled over to watch Susan's fingers busy themselves around the top of her vagina, while her other hand stimulated her nipples. She looked up at Susan's face to gauge whether she wanted more than private pleasure, but she knew enough by now that although she would participate with apparent enthusiasm in any lovemaking Josephine might propose, most likely her preference would be to excite her imagination.

Josephine really didn't feel like disturbing Susan, so she swung her feet off the bed, rubbed some of the detritus from her eyes and quietly wandered off to the kitchen. When she got there, she noticed that she wasn't the only one wanting breakfast at that time. The kettle was boiling and a couple of mugs were standing prepared with teaspoons inside. Just by the kettle was a bread board with a plastic bag of sliced wholemeal bread and organic margarine. There also was Emma: her bare behind sticking suggestively out as she leant over to look in the cupboards, quite as beautiful from behind as from anywhere else.

Josephine heart leaped as the eroticism of Emma's posture struck her, and, following her desires, she picked up the tub of margarine, fingered out a scoop of it onto her forefingers and approached Emma. She tenderly started stroking Emma's behind in the way she knew Emma would enjoy. At first Emma started, but as she felt Josephine's practised caresses, she grunted appreciatively, and relaxed as with one hand Josephine stroked around Emma's buttocks and gradually eased open her

cheeks. Then she brought her other hand round and with a little force eased the margarine into the squeeze between the buttocks, while at the same time exercising Emma's clitoris and cunt with the other hand and kissing her neck from behind. Then when Emma's arse was sufficiently greased, she pushed her fingers deep inside her anus and pushed away from the rear while at the front pushing harder and harder into Emma's vagina. Emma laid her hands against the wall, surrendering herself to this unexpected erotic assault.

While Josephine was thus engaged and Emma's little gasps became more throaty, she felt a hand brush against her back. It was Susan who was smiling broadly and was handing her a rather long carrot. Josephine took the hint, and while still stroking and exercising Emma's cunt, she gradually eased the cool rough carrot into Emma's anus. As this was happening, she felt Susan's hands grip around her as Susan began stroking Josephine's vagina and then passionately kissing Emma full on the mouth.

Josephine found that she who'd instigated all this was somehow in the midst of it with Emma in front and Susan behind. Her senses began to swim: partly from passion and partly from the strain of making love while standing up on the kitchen linoleum. It didn't surprise her too much to feel Susan's fingers probe deep inside her own backside, though her gasp of pleasure surprised her when it erupted from her.

"Oh Emma! Emma!" gasped Josephine in great passion.

"Oh! Charlotte my love!" whispered Susan a little inappropriately.

"Ooohh! Ooohh!" gasped Emma in little eruptions of ecstasy.

"Where's the tea?" came a quite different voice.

Startled, Emma pulled herself free and looked at Maisie who had come into the kitchen, naked as always, to see three much more mature but also naked women indulging in sex with vegetables and margarine.

“I’m hungry,” Maisie complained rubbing her eyes with her little fists.

She didn’t seem at all perturbed by the girls’ intimacy, and in fact made no comment of it at all as Josephine, Susan and Emma hastily disentangled themselves from each other and shared in the task of preparing breakfast for Maisie and chatting about the day ahead.

When all four were finally seated on stools by the breakfast table, all naked except for Susan who had chosen to put some long socks on, Maisie smiled broadly.

“It was ever so funny watching you all buggering each other,” she chuckled.

Josephine slightly whitened (it was after all she who’d made it happen) but her reaction was as nothing compared to Emma who visibly reddened from her brow to her breast and spluttered incoherently.

“Bububuggering?”

“That’s what it’s called isn’t it?” Maisie continued, clearly enjoying the embarrassment she’d caused. “I’ve often seen it on the telly. And it’s ever so clever that two of you were being buggered at the same time.” She leaned over as if to confide with Josephine. “Emma’ll never bugger me, although she often gets me to shove a dildo up her arse!”

“Maisie!” gasped Emma, who appeared outraged. “How can you talk about private things with other people like that?”

“It can’t be that private if you’re doing it with the others!” retorted Maisie.

“And why can’t I join in? Why is it you can have sex with Susan and Josephine, and I can’t? I think it’s really unfair!”

It was Josephine’s time to blush now. She looked up at Maisie, incapable of saying a word, and looked for guidance at the even more embarrassed Emma, who was smiling in a kind of helpless and uncertain way. It was however Susan, impossible to embarrass on matters of sex or love, who rescued the situation.

“I’m sure Emma’s got no objection to you making love with either Josephine or me. And we’ll be delighted to make love with you. But not now, as you’ve got to be at the studio to rehearse today, haven’t you?”

“I suppose so,” said the mollified Maisie. “But we will later won’t we, Emma? Won’t we?”

“Sorry. What will we do?”

“Make love. Have sex. All of us. Together. You promise. Don’t you?”

“I suppose so,” concurred a reluctant Emma.

XVII

It wasn't often that Emma ever went out shopping. Normally she ordered her groceries or whatever on the internet. But it wasn't always possible to get everything you wanted that way, and so, despite her reluctance to wear any kind of clothing, she set off during her lunch time to visit the shopping mall. Others may not have been convinced that Emma was making a concession as she walked along wearing nothing but sandals and a long skirt hanging from her waist, but even this minimum of clothing had to be borrowed from one of the sex actresses in a production of updated Hans Christian Anderson fairy tales that Emma was working on.

She eventually found the bookshop she was looking for: one quite large enough to have everything she might like to buy or browse. There were several floors to the bookshop, a café on the top floor from which she'd once been evicted for immodesty and a crèche for children near the entrance. Emma knew what she wanted though, and anxiously scanned the displayed index of book categories to find it. After some deliberation, she decided that **Sex and Family Matters** was probably the right section. **Modern and Ancient Pornography**, **Sexual Art and Photography** and **Education** were probably not right. Eventually she found the section she was looking for: very discreetly hidden in amidst **Baby Care**, **Pregnancy** and **Teenage Angst**. The classic book of child sex: **The Intimate Family**.

The book was written by a Delia Cook, pictured naked on the back cover with

her arms around two naked children - a boy of about twelve and a girl of maybe fifteen or sixteen - who Emma supposed were her own. The pictures were taken full-frontal, in keeping with the whole spirit of the book that was, as its flyleaf promised, frank and explicit. It also had a very coy front cover giving no hint of what it might be discussing. Which of course was entirely to do with practical incest and child sexuality.

Emma looked through the frontispiece:

These days, people are always asking for practical and unsensational advice with regard to leading a happy and harmonious intimate family life. My intention is to provide readers with just this. I will make no attempt to moralise or preach, but I have spoken to and taken advice from families, and indeed individuals, who have practiced intimate family relations and where appropriate I have broadcast their opinions and advice. Much of what I discuss has, naturally, been based on personal experience, for which I must thank my very understanding husband and my two loving children. Naturally some research has had to be done elsewhere, and again I have tried not to shirk in my duties.

Emma flicked through the pages of the book, which was a very expensive and weighty hardback. There was a mixture of line drawings and black-and-white photographs supporting the text, which made the book seem bizarrely academic. It was with a certain amount of apprehension that she took the book to the cash desk because its reputation was such that it was pretty much a confession to the world that she practised either incest or child sex. Or both.

However the middle-aged shop assistant who frowned so severely and unsympathetically at Emma as she wrapped the book up as if it was a bundle of dried

faeces was less concerned about the book, of whose reputation she was thoroughly ignorant, than about Emma's toplessness. In fact, the eyes that Emma felt like cloaked daggers as she walked along were not at all aware that she'd even bought a book at all. Bookshops were still places where semi-nudity was generally confined to the bookshelf.

Emma knew that there was no likelihood that she'd ever be able to read the book at home, where Maisie would be forever demanding her attention. And even if Maisie were not there she still felt sufficiently embarrassed about her relationship with her not to want to be seen reading a book on the subject of such intimacies by her flatmate and guests. She therefore walked to a nearby park and sat down to read it as discreetly as she could. She deliberately chose to lie down on her front on the warm summer grass, so that her breasts would attract rather fewer in the way of lascivious stares. **How to Bring Intimacy into Your Family** was the title of the next section she looked at. There was a line-drawing of a small boy's erect penis being stroked by the hands of a substantially older woman.

When and How to start intimate relations in the family is a tricky question which I've often been asked. I think the honest answer to that question is to ask the questioner just why they are asking the question. I don't believe it is right to start an intimate relation with your nearest and dearest unless the entire reason for doing so is to do with wanting a fulfilling and close loving tenderness with them. And this is a view widely shared by those I have discussed the subject with. It is quite natural that as your children get older, you feel a stronger and deeper affection for them, and only natural that you should want to express this affection in the most intimate way possible. It must be remembered of course that your children (and indeed others in

your family) may not feel that an intimate closeness should be quite as free and varied as you do.

In particular, it is worth mentioning that once you have started on the path of intimate family relations, it cannot be reversed. My daughter, Jennifer, would not now contemplate a relation with her father that did not include complete vaginal penetration - and already my son, Kevin, considers time spent with any of his family that does not involve fellatio or cunnilingus as wasted effort. But once started on this path, there is undoubtedly satisfaction and joy that brings a family closer together. For it is well said that the family that fucks together stays together.

After this preamble, there was a section which described techniques of introducing oneself and one's children to the joys of sex. Throughout there were constant warnings about going too far to begin with, because this was a subtle and progressive process and as much attention must be given to psychological preparedness as to the physical. As regards to the physical, the advice was generally to do with precautions for anal intercourse and, indeed, vaginal intercourse with the younger member of the family.

In the heat of the moment it is always possible to forget the discomfort that your activities may cause to the younger or smaller participant. As a general rule, do not start any kind of penetrative sex until your partner actually requests it (and don't worry, he or she will in due course: after seeing the fun other members of the family have!). Even then, judge your penetration appropriate not just to the age of the participant, but to their previous experience and their physical limitations. Even adult men and women may have very tight orifices, so don't think those of children are going to be very different. The advice I would tend to give is: Stick to the oral sex for as long as

possible. The younger child can get considerable joy from having his or her sexual organs caressed by the tongue, and they will never tire of stimulating the older family member's organs - in particular the penis. A word of warning however - it is possible for a child to choke on a fully erect penis, so to avoid future distress in the family, gauge this behaviour appropriately.

Emma flicked through the pages until she came to a chapter entitled coyly **Other Families and Yours**. This chapter concerned itself with sex with other people's children and partners.

It is always a delight to find other families that practice intimate relations as well as your own, and our family for one has always enjoyed inviting other families around for additional entertainment. Naturally, one has to be conscious of the very different mores different families may have. Martin, my son, was most distressed to find that the fourteen year old daughters of a colleague of mine from the infirmary did not practice either anal or vaginal intercourse. He protested that he and his sister had lost their virginity at a much earlier age. It was all that my husband and I could do to prevent him from taking the poor girl's maidenhead. It is after all the right and proper thing that their parents have the prerogative on such matters. (If, indeed they feel, as my husband and I do, that children's maidenheads properly belong to those who have borne them). The embarrassment has of course also been the other way, when the ten year old son of a neighbour tried to urinate in my daughter's mouth and wanted her to penetrate him with a dildo. I don't wish to proscribe such behaviour (it is perfectly acceptable if all concerned are in agreement) but our family has set its own limits.

Emma found all this very interesting, but she wasn't sure how especially relevant much of it was to her relationship with Maisie. She turned to the index to see

what other sections there were. This proved to be promising. There was a section on **Single Parents and the Single Friend, Group Sex and Children, The Growing Child and Techniques for Appropriate Physical Intimacy**. Some of the illustrations showed various kinds of intimacy, in which the two children on the flyleaf and some others had penises and dildos inserted inside them, and others where the children were shown applying their tongues greedily to clitorises, anuses and erect penises. There was even a section concerning the swallowing of semen, with a photograph of the girl, Jennifer, splattered with semen from several penises of quite differently aged males.

However, this was Emma's lunch break and she had to get back to the studio fairly promptly before filming was due to start. Emma closed the book and discreetly slipped it into her bag. Guiltily looking around her, she stood up and made her way back.

After work, Emma wandered into a nearby naturist café, where she knew she wouldn't be disturbed as she sat down with a pot of tea and continued reading Delia Cook's book. She wasn't too sure what she expected to achieve by this exercise. She wasn't at all sure that her relationship with Maisie really had a great deal in common with the typical relationships described in the book. There was no real family intimacy involved at all now that to all intents and purposes Maisie was no longer living with her mother but was more or less a permanent resident at Emma's flat.

She poured some milk into the cup until the tea went the right shade of brown and, this time, managed to avoid the usual puddle of milk on the saucer as it fell awkwardly out of its pot. She wasn't at all sure how Maisie felt about sharing a flat

with older women, but the girl never complained and Emma was happy that she seemed to get on so well with Charlotte's lovers, Josephine and Susan. In fact she seemed to get on with them as if they were girls her own age.

Emma carefully flicked through the pages of her book - careful to obscure a view of the cover from any prying eyes (though most eyes would have concentrated on her naked body) until she came to a section about gradually introducing a child to sex.

It would not be for me to advise this for all readers - indeed many may find it distasteful - but I recall one method that appeared to have sterling results where a young girl was weaned from infancy not only from the breast but from the penis. She soon came to associate the one with milk and the other with semen. The justification is that semen is a very nutritious, high protein addition to a child's diet. This may be so - but it gave her father and other males in the immediate family a great deal of pleasure which by all accounts was shared by the girl. It had the additional benefit that whereas the breasts soon lose the ability to provide milk, the penis remains productive for very much longer. When I met the girl she was almost in her teens, but was delighted to entertain us by demonstrating her skills at milking my husband's penis.

Emma found the subject of penises quite revolting, and flicked through the pages to see if there was very much on the subject of love between the younger girl and the older woman. There did seem to be a great deal about penises however.

There is a certain amount of impatience in all families to introduce daughters and sons to the joys of anal sex. My own advice is that generally it is best that one take advantage of the smaller but still active organ of the younger male. In this way,

novices of either sex to the delights of such intimacy can be gently enticed towards it not inconsiderable pleasures.

This section of the book was enlivened by a black-and-white photograph of a boy's penis completely engulfed by an immature vagina, with the caption: *Martin demonstrates his gentleness with Jennifer.*

Emma flicked through the pages while nonchalantly sipping from her cup. She frowned disapprovingly at the faint smell of tobacco wafting from the smoking tables at the far end of the café. Her eyes caught the heading **Naturism and Clothes Policy**. This surely would be of interest to her, Emma told herself, comfortably opening the pages open at a picture of Delia Cook's family sitting in an open field having a picnic and wearing no clothes.

Different families have different attitudes towards what are the appropriate clothes for the intimate family to wear. My own preference (and one which I hold firmly) is that whether or not one is considering the intimate family or just one's own contentment there is nothing that matches a naturist disposition.

Emma warmed quite visibly towards Delia Cook at this piece of advice.

However, there are those who for one reason or another believe that naturism by its very simplicity and naturalness doesn't truly express the nature of the intimate family as they themselves perceive it. And indeed, this may actually be the more honest view of those who don't feel completely comfortable in just their own nakedness. One family I know of brought up the two sons such that until early puberty they dressed and were made-up as girls. The boys had taken to it so thoroughly that one of them

opted to remain a transvestite into his adult years. The reason for this preference was that both parents enjoyed the contrast of the boys' apparent and actual genders.

Emma wasn't at all happy to consider such perversions, and flicked randomly through the book.

There comes a time when the intimate family has to fully face up to the fact that the children have a life and friends of their own. In particular, there is the necessity of being aware that many of their friends will have a certain amount of unease and distrust concerning intimate relations between those whose family bonds are so tight. It is therefore necessary for the parents and even the siblings, at least initially, to exclude themselves from any physical intimacy (even those which are not penetrative or do not involve bodily fluids) unless expressly invited to join in. It is to be hoped that in a well-adjusted family that soon all the family will be able to share in the physical pleasures offered by the friends of one's children. In fact, some of my best intimate experiences have been in the company of my children and their school-friends once the stigma that some children attach to fucking Mummy has worn off.

The distinct impression inculcated on Emma from reading this book was how natural and normal child sex and incest seemed. Why, she wondered, didn't everyone try it? She looked around her at the naked bodies of other people in the café, and spotted a mother and father with two children. They were both girls about seven or eight years old. Emma tried to envisage the family making love together. She concentrated on the image of the father's penis rammed inside the younger girl's immature vagina. She really didn't find the image at all pleasant. She then thought of her own parents (whose naked bodies she'd so rarely seen) and the thought of them having any kind of sex with her at any age (and especially at the ages they were now)

really didn't inspire any desire in her at all.

Emma turned to the final pages of the book where the publishers advertised the other books that they published in their series of sex manuals and treatises. At the head of the list was **InterSpecies Lust**, which promised to be a book which revealed the truth of sexual practices between people and animals, particularly in agricultural communities, and gave discreet advice on the practical problems that participants might confront. Another book was entitled **Faecal Fantasy**, and as its title suggested it dealt with the benefits and health hazards of a sex life that included defecation and urination as standard features. Some of the books seemed fairly tame in comparison: **TransSexuality for Pecuniary Gain, Suicide and Sex, The Extended Sexual Partnership** and **Computer Stimulated Sex: Better than the Real Thing?**

Emma didn't feel inclined to buy or even read any of these books - and having seen enough videos in her job concerned with sex of every kind she had a fairly precise knowledge of what it might be that she would be missing as a result. However it did force her to concentrate her mind on what it was that she considered to be desirable in a relationship. And the only image that sprang to her mind was of Maisie's naked body stretched out below aching for Emma's tender caresses.

XVIII

It had been a long night, Josephine reflected as she opened her eyes and squinted at the shaft of light streaming in through the window and the specks of dust floating in it. A long night! After all the rehearsals going on beyond midnight and then the inevitable hour or so at a night-club with the rest of the cast, where they danced naked to the vibrations of loud music and the rainbow of visuals to lose the smell of sex from their bodies. At the earliest hours of the morning, when Josephine had recovered her clothes from the cloakroom and stood on the street waving down a taxi, it was inevitable that she would choose to stay the night with Charlotte. She'd crept in, using the keys that Charlotte had lent her, and eased herself gingerly under the sheets beside the entwined bodies of Susan and Charlotte. She could just about distinguish a pleased smile of satisfaction on Susan's face - who had presumably had sole possession of Charlotte that evening.

Josephine was rather surprised, however, to learn how late it was when she awoke and glanced at the clock which indicated just how late in the morning it was. It was past midday, and Josephine was in bed alone with a residual hangover from the drinks and sleeplessness of the previous day. Charlotte had gone off to work and Josephine wasn't at all sure where the others in the house were. Perhaps she was in the house alone, she thought.

She pushed off the sheets and as she stood up glanced at the bed where there

was still an indentation from where Susan and Charlotte had been sleeping. Josephine leant over and carefully removed a dark pubic hair lying there. She then wandered naked into the kitchen to prepare breakfast (or was it lunch?) and heard the murmur of conversation coming from the living room.

She popped her head through the door where she saw Susan and Maisie talking together.

“I’m making tea,” she announced. “Does anyone else want some?”

Susan looked startled as she’d been engrossed in her conversation and hadn’t expected anyone else to be there, but she quickly assented and Josephine was able to return to the kitchen with a mission in hand. When she returned to the living room several minutes later with a pot of tea and some tea-cups she noticed for the first time that Susan was holding Maisie’s hand in hers and looking directly into her eyes. This didn’t mean a great deal to Josephine as Susan was an extremely tactile girl. She was wearing long woollen socks and a tee-shirt with the name of the **Modern Dance Quartet** emblazoned over an impressionist painting. As always she was the only one in the company wearing any clothes at all.

“Emma’s at work, isn’t she?” Josephine asked as she poured out the tea into the cups which she had already prepared with milk.

“Yes,” Maisie answered, smiling brightly. “It’s the first broadcast of a new Quiz Show she’s commissioned. It’s something to do with recognising your partners from only seeing their willies or fannies. I think the winners get to fuck one of a choice of studio guests.”

“That’s sounds nice. So there’s no work for you?”

“Not today.” Maisie leaned over and picked up her tea which was in her favourite Minnie Mouse mug. She looked directly at Josephine’s chest and then commented abruptly. “I love your tits, Josephine.”

Josephine’s cup wobbled on the saucer that supported it. “My tits?” she wondered aloud.

“Yes, they’re so nice and round. They’re so much bigger than Emma’s. She’s got nice tits too. They’re round with nice nipples. But yours are rounder and your nipples are sort of twice Emma’s size. I wish I had tits like yours.” She took a small but rounded nipple in her fingers and stroked it so that it became more firm. “But Mum’s breasts aren’t as big as Josephine’s. And they’re not even as nice as Emma’s. What about your tits, Susan?”

“I’ve got ever such tiny breasts, Maisie.”

“Why’s that?” Maisie asked freeing her hand from Susan’s hand and leaning over to stroke the outside of Susan’s tee-shirt where the breasts should be. “And why can’t you show them like everyone else?”

“I’ve always wanted bigger breasts,” smiled Susan in a matter-of-fact way, which surprised Josephine who’d never heard her express any feeling of inadequacy about her appearance. She tugged off her tee-shirt and revealed just how very small her breasts were. Maisie stretched out both her hands to feel Susan’s breasts.

“They’re not much bigger than mine,” Maisie commented.

And this was true as Josephine knew. The nipples were larger and when erect it was obvious that Susan had the body of a woman - but the breasts supporting them barely raised a shadow of contour on her slim body. Maisie continued to run her

fingers round and around Susan's nipples, and then with a determined lunge she pulled herself forward onto Susan's chest and started nibbling at them. Susan gave a slightly startled expression, but then contented herself with stroking Maisie's hair as she covered her chest with saliva and tiny tooth-marks.

Josephine was startled by this. She knew of Emma's sexual relations with Maisie, but spent very little time imagining them or really thinking about Maisie as a sexual creature at all. She watched slightly alarmed as Maisie's and Susan's intimacy gradually but progressively became more intense and Maisie's tongue wandered down to Susan's clitoris which she nibbled while her hands still caressed Susan's nipples. Susan was clearly enjoying this, giving tiny little gasps of pleasure as Maisie explored her body.

Susan placed her hands on Maisie's head and drew it upwards. "We must go to bed," she stated baldly. "It's more comfortable."

Maisie nodded and stood up while Susan removed her socks.

"Only if Josephine comes too," suddenly negotiated Maisie looking towards Josephine who was sitting down in an armchair watching the proceedings with rather more fascination than most of the lovemaking she'd witnessed in the flat.

"Of course Josephine must come," smiled Susan, gliding over to her and causing her to abandon her cup of tea and direct her towards Emma's bedroom. Josephine felt curiously virginal as she found herself heading towards the bed where Susan and Maisie were sprawled and had recommenced feeling and cuddling each other.

Josephine knelt at the foot of the bed near where the two girls' feet were and

gradually worked her tongue up from Maisie's beautifully formed feet, towards Maisie's bald and smooth vagina. She examined it carefully between her fingers while Susan's vagina engulfed almost all of Maisie's tiny hand. And as her fingers and tongue probed inside she could see signs in the slight reddening of it that might, she thought, provide evidence that as far as penetration was concerned Maisie was not exactly a virgin.

As their lovemaking continued, Josephine came to explore all of Maisie's body with her hands and tongue. The small taut arse, with the tiny anus, the swelling mounds of breasts, the detailed maze of Maisie's ears, the tiny teeth around Maisie's ever-active tongue. She felt overwhelmed by the experience of making love to such a young girl. She didn't however attain the multiple orgasms that shook Susan's slim body or the less practised ones that burst from Maisie on occasion. But somehow this didn't matter at all.

"I'm home!" Josephine suddenly heard. Who could this be? She glanced at the Betty Boo alarm clock Maisie had by the side of the bed between a tiny promotional teddy-bear for Cooper's Lentils and a plastic model of a dinosaur. It was gone four o'clock. She, Maisie and Susan had been making love for at least three hours.

"Where is everyone?" shouted Emma's voice from the living room. "Where are you, Maisie?"

"We're here!" called back Maisie, her head between Susan's legs and her cunt just by Josephine's mouth.

Emma pushed open the door. "So there you are darling!" she announced initially cheerfully, supporting a parcel in her arms as she stood silhouetted by the

door. Then she must have gathered what was going on. “But Maisie ...”

“Guess what we’ve been doing all afternoon!” announced Maisie. “It’s been ever so much fun!”

“You can’t have! You shouldn’t have!”

“But you promised, Emma! You did! You did!”

Emma suddenly ran out of the room. Josephine jumped up out of the bed to follow her. She found Emma’s naked body hunched up in a chair in the living room, tears running down her face. Emma looked up as Josephine came in, conscious that she must still smell strongly of sex.

“Why! Why?” asked Emma.

Josephine silently reached her hand towards Emma’s naked shoulder to try and comfort her. Emma threw it off instantly. “Don’t touch me!” she said aggressively. She glared reproachfully at her would-be comforter. “I love her! I love her!” she repeated.

“It’s not a question of love...” Josephine began, embarrassedly aware of the presence of Maisie and Susan in the room with their arms round each other. Emma also noticed this, and with a sudden hoarse gasp, she jumped up and ran out of the room. The next thing that Josephine heard was the front door slam as Emma hurried out of the flat and raced down the apartment corridors.

“But she promised...” weakly commented Maisie, tenderly stroking the bush of hair of Susan’s crotch.

XIX

Charlotte didn't know exactly what had happened, but all of a sudden her relations in her flat had altered and undoubtedly for the better. For some reason, Emma had started being a great deal more affectionate towards her and nowadays the two girls were more often sharing Emma's bed at night than enjoying any other arrangement. Charlotte noticed that Maisie had started sharing her bed with Susan and, when she was visiting, Josephine. Charlotte guessed (although she never witnessed it) that somehow Maisie's affections had transferred to Susan. Certainly, it was far less often that Emma and Maisie shared the bed together, and it was on those nights that Charlotte would get to sleep in her own bed.

Charlotte to a certain extent understood and appreciated why Susan's uncomplicated and straightforward personality was more comfortable for Maisie than Emma's. However, Emma couldn't accept that and still made great show that Maisie was the real love in her life despite the passionate nights she spent with Charlotte. Maisie took the curious attitude that it was Emma who was her girlfriend but that Susan was just best friend.

This may have suited Maisie: it certainly suited Charlotte who was pleased to have so much more of Emma's attention than she'd ever had before. And it didn't appear to concern Susan who still loved Charlotte with the same selfless and tireless devotion.

Despite spending most nights in Emma's arms, Charlotte would still be awoken by Susan who now prepared breakfast for both lovers and, of course, Maisie

who sometimes accompanied her in the morning. Susan continued to wash and bathe Charlotte each morning and offered to extend the courtesy to Emma, who discourteously refused the invitation. She made a point of polishing Charlotte's shoes, washing and ironing her clothes and, often with Maisie clinging onto her, declaring her undying and unquestioning love for Charlotte. "It's only you I love. You are the only thing that makes my life worthwhile," she would say, taking every opportunity to kiss Charlotte's body.

"If she loves you so much, why does she sleep with Maisie?" sniffed Emma. Charlotte didn't wish to counter, as she well knew, that it was always, and without exception, Maisie who decided who she would sleep or make love with. The evenings were often a very curious battle of wooing between Maisie's girlfriend and best friend, where both Susan and Emma for different reasons would try to entice Maisie to sleep with Emma. But almost always, Maisie would stay with the girl who gave so much passion and demanded so little analysis of her affection.

In the meantime, Charlotte benefited as Emma's lover, if a substitute lover for the child; even if, Emma made sexual demands of Charlotte of an intensity and a violence that she almost certainly never made of Maisie.

Indeed they were of a nature that Josephine only rarely agreed to make love with Charlotte if Emma was there. "I can't do my job if I'm covered in bruises and scratches!" Josephine complained. She clearly preferred the company of Susan and Maisie, though she never discussed with Charlotte whether or not she also made love to the little girl. Charlotte's own body often carried bite-marks, bruises and scratches which Susan would uncomplainingly nurse and sometimes apply make-up to, prior to

Charlotte going to work. Sometimes Susan would locate wounds that Charlotte never suspected, as when she found a trickle of blood from Charlotte's anus which Emma must have inflicted the previous night with that rubber truncheon she'd acquired from somewhere.

However much Susan tried to cover the evidence, Charlotte's love-life couldn't be hidden from her colleagues at work. This, as Charlotte soon appreciated, was a distinctive downside to working in a naturist environment in such close proximity of others. One of her colleagues, Malcolm, had clearly taken a very strong fancy to Charlotte, and she was quite pleased in a way that the evidence of her love-life appeared to preclude his attentions. He was a skinny young man whose desk was positioned across the office but generally faced her direction. He was always very solicitous towards her, but he didn't have quite the control of his penis he should have had. This was clearly another disadvantage of naturism that women didn't need to worry about. Malcolm's penis very rarely appeared totally erect, but erect enough for Charlotte to be sure of what he was thinking and his acute embarrassment served only to make it more apparent.

There were particular occasions when he had especial difficulties with his loins. The first was when Charlotte started shaving her vulva for Emma's benefit. This was later matched when Charlotte allowed it to grow long again. And recently, the more obvious bruises and scratches Charlotte had acquired in her lovemaking seemed to excite him. After a while Charlotte made a very determined effort whenever Malcolm was in the proximity to hide bruises on her thighs or around her cunt, or toothmarks on her neck or her nipples. Sometimes, like the time when Emma had

somehow managed to blacken Charlotte's eye and has left a very obvious lovebite on her shoulder, this could not be obscured by documents she could carry or the shadow of her desk.

Charlotte had made a new friend at work, Becky, who introduced her to an aspect of life she'd never much suspected before.

Charlotte had always been a middle class girl - and had really only ever known people like her from similarly middle class backgrounds. Becky, however, was a junior clerk whose social circle mostly comprised of car mechanics, supermarket checkout assistants, factory workers and restaurant staff. By her social peers she was considered at least as odd as Charlotte might be by hers, because not only was she a naturist, which was strange enough, but she worked in an office. Becky had clearly worked hard to get where she was and really had few ambitions to go further. She was sufficiently self-reliant to be a naturist when none of her friends were.

"Well, I'd been on holiday abroad," she explained. "And everyone was going round starkers. At first I thought it was weird, but Stan, my boyfriend, insisted I go starkers too. So we both went round starkers. And I really liked it. So when I come back home I decided I'd go starkers as much as I could. Some of my mates and some of my family don't like it much. But I'm not a loony naturist. I'll put clothes on if people are going to be upset. But I just don't wear a thread most of the time."

"And that's why you're working here?" Charlotte prompted.

"Exactly," Becky confirmed. "There aren't that many office jobs you can do in the buff, are there?"

Becky's attitudes to life were reassuringly uncomplicated and unapologetic,

which contrasted favourably with Emma who had to express an opinion on eating meat, wearing clothes or buying certain ideologically unsound products. On the other hand, Charlotte soon began to understand that in her own social group Becky's attitudes made her a bit of an outsider.

“We might be down the pub, and Stan'll talk about how I'm a nudist. How I go round in my birthday suit in the office all day. And all the lads'll laugh. And one of them's bound to say: 'But what's she like stark bollock naked?' And Stan'll say: 'There's no bollocks about it!' And they'll all laugh. But whatever they say, before you know it they'll have all my clothes off, and I'll be there going red while they poke and fiddle about with me. And this won't be in places where you're meant to be naked. And then my clothes'll go missing. And I've got to go home in the cold, with goose-pimples all over me, and everyone staring and laughing at me.”

Becky was quite a short girl - barely five foot tall - slightly round and shapeless but not exactly fat with nipples which were almost of the same pinkness as the rest of her flesh and barely distinct from the rest of her breasts. Despite being a naturist, she'd somehow managed to avoid acquiring a tan, and remained a kind of pale pink, which contrasted with her mousy brown hair which she wore in a bob. Between her legs there was the smallest triangle of pubic hair obscuring what couldn't be a particular large vagina. Charlotte generally thought of Becky as being roly-poly, but this was without her being particularly fat: it was just that her figure mostly suggested the curves of a feminine figure rather than outlined them.

“After Stan and his mates go out for a drink or bowls or whatever, - it doesn't matter if I go with them or not - when they come back he's always demanding that I

get them cups of coffee and get beer out of the fridge. And then they'll all either take turns at fucking me or do it all together. Stan's always saying that I give good fucks, and he always wants his mates to know it. Sometimes there'll be three or four fucking me at the same time. I don't know who's doing what. It's all pricks. Sometimes when they bring a girlfriend or two along they'll join in. They'll be fucked by the lads, and sometimes they get her to sort of play around with me."

Charlotte knew that Becky had an active sex-life, because Becky often carried the bruises and love-bites to prove it, but she'd assumed in her middle class way that this was more a testament to the strength of her relationship with Stan.

"Do you like girls making love to you?" Charlotte wondered.

"I know what you think!" laughed Becky. "Because you're a dyke! Sorry, lesbian! I'm not a dyke and neither are these girls dykes. It's just the lads think it's great fun to watch girls doing it together. And I suppose it's some fun, but I prefer a good fuck. Then you know you're getting the business. And if it's up the arse-hole and up the fanny at the same time then you really feel the earth move."

"And your boyfriend actually encourages his mates to make love to you?"

"Well, it's only fair. I mean often he's not back late himself. If he comes back at all. And that's when he's been to a mate's house. And he'll have been fucking his mate's wife or girlfriend. It's just what people do. I know you educated people don't share things like that much, but it's just what people I know do. And Stan'll tell me all about these girls he's fucked. 'She was fucking skinny' or 'She had fucking awful floppy breasts' or 'She smelt like something the cat brought in, and even worse after we'd all fucked her senseless'. None of the girls seem to have been much good - and I

suppose that's why he always comes back home to me. If it's not just habit of course. But I know that what he says about these girls is what his mates say about me after they've been fucking me. 'She's not got much of a figure!' 'She's got a tight cunt!' and of course they'll all say 'She's a fucking nudist! She's always fucking stark cunt naked!'"

XX

As time went by, Emma saw less and less of Amelia and her secretary, Betty, although she'd been assured she could still expect a passionate welcome. Perhaps this was because her relationship with Maisie had become too full-time for there to be any need for extra company. Perhaps it was because every time she went to meet Amelia she was always far too busy, if she was in the office at all, and only Betty, if she wasn't herself preoccupied, was ever available to see her. Indeed, her sexual sessions with Betty became less tender on each visit, and Emma suspected that Betty had lost interest in acting as a surrogate for her mistress. This was particularly so considering that Betty was not really very interested in women at all, and when the novelty of sex with Emma had worn off she became much more perfunctory in her love-making.

Now, however, as the relationship between Emma and Maisie was changing (and not that much to her liking), there was a new need or desire to meet Amelia. Much as Emma loved Charlotte, and very flattered by Charlotte's love for her, her best friend could never be quite the same as her darling Maisie. Charlotte was really only a friend rather than a lover. A close friend, that was true, but a friend nevertheless. The few nights she slept with Maisie no longer seemed to have the same meaning and passion it once had, although Maisie still insisted that Emma was her girlfriend and Susan was just a friend. In fact, Emma suspected that it was only because Susan actively encouraged Maisie to sleep with her, that they ever shared the bed together. And Emma also believed it was because of Susan's ridiculous unequalled passion for Charlotte.

Emma gingerly knocked on the door of Amelia's office and wandered in to see Betty daintily tapping away on the keyboard of her desktop computer. She'd taken off the jacket of her suit to reveal her satin lace bra underneath.

"Oh hello, Emma!" she said sweetly. "Do you want to see Amelia?"

Indeed Emma did, but really only for company. She sometimes yearned for those legs that stretched out for so long. And she loved her memory of those voluptuous breasts that she'd not so fully enjoyed since their first night.

"Amelia's free at the moment, so I'll take you in."

This was almost more than Emma had hoped for. She'd got used to Betty, successfully hiding her reluctance, offering her body in Amelia's stead. Betty took Emma into Amelia's study where she was lying on her back on a divan reading a manuscript wearing only her stockings. When she saw Emma, she jumped up with a spring and a smile and kissed Emma full on the mouth.

"Come in! Come in!" she said, leading Emma towards the divan. "And you, Betty, come over here!"

This was definitely more than Emma had hoped, as Amelia pushed Emma flat out on the divan and starting licking her body with her tongue. She directed her mouth towards Emma's vulva and Emma felt the warm wetness of saliva entangle with her pubic hair. "Don't neglect me, Betty!" ordered Amelia, at whose prompting her secretary undid her bra to reveal her unaroused nipples and moved out of sight of Emma in the vicinity of Amelia's rear. Emma caught a glimpse of Betty's face as it appeared briefly between Amelia's legs and then she saw her finger stimulating her mistress's clitoris. Emma ran her fingers through Amelia's mess of hair as her head

bobbed up and down.

“I need more than this!” complained Amelia, sitting up on her knees causing Betty to slide away.

“Do you want one of these?” asked Betty producing a dildo.

“No! Not good enough! Call Frank in!”

Betty then stood up and left, putting her jacket over her naked breasts as she went out. Amelia continued exploring Emma’s vagina and anus, putting fingers deep inside both orifices, so that Emma could feel them pinch together inside her. She felt wonderfully moist and moaned with excitement. She then felt another object besides fingers inside her, which she was sure was just a dildo. But she looked up to see that a naked man’s erect penis had taken advantage of her nakedness and had thrust straight inside her vagina.

“Stop! Stop!” cried Emma pushing him off and sliding off the divan onto the floor. “I don’t want one of those things inside me!”

She picked herself up and stood to one side as Amelia, Betty and this naked man, presumably called Frank, stared at her in apparent astonishment.

“I thought you’d be delighted, Emma dearest!” said Amelia soothingly.

“No! Never!” cried Emma in alarm.

“But it’s the real thing! Not a dildo! And I know you’ve had plenty of those inside you!”

“I just don’t like them!” Emma sniffed.

“Well, I hope you won’t mind as Betty and I take advantage of Frank’s charms. He’s a top notch sex artist you know!”

Emma just didn't want to know, but out of politeness she sat on a chair while Frank made love to both Amelia and Betty. He never seemed to tire. Nor did he ever come despite how many orgasms he'd apparently engineered in the two women. Emma had never seen Betty express so much passion. She had stripped off all her clothes and offered her anus as freely as her vagina. Finally, Frank reached a certain point and withdrew his penis from deep inside Betty's arse. It was quite a long penis: not the longest Emma had ever seen on set, but longer and thicker than the average. It was shining with moisture, with the veins pulsing with engorgement.

"He's about to come!" announced Amelia. "How about on you, Emma?"

"What did you say?" wondered Emma, as she stared at Frank's penis.

"Go on, Frank!" ordered Amelia. "Show Emma what no dildo can do!"

Frank walked over to Emma holding his penis in a strange way to restrain his excitement, and then with no warning, from more than a yard away, he ejaculated and his semen splattered onto Emma's still sweaty breasts. Emma looked down on the viscous liquid with a mixture of disgust and curiosity.

"And there's more, Emma! More!" announced Amelia, walking towards Emma and Frank. "Touch it! Go on! Touch it!"

Emma felt compelled to obey, and gingerly put a finger on Frank's penis which immediately jerked with mechanical excitement.

"Put your hand right round it!"

Emma obeyed and felt the hot warmth and pulsing energy of Frank's prick. And then all of a sudden it erupted with a further spurt of semen which spurted onto Emma's wrists and hands. It felt very warm and very very sticky.

“See what you’ve been missing!” laughed Amelia, in a way that Emma really didn’t believe was particularly kind or sympathetic.

XXI

Occasionally, Emma and Charlotte would meet together after work at a naturist café a short walk from their flat. It was not a particularly large café, and Charlotte often found it too cool for wearing no clothes, but it was a very intimate place and Charlotte enjoyed sitting with Emma just holding her hands and sometimes gazing into her beautiful eyes. Sometimes, the clientèle were entertained by a musician who would sit naked on a chair playing a guitar and singing. Sometimes he might be accompanied by a woman who stood naked beside him and sang along with him. More usually, however, the only entertainment was a panel of televisions tuned into a naturist television station and that was the case tonight. The sound was usually turned down so there were only the visuals to be enjoyed, and these were not generally informative in the case of soap operas or comedies.

Emma was so much sadder these days. Charlotte knew why, but she still hoped she would forget her obsession with Maisie and focus her love more on the one who was sitting next to her and who would do anything (whatever it might be) for her. Of course, she hoped that Emma wouldn't mind sharing her with Josephine, but after all she'd become accustomed to sharing Emma with so many others! Emma, however, hardly ever touched on the subject. For her, there was nothing to discuss with Charlotte about personal relationships.

The two women drank only a little wine before making their way home to the flat, with Charlotte thinking only of making love to Emma and holding her naked

body as close to her own as she could and still manage to walk together. When they got to their flat and had opened the door, Emma no longer called out for Maisie as she used to do, as it would only remind her that she was probably at that moment enjoying close intimacy with Susan, and possibly Josephine. They wandered into the living room where the stereo was broadcasting some of the saccharine pop music that Maisie enjoyed but there was no one there listening.

“They’re probably all in your bed again,” sniffed Emma. Charlotte smiled. She’d have Emma to herself tonight.

But when she opened her bedroom door, she saw no sign of any people or any of the disarray of sheets that accompanied lovemaking. However, she heard voices coming from Emma’s bedroom. That was most unusual. Susan and Maisie usually never made love in Emma’s bed unless Emma was there.

Charlotte wandered over to Emma’s room where Josephine, Maisie and Susan were spread out naked together on the bed. Emma sat down on an armchair by the side of the bed. Maisie was talking quite earnestly to Emma and her lover was looking distinctly uncomfortable.

“It’s silly. Josephine loves Charlotte. Charlotte loves you and Josephine. Susan loves Charlotte, but Charlotte isn’t so bothered. You love me. And I love you. But I love Susan too. It’s too complicated and it’s very upsetting.” Maisie put her arm round Susan who inclined her head onto Maisie’s shoulder. “So Susan said to me that she didn’t like how sad you were getting and that she’d rather not sleep with me, so that I could sleep with you every night like we used to. But Josephine said that Charlotte won’t like that because she likes sleeping with you. Isn’t that so Charlotte?”

Charlotte nodded. This was peculiar perspicacity coming from such a young child.

“So what are you saying, Maisie?” asked Emma.

“Well, I want to make love to everyone,” announced Maisie. “I want to make love with Susan, my best friend. I want to make love to you. I want to make love with Josephine. And I’d like to make love to Charlotte, who I’ve never made love to.”

“So,” continued Josephine, “Susan and Maisie thought there ought to be less jealousy and envy and that everyone should sleep with everyone else every night. Then if I want to have sex with Charlotte I can. And if you want to make love with Maisie you can. And if Susan wants to make love to both Maisie and Charlotte then she can. And the way to do that is to put both the beds together to make one big bed.”

“How are we going to do that?” wondered Emma.

“We simply move Charlotte’s bed in here, and move some of your furniture into her bedroom and then everything’s fine,” announced Maisie triumphantly.

There was a lot more discussion on the various aspects of such a new arrangement, but it was difficult to argue with its essential fairness so before long the girls started moving beds and furniture around the flat. After a while, the exhausted girls were lying together on a pair of double-beds that was nearly twelve feet across, and crammed out all remaining space in Emma’s bedroom. Maisie seemed particularly tired as she laid her head down on Emma’s lap while Emma stroked her hair. Susan and Josephine sat by Charlotte who lay on her back looking at the light-shade and considered the implications of the new arrangement. The aspect which most concerned her was that although everyone had made love with everyone else, she had

not in fact ever made love to Maisie. She'd always thought of child sex as a perversion, but now she'd found herself in effect agreeing to it. Was she wise to have done so?

She felt a third body creep up between her legs and apply a tongue to her vulva. Charlotte lifted her head up to see who it was, half-expecting to see that it was Maisie, and consequently not being so surprised when she found out that it was. Maisie had clearly been thinking the same thing, and now wanted to find out what Charlotte's body tasted like. She put her tongue deep inside Charlotte's vagina and then traced it around her clitoris. Charlotte lifted herself up to have a look at what the child was doing, while Susan and Josephine discreetly detached themselves from her and climbed over the mattresses towards Emma who was now sitting alone.

Maisie swivelled her body around with Charlotte beneath her, such that Charlotte's mouth was on Maisie's crotch. She'd never looked so closely at a child's crotch before. It was undeniably beautiful. She leant forwards to nuzzle it with her nose, but she wasn't sufficiently supple to apply any more of her face to it. So, she contented herself with stroking it with her fingers and exploring its contours. Just as she was beginning to feel comfortable with this, she was joined by Emma who, in the spirit of sharing, pulled her face up to Charlotte's and applied her tongue to Maisie's anus and the base of her vagina.

And then all became lost in a mass of bodies as all five girls bundled in. At any one time, Charlotte might be addressing Susan's flat breasts or Josephine's fuller ones. She'd be licking Maisie's crotch or Emma's much hairier one. And at some stage she felt the familiar sensation of a large object entering her vagina. She looked

round to see who it was, and it was in fact Maisie who was dwarfed by the dimensions of the dildo she had strapped around her waist and thrust in and out of Charlotte's cunt. Maisie had clearly had some practice in this, but was by no means the expert that Susan was when it was her time to ply the dildo into her.

The evening continued as a *mêlée* of bodies, which eventually calmed down and the five girls lined themselves up beneath the sheets. Charlotte had Susan on one side and Maisie on the other. Then beyond Maisie were Emma and Josephine locked together in an embrace with Josephine just above Emma complaining about the roughness with which Emma had been punishing her body.

Charlotte luxuriated in the warmth of the two bodies on either side of her, and contemplated whether this arrangement would, in any way, make everyone happier. It seemed to make Maisie and Susan happier, but Charlotte knew that Emma and she were quite different people. She felt that part of the joy of love was the very exclusivity this new arrangement was so actively denying.

"It's alright for you, Charlotte, because you're a lesbian," Maisie was saying a few days later. She was sitting naked on the rug in front of the television, facing Emma, Charlotte and Susan who were sitting with their arms round each other on the sofa. "And it's alright for you, Emma, because you don't like men. And you get it all the time in your job, Susan. But I just don't get anything!"

"I still don't see what you want to make love to a boy for," continued Emma, who was visibly distressed at the idea of her Maisie being fucked by anything so vulgar. "You've got the three of us: and Josephine when she's here. We make love almost every night. Why do you want more?"

“Because it’s natural. Because it’s what girls are meant to do. Because it’s what all my friends do. It’s not fair! Just because you don’t like it, you think I shouldn’t have it. I want to be fucked properly. I’m still a virgin, and none of my friends at school are.”

“That’s only what they say, Maisie dear,” said Susan reassuringly. “Girls always boast about how much sex they’ve had. You know, I wasn’t fucked until I was nearly fifteen years old. But I used to tell everyone I’d been fucking. And I didn’t enjoy it at all at first.”

“I don’t care!” said Maisie adamantly. “I want a proper fuck. And I want it now!”

“But why do you want it with Oliver?” wondered Emma, despairingly. “Of all the boys you could’ve chosen, why him?”

Oliver was the boy that Maisie was adamant she wanted to take her virginity. He was a boy about sixteen, and therefore old enough to appear on the screen making love. However, he didn’t confine his lovemaking to the studio set, where he was undoubtedly very good at his craft. He could often be found in the company of other women and girls around the television studios, his naked buttocks moving rhythmically up and down as he fucked and fucked.

Even Emma wondered where he got his enthusiasm for. And he had no sense of privacy. It didn’t matter who was around, he would choose a girl and before long the two were fucking together. Even in front of his mother, who sometimes came to the studios, he’d choose an actress or any other girl and fuck her. He showed no discrimination whatsoever. He would choose girls and boys, women and men, of

almost any appearance and any age. Was this the boy, Emma asked herself, with whom she'd entrust her darling Maisie's virginity? What would Dorothy think, if she heard that her sweetest daughter, who she so rarely saw nowadays, was going to sacrifice herself to Oliver's metronomic thrusts?

However, Maisie was adamant, so Emma found herself consigned to the distasteful task of approaching Oliver and inviting him to visit Maisie and her at the flat. She found him lying naked with another boy with their arms around each other and a positive stench of post-coitus just outside the studio set of a Sex Science Fiction series. She had nothing to do with this production which seemed to be nothing more than an excuse for large breasted women in leather thigh-length boots to indulge in sex with men dressed in monster costumes. She supposed that Oliver's role might be to act as one of the monsters, but she didn't really care enough to find out.

Inevitably, when Oliver found himself addressed by Emma he immediately assumed that she was trying to solicit sex with him. Emma sternly put him off the idea and averted her gaze from his penis which had instantly sprung to full erectness.

Oliver was surprised to be told that a girl he didn't really know was so keen on him. He'd seen her on the set of the soap opera and he'd seen her in Emma's company, but he'd never really thought more about her than that. He knew that she was too young to've been filmed in any act which was of an overtly sexual nature, and he may have guessed from her general shyness with boys that she'd not even had televisual sex for foreign consumption.

Emma had to escort Oliver to the flat, who wore a pair of lycra shorts and a cycling jersey, and who seemed to feel that Emma's habitual nudity was some sort of

an invitation for sex games. “Don’t!” reprimanded Emma slapping his hand off her thigh. She also found his conversation terminally dull: concentrating as it did mostly on sex, sport and violent films. So it was with great relief that Emma was able to leave Oliver in the company of Susan and Maisie while she prepared dinner for everyone in the kitchen.

Charlotte and Josephine were out together at the cinema, so Emma felt utterly abandoned in the flat with the company of the other three. She wasn’t too surprised to see Oliver fucking Susan in the living room with Maisie watching when she popped her head in to see if they would like to start drinking some wine while waiting. “It doesn’t take that slut five minutes...” Emma found herself thinking uncharitably as she returned to the kitchen.

Emma didn’t enjoy the dinner with them either, as she sat watching Oliver regale Maisie with his horribly crude jokes and unsubtle sex stories; and observed Maisie lapping all this with apparent veneration. But she felt obliged to stay with the company to be witness to Maisie losing her virginity.

The idea was that after dinner, Emma would sit near Maisie to comfort her while Susan took the camcorder and videoed Oliver and Maisie fucking together. This was so that this important moment in Maisie’s life would be recorded for posterity. However, it was with great difficulty that Emma and Susan dissuaded the two younger ones from leaving half-way through the dinner to just get on with it. It was distressing for Emma to see the food she’d prepared and planned so meticulously being wolfed down with such little regard. And the wine she’d spent hours choosing was treated with absolutely no respect.

However, the real ordeal was to come. Susan trained the camcorder at Oliver and Maisie who lay on the large double-beds in Emma's room with Maisie to one side of Oliver, while Emma sat on the other bed looking at Maisie's eager look of anticipation with alarm. And then it began, while the camcorder whirred on with Susan moving around to focus on what seemed to her, with the experienced eye of the sex movie actress, the most important action at any one time. The foreplay really took very little time at all. Then Oliver was straight into Maisie's vagina and pumped away at her unromantically. Emma had to sit back and bite her lower lip to restrain herself from pulling the two youngsters apart.

In the hour or so of lovemaking that Susan recorded (and played back the following day in front of Josephine and Charlotte), Oliver went through the whole range of sex movie clichés. What was worse was that Maisie was enjoying it with incredible and noisy abandon. There was the missionary position. Then Maisie on top of Oliver. Then Maisie sucking Oliver's penis, while he tongued her vagina. Then finally there was the inevitable anal intercourse, which Emma had hoped Oliver would restrain himself from. But there was no shame, and Maisie was keen, so Oliver pushed himself as deep into the not particularly large anus as he could, which process clearly inflicted some pain on Maisie. And that was that. Then Oliver had to be driven home by Emma back to his mother and his home in the outer suburbs.

"Did you enjoy all that?" wondered Charlotte incredulously as the video disintegrated into a mess of unintelligible squiggles.

"It was great!" said Maisie enthusiastically. "I'm not a virgin any more. Not back nor front."

“And are you seeing this chap - Oliver - again?” Josephine queried amiably.

“Well, I’ll be seeing him,” Maisie admitted. “And I might fuck with him. But it’s not going to be serious.”

“Why’s that?” wondered Susan.

“Because,” said Maisie with the ingenuous naïveté of a child, “I’m not in love with him. We might make love. But that’s all. It’s you and Emma I’m in love with.”

“And besides he’s ever so vulgar!” chipped in Emma cheerfully.

“No,” reflected Maisie. “I’m sure he’s not that. He was ever so interesting to talk to. And he’s seen **What the Dickens!** live. I’d love to do that. Their concerts always sell out really quickly.”

XXII

Harriett's travels around the world through her work meant she knew hardly at all how life was at home at the flat. The long and detailed letters she received from Emma and less often from Charlotte were always several weeks late and usually forwarded from the last location she'd worked at. For instance, she might send a postcard home from her current location which could be Kabul or Phnom Penh, and then receive a letter from Emma which might have been posted to her last or her last but one location (which might be Banjul or San Salvador). Neither Emma's nor Charlotte's letters were particularly detailed on the subject of their love-lives. Indeed, this seemed to be the one area about which they were both most reticent in their correspondence, but this didn't trouble Harriett. Nor did it in any way dissuade her from filling most of her letters with detailed accounts of the sex she'd had with men and women in the course of her travels.

She had developed a strong relationship, including frequent sex, with the director of the **Sex Abroad** series she was working on. Isabel had started her career as a sex actress and as a result had once opted to have her breasts surgically enhanced. Apparently they had been of good dimensions before, but her chest now consisted of nearly fifty inches of very firm breast on a body otherwise of quite slender proportions. Other parts of her body had also been surgically enhanced, but so expert were the surgeons that for all Harriett's exploration of Isabel's body she couldn't be sure which parts they might have been. She had not really made her fortune as a sex actress, as apparently she was not a natural when it came to frequent

and indiscriminate fucking; but she had kept her career within the world of sex entertainment and was now a director of many television productions. She was in her mid-thirties, but certainly didn't look particularly old nor were her breasts showing any sign of sagging. However, they were sufficiently large to oblige her to keep them uncovered most of the time, while directing the set or in her leisure time, because of the discomfort that most clothes caused them. She was not a naturist though, unlike several of the others involved in the production of the series. She almost always wore a skirt, shorts or trousers; and frequently sun-glasses and a straw hat when it was particularly warm.

The **Sex Abroad** series was one of a number of productions Isabel and Harriett worked on together as they travelled with the production crew from country to country. Both enjoyed working together, just as they enjoyed making love together (although both would deny any claim to being lovers or of being lesbian). They enjoyed staying at expensive hotels, usually in the same suite, and planning the logistics of each production. This almost always involved Harriett making love to a native from whichever country they were in. This was sometimes a famous personality, but more often just a sexually fit representative of the population. Usually this consisted of no more than heterosexual coupling, but in some locations it was necessary to show more explicitly the peculiar customs of that particular country. In Korea where there was a cult of boys being surgically altered to take on the physical appearance of women, it was necessary for Harriett to make love to a few of these transsexuals. She most enjoyed those whose penises were still fully functioning. In Tajikistan, it was necessary to have group sex with several women. In

Somalia, Harriett enjoyed sex with children of about nine and ten of both sexes, - but this would probably not be screened on Semen South West.

When Harriett and Isabel were not working on the actual filming of these various sex acts, the two of them would plan together what was required for the programmes. Often, Harriett would have sex with the designated partners to determine the best angle for the performance. Isabel would watch, making suggestions and very occasionally participating, particularly when the sex star was a well-endowed man. Sometimes the two of them would practice together, with Isabel playing the role of the other partner to establish the optimum erotic presentation of the scene. Harriett also kept herself fit by regular work-outs at the gym in the various hotels they stayed at, or by jogging around the city. In some places naturism was obligatory, (such as El Jedida in Morocco, Nerja in Spain or Darwin in South Africa), which made her jogs more comfortable, but meant that Isabel couldn't participate as her breasts bounced around too much. Harriett kept her body as slim and trim as she could: something Isabel mostly achieved by drugs or surgery.

Sometimes while shooting a scene, Isabel felt obliged, as the director, to intervene to enhance Harriett's performance. She would wade into the mass of bodies in the physically demanding positions that were required and add lubricant to Harriett's anus or position her clitoris into a better view for the camera. This was not a role a director was ever really required to do (there were members of staff whose role was specifically to help in stimulating the sexual performance of the film stars) but she felt that the closeness of her relationship with Harriett made this intervention more natural and sensible.

It was no secret to other members of the film crew that Harriett and Isabel had a close and loving relationship and the two women made no effort to obscure it from them. Isabel frequently grabbed Harriett by the vagina while on the set to feel how sexually active she was feeling. On occasion, the two women would hold each other close to one another with Isabel's large naked breasts wholly obscuring Harriett's much smaller, trim ones, and indulge in kissing for several minutes at a time. Sometimes on set, Isabel chose to join in the action and have herself fucked by the man who was fucking Harriett. Occasionally, this was discreetly incorporated into the final cut. On the whole, however, the two kept their relationship on a professional level on the set, and didn't indulge (as some directors and their principal stars are known to do) in a series of programmes featuring the two of them, and their various guests, indulging in on-screen sex.

Some of the film-crew envied Harriett's closeness to Isabel. It was undoubtedly a boost to her career, and one which could lead to her becoming a director herself. No one could deny that Harriett worked hard on her performance, and Harriett's own professed ambition was to produce her own Sexual Fitness videos which would pass on techniques and practice sessions that she used to keep herself at the peak of her sexual performance. The thought had occurred to some that she could become a professional in sex sport events, but even Harriett didn't want to become that closely tied to competitive sex.

Harriett made great efforts with the film crew to dispel their feelings that she was somehow too distant for the likes of them. She made a point of having sex with all the men and women on the set; sometimes with Isabel, despite her director's

disparagement of such close ties. “It doesn’t do to have sex too often with amateurs!” Isabel said, characterising herself as a professional. Harriett understood what Isabel meant: most of the cast were simply incapable of bringing her to a satisfactory orgasm and often incapable of restraining their own sexual relief however well Harriett used her skills to control them. However, Harriett soon became aware that the film crew were generally happier not to have to concern themselves with comparing themselves with a professional and preferred the less skilful sex they had with each other.

Harriett and Isabel enjoyed behaving as tourists in the exotic places they stayed, happy in the knowledge that nobody would recognise them as they might at home. In some cities of stricter sexual ethics, such as St Petersburg, Perth or Salt Lake City, their appearance, and particularly that of Isabel’s large naked breasts would attract stares and occasionally even comment. In other places of freer sexual ethics such as Goa, Bali or Florida, they almost felt conservative in bothering to wear clothes at all. Or in not having sex in the street like so many other tourists. But Isabel felt that it was necessary as ambassadors of Semen South West to retain some respect for the natives of the country they were visiting.

XXIII

Near Emma's and Charlotte's flat was a news agent where the girls and their friends often went to buy newspapers, milk, sweets and food, as it was one of these news agents that stayed open long after the supermarkets closed. It was a fairly modest shop, with a standard selection of alcoholic products and the full range of magazines, cigarettes and sweets that one would expect. The owners were an Asian family who invested all their time and money into the enterprise and in which all members of the family were meant to contribute some effort. Amna was the eldest girl in the family and now she had finished her schooling with fairly mediocre qualifications, she had no excuse for not helping out in the shop in the evenings or other times for the not particularly handsome remuneration she received for the effort.

Amna's families were Muslims, but not especially strict ones. She wasn't require to cover her long thick black hair, and her parents didn't object too strongly to the blue jeans she wore which always seemed rather too tight on the hips constrained inside. Her fondness for tight jeans often caused her grief as Amna was especially hirsute, not just in the form of the black hairs along her arms and legs which were nearly hidden against the darkness of her Bengali skin, but in the thick pubic hair which spread from her anus to nearly her navel. Her white knickers were almost swamped by the thick luxuriance of it. Fortunately, her full round breasts didn't share her general hairiness, but it was they that attracted most comment from her parents as she continued to grow out of her previous bras and blouses. Her clothes struggled to contain them. Frequently she was advised to put on a loose sweater or pullover to

obscure them.

The young girl was fascinated by Emma's friends' visits to the shop. Emma herself didn't visit so often herself, but her presence was always the most memorable as she wore so little in the way of clothes: usually nothing at all to hide her breasts and sometimes nothing to hide anything else. And whatever she wore always seemed like it had been thrown on in a hurry and often fit her extremely poorly. Although Anna looked forward to Emma's visits with particular interest (as she was the one who promised most in terms of potential thrills), it was Emma's flatmates whose company Anna enjoyed most. Emma was never very chatty and always seemed to have her mind somewhere else.

Charlotte and Josephine were always very civil, and often exchanged opinions on the weather. The two girls paid her more attention than most visitors and Josephine was especially tactile. She'd often be holding Charlotte's hand and on one memorable occasion Anna watched the two of them lost in a passionate embrace. Their tongues were deep in each other's mouth and they only stopped when another customer entered the shop. There was also a little girl, Maisie, who wore almost as few clothes as Emma and smiled at Anna in a cheeky direct manner which often disturbed her. She would often be holding the hands of whoever was accompanying her to the shop (she never came by herself) and often gave her companion a kiss on whichever part of the body or face that was most easily available. Maisie was often accompanied by Emma who on these occasions had all her attention focused on the little girl and showed no ability in preventing her consort spoil herself on whatever comics or sweets the girl demanded.

The customer who Amna looked forward to the most, however, was Susan who, right from the first time she came in to the shop, established her presence in an easy relaxed way. She chatted with Amna with familiarity as she discussed what wine to buy, and with no embarrassment whatsoever spoke of her work in sex cinema and the parts she played.

“Are all your friends in sex cinema too?” wondered Amna, who felt somewhat both shocked and titillated by the idea. Her image of sex cinema had been taken from the magazines on the top shelf of the magazine rack which showed men and women having sex with each other in great explicit detail, or the listings she read of sex television or sex movies.

“My friends?” Susan queried.

“The other girls you come into the shop with,” Amna explained, feeling a bit embarrassed at revealing her interest in her customers’ affairs.

“Goodness no!” Susan said. “I’m the only one in sex cinema. Although all of us except Charlotte work in the sex industry to a certain extent.”

“It must be a strange kind of job,” Amna commented visibly envious of the more exciting life led away from the counter where she would swivel around on her chair near the till seeing nothing more of life than customers and their money. The most exciting aspect of her life was that she was able to unzip her jeans and pull them down her thighs to ease the pressure her hips and stomach exerted on her waist aware that none of the customers would notice a thing.

“Is it something that you’re interested in doing yourself?” Susan wondered sympathetically.

Amna shook her head nervously. "I've never thought of it. It just seems something other people do. I don't know if I could..."

"Oh! It's simple!" smiled Susan. "You really don't need to be particularly skilled at acting or anything. All you've got to do is like sex. I mean, you enjoy fucking don't you?"

"Well, of course!" laughed Amna who'd never had any sexual encounter with anyone. She'd never really considered it and she always thought it was one of those things that only became possible when one left the protective embrace of the family. On the other hand, the idea clearly excited her as testified by the warm heat rising from between her legs as she discussed the matter.

"So," continued Susan, "It's not a problem. A girl like you - with your kind of body and appearance - shouldn't have any difficulty getting into sex cinema. Is it something you want to take up? If it is, I'm sure I could help."

"Could you?" asked Amna. Then realising that sounded a bit like a request, she corrected herself. "You could?"

"Well, there's an audition for parts for Asian girls coming up soon, which I'll be going to. Now, I don't know what it means by Asian. Do they mean Indian, Slavic, Oriental or Arabic? I don't know! They might mean the lot. I don't know when the audition's coming up, but if you like I'll keep you informed and we could go together."

"Well, that sounds interesting," said Amna curiously excited by the idea.

"In that case, I'll keep in touch," Susan announced, leaning over the counter and kissing Amna tenderly on the lips. She then pushed the door out of the shop in her

long white tee-shirt loosely belted around the waist. In the echo of the shop door ting, Amna watched her go across the road with a newspaper under her arm and felt a sudden uncomfortable rush of heat to her head. She wasn't sure that it was the prospect of working in sex cinema which caused her ears to burn and heart to pound at the base of her throat. Somehow the idea normally left her somewhat cold. Although she'd often masturbated to the images in the sex magazines she sold and had read articles on sex actresses with some attention, it left her feeling quite indifferent.

She didn't really wish to admit it to herself, but what had left her in a state of frantic bewilderment, and why she suddenly felt committed to at least auditioning for this sex film, was the brief kiss she'd just received. She'd only been kissed before by relatives and family, and never before had it felt so good, so warm and so much something she wanted again more and more. And from Susan in particular.

The time eventually came when Susan presented Amna with details of the time and place of the audition. It was a film with the unpromising working title of **Hot Asian Lovers**, for a film company with the unappetising name of **Sextasy Stars**, but as she'd already expended so much effort fantasising about and masturbating to the image of appearing in a sex film with Susan, Amna didn't feel capable of backing out even at this stage.

"You've never been to an audition before, so I'd better tell you some of the basic rules," elaborated Susan kindly. She gave advice as to how to dress. This was essentially to reveal her assets to their best advantage before and during the audition. Amna should ensure that she didn't obscure her cunt from view at all. "You'll find that all sex actresses, including me, discard their knickers and anything else covering

their cunt while still in the reception room. As your breasts are such an obvious asset, you needn't actually display them, but you mustn't obscure them in any way. A blouse a size or two too small will be quite adequate."

The part of the exercise that filled Amna with the most trepidation, however, was not the actual audition. She considered this to be an ordeal best got over as quickly as all the unsuccessful interviews she'd had for office jobs. In fact, it was the prospect of going to Emma's flat in the building opposite the shop. She didn't tell her parents about the nature of the job interview she was going to and wore her most revealing clothes under an overcoat. She set off up the lift to the flat after a girl whose voice she couldn't distinguish over the intercom let the door to the building open with the buzz which released the latch. She was let into the flat by Charlotte, who smiled at her reassuringly, and stood in the hallway waiting while Susan was getting herself ready.

She could hear panting and thumping coming from the living room that she at first ignored. Her first thought was that it was someone exercising, as her brothers did to give themselves the full muscular figure they found so attractive. However, when Charlotte opened the door to the living room as she passed Amna from the kitchen with a sandwich she'd just made, she could see the little girl, Maisie, and Josephine enmeshed in the position the sex magazines called a sixty-nine, with Josephine rather straining to bend her neck round to apply her mouth to Maisie's smooth little vagina. The two of them were making passionate cries as they pushed their tongues deep inside each other's welcoming crevices. Amna watched their activity with horrified compulsion, seeing in her mind's eye the vision of what she imagined Susan's vagina

might look like.

After a few moments, and what seemed like much more, Susan appeared, thick in make-up wearing a dress pulled tight against her skin and confirmed what Amna had always suspected: which was that she really had no more breasts to speak of than Maisie had. She ran her fingers down the length of her body to smooth the creases to the top of her thighs where the dress just about stopped. “We’d better get going, dearest!” she announced. “We don’t want to be late.”

As the two of them were escorted in the taxi which Susan ordered, and insisted on paying for, Amna listened as Susan explained in great detail the little tips her years of experience had taught her would maximise her chances of passing the audition. These amounted to appearing to enjoy the audition by making more noise than necessary, ensuring that her cunt was in view as much as possible and, in Amna’s case, her breasts. Amna nodded to each of the items of advice, not really listening but admiring more the smooth white skin of Susan’s shoulders and the little dimple in her cheeks whenever she smiled.

There were several other women at the audition, most of whom were Asian like her. There were Punjabi, Afghani, Malaysian, Vietnamese, Cantonese and Inuit candidates, all of whom, as Susan had advised, had taken their knickers off before leaving the reception room, and sat in the bare plastic chairs supplied in stockings, bras, vests or, like Susan herself, in nothing at all. Amna felt quite overdressed in her blouse which she pulled up and knotted to reveal as much midriff as she could. She didn’t know how encouraged she should feel by her own assessment that of all the women there that despite her inexperience she was actually one of the most physically

attractive. Not *the* most attractive, she felt, admiring Susan's slim white body with the nipples only a little more prominent than those of a young boy and the patch of pubic hair that was so much sparser and shorter than Amna had imagined, having visualised it as more resembling her own pubic splendour.

The first part of the audition consisted of the interviewers, who were men in their forties in expensive clothes and beards, outlining the plot of the film the details of which sounded thoroughly disgusting to Amna when her mind wandered away from anxiety about the appropriateness of her appearance, the bushiness of her pubic hair (which was so much greater than that of anyone else) and her admiration for Susan's body. She barely even noticed that throughout this process Susan held her hand reassuringly in her own, until she felt a little squeeze on her thumb as one of the men detailed that there was actually no particular policy as to exactly which kind of Asian women would be suited to the film.

“We know there is a market for Asian sex which is not really adequately exploited, and we want to have as broad an appeal as we can manage.”

The audition passed in a haze to Amna, as she took most of her cues from Susan who kept a kind eye on her as they went through the motions. It started fairly amusingly as each of the girls stood up in turn and spun around while fondling their bodies with simpering smiles. As Susan suggested, Amna undid her blouse almost fully so that she was able to pull out her breasts and reveal the full lipsticked nipples that she'd carefully massaged into shape. Some of the other girls were even less expert at this than her: especially the Inuit whose movement was decidedly wooden and raised a slight frown from the producer.

The next part of the audition was the part Amna had dreaded the most, which was the occasion in which, unknown to everyone, she was to lose her virginity. It was quite a painful process for her as a large muscular Persian man whom she'd never be able to recognise again plied open her legs and pushed his quite large penis in and out of the hairy mass of her vagina. She'd never believed that it would be so painful, and the cries she'd started making on Susan's advice first to suggest pleasure, became much more genuine and much louder ones of pain. Fortunately, nobody seemed to be able to distinguish them from the quite theatrical cries that some of the others released. However, the Persian seemed a little puzzled by the blood that had painted his penis as he released ejaculations of semen over her breasts after several minutes of fucking.

Amna was able to watch Susan as she was fucked by another man, who was a slightly overweight black man who never bothered to remove more than his trousers and underpants. Amna admired Susan's professionalism which was only matched at all by an Afghani girl who despite her skill at fucking had an unattractive grey pallor to her skin and droopy thin breasts. Susan took control of events and was able to bring the black man to a more satisfying ejaculation than Amna's Persian had ever achieved, catching some of the semen in her open mouth.

The part of the exercise that Amna had most thought about in advance, and which more than the fucking had filled her with trepidation, was the lesbianism. "Let it be with Susan!" she begged to herself. "Not with anyone else! It must be Susan!" The urgency of her request became greater as the pain she was feeling between her legs made her feel as if she'd been viciously punched there and then had her insides

torn out of her.

Unfortunately for her, it was actually the Afghani girl whom she found herself allocated to making love with, while Susan was wrapped up in the body of the Vietnamese girl. Amna watched in envy as the Vietnamese girl pushed her tongue deep into Susan's anus while Susan responded by pushing her fingers deep into her vagina and stroking her clitoris with her thumb.

The Afghani girl had a skill at making love that somehow compensated for the salty taste of her skin which Amna licked with badly disguised reluctance. For the first time, Amna felt she was getting some pleasure out of the sexual proceedings, as the girl tweaked her clitoris in her fingers and licked up the traces of blood that had got caught in her hair. It felt quite pleasant to have someone's nose deep in her pubic hair even though it gave her much less pleasure to stick her nose into the unpleasant smelling area of the Afghani girl's anus which seemed to have as much hair as that around her vagina. But it was genuine cries of pleasure she emitted as her lover pushed first two and then three fingers into the fleshy and not yet elastic opening of her cunt.

XXIV

It was a long time since Emma had been summoned into Amelia's office. In fact, Emma had rather avoided seeing Amelia altogether since she'd been persuaded to have sex with Frank, whom she could never pass in the corridor without breaking into a hot flush. So when Emma received a call requesting her to come immediately to Amelia's office, it was with great trepidation she followed Betty in her prim suit along the television corridors towards her office. She hoped that it wasn't for another opportunity to humiliate her with the attentions of a man.

Her fears were rather confirmed when she heard the panting noises of a man making love as Betty let her into the office and then stood discreetly to one side. However, it wasn't Amelia the man was making love to. She was sitting on a swivel chair in nothing but her stockings and shoes resting her full breasts on her folded arms. Her fear gave way to horror when she realised that the girl with whom the man was having sex was Maisie. And worse, she was quite obviously enjoying it.

It was no novelty to see Maisie making love. Susan and Josephine would often be enmeshed in her slim little limbs, more often than not on Maisie's own request. But it was not pleasant for Emma to see her beloved being fucked by a man older than Emma herself and participating so vigorously.

"She certainly seems to enjoy Bill's attention," commented Amelia with a sly smile, as Emma stood transfixed at the door.

Emma nodded shyly. Just what was this in aid of? she wondered.

"I don't suppose you want to join in, Emma," Amelia continued. "I'm sure

little Maisie wouldn't mind at all."

Knowing Maisie so intimately, Emma was sure that this was true, but the pangs she felt made her blush with anger and humiliation.

"What's this all about?" she blurted out. "Why is she doing it?"

Amelia stood up and wandered over to Emma. She put an arm around Emma's naked shoulders and pulled her assertively towards her. "Because she wants to, lovie. Because she's been asking to have a more active acting career. Because she believes it's about time she moved on. So, she's showing me what she can do. And I must say that for such a young girl she shows evidence of both skill and considerable experience."

"But why are you showing me? Why have you called me in?"

"Because," smiled Amelia in a way that seemed quite menacing, "I have a proposal to make to you. And one I'm sure you can't refuse."

"One that I can't refuse? Why me? What have I got to do with what Maisie wants to do?"

Amelia squeezed Emma firmly across the shoulders and allowed one of her hands to fall on Emma's nipples which she gently massaged. "It is no secret to me - or to anyone else who works here - what sort of relationship you and Maisie have. Indeed, the young child has told me a great deal about the activities she gets up to: not only with you but with others who live with you. Activities which I find very interesting. Activities which I'm sure others would find even more interesting than me."

"What do you mean?" blurted out Emma, aware that this wasn't really a

question she wanted answering.

“I don’t wish to say more, lover,” Amelia continued, bringing the palm of her hand underneath the cup of Emma’s breast and idly weighing it. “What I wish to speak about is my proposal.”

“What can that be?” Emma wondered, still transfixed as Bill’s penis went in and out of Maisie’s sweet little vagina, while the child clung hard to his waist and made frequent ejaculations of pleasure. Try as she would, she couldn’t remove her stare from what caused her most distress.

“Face me and I’ll tell you!” commanded Amelia turning Emma around to gaze into Amelia’s amused eyes. Emma was still uneasily conscious of the theatre behind her she could hear from Maisie’s ecstatic gasps and the slosh of vaginal juices. Amelia relaxed her grip on Emma and allowed her to stand back secured by her hands in hers.

“It’s not a disadvantageous proposal. Indeed, I’d say it’s one which most people working her would fight tooth and nail to be offered. I’ve had the most spectacular sex with employees for much less! But since it involves dear little Maisie as well as you, I thought it better to discuss it with the child here.”

“But surely not like that!” winced Emma to the sound of her child lover’s passionate cries.

“It’s best that we fully understand ourselves,” Amelia said by way of explanation. She ran her hands up Emma’s arms and then down her waist to secure a grasp at the top of her hips. “You’ve heard of Delia Cook, I believe.”

“Well, yes!”

“She’s successfully broken taboos of acceptability that were once thought unbreakable. And she’s done so by being so very reasonable and so very sensible. Thanks to her, the subjects of child sex and incest which would have been forever neglected are now open to healthy, frank and open discussion. She and her fat motherly body are no strangers to television interviews on sex television and even mainstream television. There she is, in such a reassuringly ordinary and homely way, pushing out the frontiers of sexuality. And she does it so well! Don’t you think?”

“Ye-es?” queried Emma. What had this to do with her?

“I help run a sex television station which has only recently been awarded its fourth X. Quite an honourable position! But I want to do more! I want my station to be in the vanguard - the avant-garde - of sex broadcasting. And it’s in you I invest my hope.” Amelia paused for dramatic effect, while Emma felt distinctly unwell from both the pressure of Amelia’s caresses and the sound of Maisie’s continued orgasmic ejaculations.

“You are the future of this station! I was most impressed by your principled and professional advocacy of this station in the recent campaign for our fourth X and I would like your services - and of course your prestige and salary - to further increase in the promotion of the station. What I would like is for you, and quite naturally your delightful young lover, to further the success of the station by presenting a television series that will present items which are quite deliberately on the most extreme edges of acceptability in your own very sensible and reassuring style. I want you to interview sado-masochists, paedophiles, transsexuals and others and, naturally, show them in action. And most of all I want you to make love with Maisie for the program every

week to show the world how healthy and loving a child-woman relationship can be. To show the world that it is a natural and fulfilling love which shouldn't be disdained and reviled, but should be understood and, if not emulated, at least seen."

"You want me to make love to Maisie in front of the camera...?"

"Of course, my love!" smiled Amelia, kissing Emma full on the lip with a very toothy smile. "I want full, uncompromising sex, using whatever props you feel appropriate, with as much passion as I know you're capable. I want the two of you ejaculating and orgasming with the freedom and abandon to which I know you're accustomed. I want as many people as possible to see what a sexual animal you are, and the uses and abuses you put both Maisie's and your own cunt to!" Amelia forced her lips straight onto Emma's own and kissed her fully, allowing her tongue to explore the crevices of her molars, with more passion than Emma had ever experienced from her before. "And I know you'll agree. Not just because your non-compliance could stunt such a promising career, but also because you just don't know who else might be chosen as a co-presenter with your so very willing young friend!"

XXV

Amna wasn't sure how she felt when she received her letter from Sextasy Stars telling her that she'd been successful in the audition and asking her when she could start coming in for rehearsals for the film. When she learnt that Susan had also been accepted for a rôle in the film, however, she decided, perhaps recklessly, that it was a well-paid job which she'd be really stupid not to accept even though it meant being extremely wary about giving her parents a good idea of what the job actually entailed. She also knew that she'd still be expected to work in the shop when time allowed; and this was a responsibility she'd not be able to shirk whatever other work she was doing.

However, the unsavoury nature of her work meant that she felt rather less happy about staying at home with her parents and continuing to share a bedroom with her two younger sisters. She'd actually resisted any suggestion of moving away from home before. It was much more secure than anywhere else and she liked the luxury of having her food prepared, her laundry cleaned and indeed everything else being done for her. On the other hand, she'd felt uneasy enough on just the audition coming home smelling so obviously of the smell of sex. She'd rushed straight into the shower and spent ages scrubbing off the evidence and worrying about the damage so recently done to her body. She felt around her vagina with an anxiety she'd never felt before for signs of worse damage than she'd originally anticipated. If she was to be coming home regularly with this kind of anxiety, how soon would it take her parents to realise that she wasn't working as a clerical temp in a small accounts' department? And how much opportunity did it give her mother to actually fulfil her well-meant promise to

visit her at work to see how she was.

Her Aunt Salim was a good Muslim. She covered her hair in a head-scarf and all her body was covered by a long discreet dress, which was not unstylish but designed more to hide than to flatter. Amna wasn't sure that Aunt Salim was the best person with whom to live, but her aunt had often made the offer, and now seemed the appropriate time to accept. She hoped that her aunt had been sincere in her promise that she just wanted company in her three-bedroom house and would leave Amna alone as much as possible. And anyway, despite her unambiguous religious devotion, she was very pleasant and easy-going, making the effort to show interest in the sort of things that Amna enjoyed.

Aunt Salim was also a woman who seemed a little apart from the rest of Amna's extended family. She was quite a distant aunt (several times removed) and was in fact was not wholly Asian. Her mother or father had bequeathed her with paler skin, lighter brown hair and far more freckles than anyone else in the family. This alone constituted quite a severe difference, but even now, in her early thirties, she hadn't got married and didn't even have a fiancé. She had quite a nice home, however, which she'd bought partly from family money, but mostly from her salary as a systems analyst in an insurance company. Quite clearly her employer was not one who expressed prejudice about employing Muslims.

Amna soon received permission from her parents who nonetheless expressed reluctance to see her leave the family nest, even if it was to live with someone in the family who could be relied on to provide a proper moral environment. However, Amna knew that, in truth, they were quite pleased to see her leave more room for her

sisters and that her mother secretly looked forward to having one child less to look after. Aunt Salim picked Amna up in her modest car and assisted her in loading the bags in the boot.

Amna was soon shown her new room which provided much more space than she was used to and a quite pleasant view across a leafy suburban street to the mock Tudor houses opposite. She spent some time unpacking her bags and putting her underwear and clothes in the appropriate drawers. She knew she was finished when she'd put up her last poster on the wall and the several framed photos of her parents, brothers and sisters on the available surfaces. She lay back on her bed contemplating her new room and thinking of her future in films. After appearing in *Hot Asian Lovers* with Susan, what next? She'd have so much money and be able to do the millions of things she'd always wanted to do and hadn't been able to afford. All she had to do was to put up with the discomfort of having men's engorged penises enter her and pretend to enjoy it.

After a while, she made her way down the narrow staircase to the living room where she could hear Aunt Salim watching television. What she didn't imagine she'd see was her aunt, who she had only seen totally covered, dressed in nothing more than expensive black silk underwear, knickers and bra. She was sitting on the sofa with her legs tucked up underneath her, her bushy hair cascading free over her shoulders. Aunt Salim greeted her with a smile and no comment and the two of them continued to watch the television programs that were on.

Amna soon came to understand that her aunt habitually spent her time at home dressed only in underwear: perhaps as a compensation for being so hidden the rest of

the time, and as a result the temperature of the house was kept somewhat higher than Amna was used to at her parents' flat. It seemed that besides her heavy unexciting outdoor clothes, she really owned nothing more in the way of clothing than an extensive wardrobe of comfortable silk lingerie. She didn't consider it at all unusual, (although she'd clearly not advertised her preference to the rest of Amna's family) an impression reinforced by the fact that whenever Aunt Salim was entertaining her women friends, they too dispensed with all clothes bar their underwear. And quite a few of these women were very devout Muslims.

Unencumbered by her clothes, Aunt Salim had a very attractive body. She was slim, with a less pronounced figure than Amna's very obvious bell-shape. She had a flat stomach and taut muscles in the arms which gave evidence to the efforts she took to keep her body in good form. Like most of her friends, Amna found it funny that she put so much effort into her appearance and yet had not got married. Nor did she ever show any ambition in that direction.

After a while, and with no prompting from her aunt, Amna started wearing only underwear around the house. It was quite a liberating feeling for her, although she didn't have the range or quality of lingerie of her aunt. In fact, all her underwear was made of quite cheap nylon and cotton in colours and designs more fun than elegant. Of more note was the fact that the knickers did not succeed at all in hiding her bush of pubic hair at the top of her thighs or above the waist-line. Even her bra did a less than perfect job of restraining her breasts and on more than one occasion she'd found that a bosom had worked its way loose and was freely on view. When this happened she embarrassedly struggled to restrain her still-growing assets inside bras

purchased when she'd had more modest requirements. Aunt Salim made no signs of ever having noticed, and indeed made very little sign ever of noticing the way her niece was now dressing. She gave no signs of either approval or disapproval, and never appeared at all aware of any aspect of Amna's appearance.

Most of the time, the aunt and niece would sit around in the living room either watching television or reading books, and it was only occasionally that Amna felt the need to spend time by herself in her own so spacious bedroom. She concluded that living with her aunt wasn't such a bad move at all: she felt much more free and comfortable than she ever did surrounded by her immediate family.

XXVI

Charlotte had gradually drifted away from Emma's bed, and was now spending far more time with Josephine who by virtue of her steadfastness and reliability had displaced the more demanding Emma from primacy in her affections. Quite often these days, Charlotte and Josephine would spend their evenings together in Josephine's pleasant one-bedroom flat amongst all the fluffy toys and cushions. She found so much more pleasure from just resting in Josephine's arms without the demands for passionate love made on her by Maisie and, on occasion, Emma. The one who most felt put out by the consolidation of Charlotte's emotions and her more frequent absences was Susan, who, much more often now, lost the optimism and self-confidence she carried around with her. She remained loyal to the flat, even when Charlotte was away, seduced by Maisie's affection for her and the hope that at some stage Charlotte's love would drift more solidly her way.

Emma was still Charlotte's closest friend: an honorary title the two of them felt imperative to maintain although they recognised (belatedly in Charlotte's case) that they were not to be the closest of lovers. It was in this capacity that Charlotte felt obliged to take time off work to give Emma and Maisie as much moral support as possible on the first screening for the new television program that Emma was, for the first time, to be presenter. The news of it when excitedly announced by Maisie, the co-presenter, had rather surprised Charlotte. At no stage in the throes of passion or in the depths of her relationship with Harriett or any other time had Emma ever expressed any interest in appearing in front of the screen on a regular basis. Especially not in a

position which Maisie proudly boasted would involve having sex with quite a few guests and interviewees. Indeed, she had far more often expressed her deepest revulsion at the very suggestion. This previous attitude seemed consistent with Emma's reluctance to discuss her television career or even the nature of the programme she was to present.

At first, Charlotte assumed that the main attraction was the substantially increased income she'd get, but Emma didn't even discuss what she'd do with all the money she'd be banking. It was a mystery to her why Emma should do such a thing and Maisie's own irrepressible chat on the subject gave no clue as to her motive. Neither did Josephine nor Susan seem to have much idea. Characteristically Susan merely wondered why she'd waited so long, while Josephine's most authoritative opinion was expressed by a shrug of her naked shoulders. Whatever the motive, Emma seemed very much more grateful to Charlotte for her expression of moral support than she'd imagined (having quite imagined that Emma would have expressly forbidden it).

The television offices were not as welcoming a place as Charlotte had imagined when she arrived with Emma and Maisie and hurried along the corridors with them. She had chosen to go nude as that was the way that Emma always went to work, but having worked in a supportive naturist environment for so long she was unprepared for the lecherous stares of the men they passed en route to where the filming was to take place. Emma found Charlotte a comfortable chair to sit in to wait in the film studio, while she and Maisie got prepared in the make-up rooms. Charlotte sighed to herself as she watched the naked body of her friend wind through the

television cameras, cables and lights to catch up with Maisie who was indolently kicking the wall with her expensive trainers, the only clothes she ever wore these days.

The studio was a cluttered space, full of mysterious equipment and men and women who were handling it. In the centre of it all, and looking bizarrely homely, was an open space in which there was a very large bed and a voluminous sofa. Behind the furniture and the dangling recording paraphernalia was a colourful backdrop with the programme's title, **Sex and Sensibility**, displayed in a restrained style at relevant points. When Maisie originally mentioned the name Charlotte had assumed that the programme was to be a sex dramatisation of a famous Jane Austen novel, but she came to realise that the programme had pretensions of being a serious series reviewing sex issues in modern society: an identity which caused Emma to laugh in a hollow sardonic way. Charlotte sat patiently, ignoring the stares of the studio technicians by burying her head in the newspaper she'd brought along with her.

Finally, the filming was due to start, at which point the studio became less full of the technicians with tape and screwdrivers, and more full of camera operators, sound recordists and finally a group of non-technical people who sat in the much more comfortable chairs next to her. Emma sat beside her where she silently and gratefully took Charlotte's hand in hers and gripped it tightly for as much comfort as it could give. Maisie stood to one side where she chatted idly to a boy not much older than her. Except for the three of them, everyone was fully clothed and indeed the make-up applied to Emma's skin and face made her feel even more naked in comparison.

The object of this filming was to organise the backdrop to the credits at the

beginning and end of each programme that unsurprisingly would feature the two co-presenters, Emma and Maisie, making love to each other. The entire exercise (which would take several hours) would be to film the two of them indulging in explicit sex against various backdrops, using assorted props and indulging in innumerable variations. The director seemed to believe that credits featuring such an intimate woman-child relationship in such full detail would somehow be sensitively appropriate to a series that sought to dispel many of the myths and misconceptions surrounding certain taboo sexual activities. Emma's own sardonic opinion was that it would just make the programme look like every other sex programme, with just a little more pandering for the more obscure sexual predilection.

Charlotte had often seen Emma and Maisie making love, and indeed on occasion she'd even been persuaded to film them together on the home video-recorder, but it was quite a different matter to see the two of them flood-lit under such an intimidating array of bright lights surrounded by men and women she'd never seen before, occasionally taking instruction from prompts flashed to her on auto cues. The exercise was rather bereft of intimacy despite the quite obvious fact that the two lovers were enmeshed in their lovemaking now as least as much as at any other time. Of the two of them, it was clearly Emma who was the most anxious and nervous, with Maisie taking the upper hand in directing her older lover's attentions. And it was Maisie who was the first to make use of the dildo provided and use that to enter Emma's cunt while a studio cameraman positioned himself on the stage to get a close view of the action while the little girl pushed her slim figure backwards and forwards between Emma's legs.

After a while, perhaps nearly half an hour, Emma became rather less nervous in her rôle and Charlotte breathed more easily as the lovemaking became more relaxed. There was a more comfortable flow of her movements, becoming more like that of Maisie's, culminating after a few minutes in the first of the many orgasms of the session. These orgasms, to which Charlotte was now rather accustomed at home, where it forever punctuated the mass of female lovemaking, seemed to excite the previously morose director who started making notes in a hard-backed notebook.

Eventually, the two girls had exhausted all the possibilities of location, prop and activity that were offered to them, and the session came to an anticlimactic end with the technicians dispersing, Emma rushing off to the make-up room and Maisie chatting idly to the director and those around him. Charlotte was relieved for Maisie's sake that she hadn't resorted to her more violent sexual behaviour and the two came out with only the bruises of prolonged grinding groins and the accidental scratches of fingernails.

Charlotte sat waiting for Emma wondering not just how the hours of videotape would be edited down to the two or three minutes of credits for which they were filmed, but how much Emma's new career would change her. She felt convinced that having such public sex for the first time was akin to when she'd lost her virginity. Now that this barrier was broached she would live in a different world of references. She also wondered how Emma really felt about her experience. She evidently enjoyed making love to Maisie (her love for the girl was both deep and sincere) but how much pleasure, if any, did she get from making love for the camera? And in turn for an audience of innumerable people she'd never known and would never meet.

It was inevitable for a programme with presenters like Emma and Maisie such as **Sex and Sensibility** that the first edition should feature an interview with Delia Cook. As one of the researchers commented when given the brief to organise the interview, it was not so much an interview with Delia Cook as “yet another interview”. The principal difference in this interview, Emma was not so pleased to find out was that not only would there be sex between her and the stout authoress, but her beloved co-presenter would be expected to indulge in sex with one or other of Delia Cook’s children. However, having been a keen researcher for so many years, she prepared herself for the interview by re-reading **Sex and Family Matters** amongst all the other literature she was given.

Part of her homework was to watch videos of previous interviews Delia Cook had given to examine her previous sexual activities on the screen. Except for her relative bulk, her interviewee was quite the same as any sex star ever interviewed with the same unlikely stamina and predilection for all sex. To meet her in the flesh, however, was quite different as Emma was to find when she, Maisie and a small film crew arrived at the authoress’s very grand house in the outer suburbs of the city.

The Delia Cook who opened the door to her naked guests was naked herself with the complete tan of someone who rarely rests partly dressed in the sun. Other than that, she seemed much more an ordinary person than Emma expected. She certainly couldn’t be described as particularly beautiful. Away from the glare of the camera she lost much of her charisma. She invited the two girls and the two members of the film crew into her very homely living room, chatting all the time about their journey there and the weather. In the same room, sitting on an armchair, wearing a

tee-shirt and shorts was a young girl a couple of years older than Maisie whom Emma immediately recognised as Jennifer from the photographs in Delia Cook's book. She didn't jump up when everyone came in, but looked at the crew with curiosity while fiddling with a piece of squidgy plastic in her hands.

"Say hello to these people, Jenny," ordered Delia Cook kindly. "You don't want them to think you're rude." The girl sullenly greeted them and returned her eyes to her lump of plastic. "You must forgive my daughter," the mother continued to everyone. "She's actually quite thrilled. She's never been on television in such a starring rôle before. Indeed, before your fabulous new show there just weren't any programmes which would be willing to film her in any kind of action. And don't worry, Emma dear, I've heard about your tastes. Neither my husband or son have been invited into this film session; although my son in particular was ever so keen to get to know the lovely Maisie that much better!"

The talk aspect of the interview was to actually occupy rather less than a quarter of the half-hour programme, but Delia's replies to Emma and Maisie's questions were very full and practised, providing detailed accounts of the sexual adventures she and her family had, peppered with homely and sensible advice regarding the less glamorous health and safety aspects of the practices she advocated. Emma was pleased to see that Maisie asked her questions with a maturity and confidence which made her seem much older than her thirteen years. She was just as capable as Emma to elaborate on her questions and to ask other questions that led on naturally from previous ones. It seemed such a shame, Emma reflected, that so many of Maisie's questions and answers would end up on the cutting room floor.

As part of the interview, and as a kind of novelty item to signpost the kind of serious and sensible series **Sex and Sensibility** was to be, Delia Cook gave advice to Emma and Maisie about sexual behaviour appropriate to a couple such as them. She positioned the two lovers physically with her podgy hands and demonstrated in great detail to Emma, the camera crew and ultimately millions of viewers, aspects of Maisie's smooth young vagina that few would suspect and that Emma had uncritically enjoyed. In the process, Delia squeezed and stroked and tweaked it in a way she obviously found very stimulating. Then with what seemed practised grace, Delia guided the activity into much more physical love-making.

The transition from aural to sexual intercourse took the film crew by surprise, as they anxiously jostled into position with the appropriate selection of camera and audio equipment, as Emma started licking around the smooth exterior of Maisie's cunt, allowing almost all her tongue on occasion to delve inside its opening. Then Delia joined in, taking control of both Maisie's clitoris and Emma's arse as it stuck out behind her.

"Come on, Jenny!" her mother cajoled her daughter who with no more prompting pulled off her tee-shirt to reveal by the small bush of fluffy hair underneath that she'd already taken off her knickers. She paraded self-consciously in front of the inquisitive glare of the camera, before joining her mother and Emma in stimulating Maisie's crotch. She was a little older than the photographs in Delia Cook's book, and consequently had a more mature body, already showing prominent breasts and enough puppy fat to suggest that she might not remain slim all her life. She soon directed her lips away from Maisie's crotch, following Emma's busy tongue into her mouth and

soon the two of them were making love separately from Delia and Maisie.

Throughout the rest of the lovemaking in this interview, Emma got the distinct impression that it was Delia who was directing the activity rather than her, the supposed presenter and interviewer. It was Delia who ensured she had enough explicit sex with her daughter - including anal and vaginal penetration with vegetables and dildos - to dispel any doubts regarding the intimacy of their relationship. It was she who persuaded Jennifer to have more sex with Maisie and rather less with Emma (which she seemed to prefer). It was she who sensed Emma's discomfort in the role of sex interviewer to ensure that she could escape from the constant gaze of the camera and watch the activity from a distance.

It was also she who, when Emma and Maisie felt exhausted with the lovemaking, persuaded the camera crew to accompany her daughter and her to another room where they could film more incestuous sex, only this time with the male members of the Cook family. She had assessed Emma as someone who didn't particularly enjoy the sight and suggestion of male sexuality. She had also realised that although Maisie was one who was enthusiastic about being fucked by her son, Kevin, or her husband, it was an activity which would be more likely to upset Emma. She also recognised, though, that it was for incest and child sex that the interview had taken place at all and if she was to retain her position as the high priestess of such activity it was best to allow **Sex and Sensibility** to film exactly what they wanted.

Emma and Maisie were left lying in a heap of sweaty naked flesh on the Cooks' large pale blue carpet, gasping and panting with exhaustion. Droplets of salty sweat dripped off Emma's eyebrows onto her cheeks to join a more general flow

towards her mouth where she could still taste Jennifer's vaginal juices and her mother's saliva. She looked at Maisie, who had stood up and was now nosing around the living room: looking at the homely framed pictures, the naked statuary and country-side scenes. And more particularly at the selection of juvenile compact discs that Jennifer had stacked by the stereo system.

"Just listen to that!" laughed Maisie pointing to the ceiling from above which passionate lovemaking could be heard. There was the thud and rattle of beds accompanied by guttural cries from both men and women. "They just don't know how to stop!"

"No, they don't," admitted Emma, who, always the pragmatist, was already considering how they would edit the quite considerable material that would have been filmed today and if this meant postponing the planned item on novel Cuban birth control methods.

XXVII

Amna dreaded the day, but it finally came, when she was to have her first day working on the set of **Hot Asian Lovers**. She arranged to meet Susan at her flat, so, for Amna, she got up quite early and took the bus across town to the block of apartments opposite her parents' shop. She prayed while waiting for a prompt reply on the intercom that there would be no time for her family would see her standing there, and fortunately nobody did. She was dressed in just the underwear she usually wore around Aunt Salim's home, highly conscious that whatever she should do she mustn't unbutton the overcoat she wore from fear of revealing her pubic hair or the breasts that only with effort she'd managed to keep hidden. Taking Susan's advice she'd plied plenty of red lipstick onto her nipples, but couldn't see the point of doing a similar job with flesh-coloured lipstick around the opening of her vagina. Nobody would be able to see anything through the thick mass of her pubic glory.

When she reached the flat, she found the door had been left thoughtfully ajar and was greeted by the girl whom she'd spoken to on the intercom. It was Maisie wearing just a pair of cut-off denim shorts and a large dildo strapped around her buttocks which protruded rather prominently through the unbuttoned flies. Amna didn't know it, but Maisie had been rather taken by an interview she and Emma had with a community of women who proudly termed themselves Dildo Dykes. These were girls who practised the fashion of wearing dildos wherever they went. This was meant as a statement of their rejection of the male ethos of feminine modesty and also

as an unambiguous statement of their dyke-hood. It was also a statement, as the very chatty crop-headed interviewee had made clear, that as Dildo Dykes they were “always ready to fuck!” This was a sentiment that particularly attracted her, although it offended Emma’s own views as to the impurity of wearing even as few clothes as that.

Amna had no views or understanding of women who wore dildos. She thought it rather ugly and disgusting. She’d often seen girls on the underground and in record shops with dildos sticking provocatively through the flies of their shorts, trousers or skirts. Or even without any clothes at all to otherwise disguise their lower regions. She had a vague idea that it might have some meaning or significance, but it was the femininity of women that she found attractive and this seemed to rather negate that.

“You’re here to see Susan, aren’t you?” smiled the little girl, stroking her smooth chest.

“It’s my first day at work,” Amna admitted.

“Your first day ever?” Amna nodded. “I remember my first day of fucking on the screen. It was heavenly! It was gorgeous. The men are so good! They just keep fucking and fucking. I don’t know where they get their energy from! You’ll like it for sure. Here,” she smiled wickedly, “let’s see your body.”

Amna nervously complied, feeling that she could scarcely refuse in front of a girl who was so accustomed to seeing naked women. She unbuttoned her overcoat and parted it revealing her nylon underwear.

“Golly! You’re very hairy aren’t you! But you’ve got nice tits.” She leaned up to squeeze one. “It’s so lovely and firm. I’d love to fuck you whenever you want.”

Amna didn't know what to say. This wasn't the sort of thing she ever hoped to hear from her younger sisters, but she assumed that for sex actresses there was a totally different moral and ethical order. If she wanted to get to know Susan better she'd have to get to know and understand it however much it contradicted all that her parents had ever inculcated in her.

"Let's see Susan," announced Maisie, pushing open the door to a bedroom which disclosed Susan and Josephine making love to each other. Susan's mouth was joined with Josephine's and both had their fingers probing deep inside the other's vagina. Susan looked up at Amna and Maisie, sweat pouring off her face and down over her shoulders. Amna shuddered with passion and guilt as she looked at the girl's smooth white body and her tiny nipples while the taller Josephine obscured the sight of Susan's crotch by her wobbling buttocks.

"Why hello... Amna... dearest!" gasped Susan in the throes of passion. Amna smiled shyly, not at all sure what to say.

"Do you want to join in?" asked Maisie sweetly putting one of her thin arms around Amna's upper thighs.

"Won't they mind?"

"Fuck no!" said Maisie laughing. "Fuck no!" She looked at Amna quizzically to ascertain whether she would actually take up the offer. Amna stood frozen in uncertainty: torn between her desires and her shyness.

"Well, if you won't, I will!" announced Maisie, undoing her denim shorts and pulling them down over her slender thighs and pulling her tiny feet through them. She then approached Susan with the dildo sticking out prominently in front of her, its strap

secured round the top of her buttocks and fastened by a tiny buckle between their two small round orbs. She stroked Susan's crotch with her hands, while Josephine arched her neck round and pushed her tongue into Maisie's mouth.

Amna stood, petrified by her inhibitions, watching Maisie insert the length of the dildo (longer than most men's penises, Amna was sure) deeper and deeper inside Susan's cunt while the girl released gasps of pleasure and ecstasy with each thrust. It was a very unsettling sight to see a child so young having such total possession of the woman who was the constant companion of all Amna's private sexual fantasies and longings. She scarcely noticed as Josephine discreetly disengaged herself from the couple, stood up and put her long naked arms round Amna's overcoat-covered shoulders. She made no effort to entice Amna to indulge in any sex herself, perhaps realising the true centre of the young girl's gaze. This was Susan's cunt into which Maisie thrust her dildo backwards and forwards in imitation of the men she watched so avidly on the set.

Amna didn't know how long her ordeal lasted. She was feeling both aroused by seeing the object of her desires indulging in the sort of activities she'd fantasised about (and which got her so hot, sweaty and sticky) and frustrated by the fact it wasn't she who was giving the oriental so much pleasure.

"Maisie's always like this," sighed Josephine in what seemed like the far distance of Amna's awareness of the world. "I'm sure it's because she's so young and that sex is such a novel thing for her. All she ever thinks about is the physical act. She never concerns herself about the emotional side."

Amna was aware that these comments were meant to comfort her, but her

feelings towards Maisie at that moment were not of the most charitable kind. She was relieved when, with an effort, Susan persuaded Maisie that they should bring this to a halt as she had to go off to work. Amna's greatest desire then leaped out of bed, gave her only too brief a kiss (but so very reassuring!) and then in a matter of seconds pulled on a sweater and a pair of very skimpy white shorts.

"Underwear, darling!" exclaimed Susan, noticing how Amna was dressed. "Not perhaps the most sexy or expensive. But don't worry. Appropriate clothes will be provided on the set. Come on, or we'll be late!"

Today was also the first opportunity that Amna had got to read the script for **Hot Asian Lovers**, which she hurriedly skimmed through, searching with a pounding heart for a scene in which she was cited as having sex with Susan. There was no scene which mentioned that explicitly, although there were a few where she was expected to have sex with several men and girls. The story focused on a male lead who was apparently quite a famous sex actor (not, Amna was pleased to note, for the size of his penis, which was still big enough as far as she could see). He wasn't remotely Asian, although almost everyone else in the film was. His part was as a visitor to some unspecified Asian country as a visitor where by chance he came to have sex with almost everyone he met. And, also by chance, almost all these people were women with a curious indisposition relating to keeping their clothes on and their knees closed.

This Asian country wasn't one that Amna had ever heard of (seeming to be an amalgamation of countries like Thailand, China, India and Afghanistan). There were no shortages of Hindu temples, deserts, mountains or sex bars. Susan had one of the

more substantial rôles of any of the women, presumably in recognition of her track record as a sex actress. She was playing a Japanese tourist (although Amna was sure that her origins were very probably not Japan) who wore the standard cliché dress of such a person: baggy shorts, striped singlet and a camera strapped around her shoulders and not at all hindered by any protuberances on her flat chest. As a tourist, Susan got rather a few opportunities for sex, including several without the male star.

Amna's rôle was rather more modest, as a native of this curious Asian country, where she was to wear a rather revealing sari and a red tear-drop painted on her forehead. She wasn't inclined to tell anyone of her ignorance of the Hindu religion, having been brought up as a Muslim, as she was sure that she wasn't really expected to bring any specialist knowledge to her rôle. As Susan unsubtly informed her, she was chosen for her sexual potential, not her acting one.

Even though it was the first day, the director didn't want to waste any time. He handed the cast a timetable of shoots in which certain scenes were to be filmed and advised the starlets that their presence was expected even when they weren't scripted to perform. He explained, waving his large hands about when they weren't stroking his beard, that he had a philosophy of allowing the filming to take its own course, even when it diverged greatly from the script and that he might want to improvise with the delectations offered by the assorted cast whenever it seemed appropriate.

Amna was horrified that she was one of those due to be filmed on this very first day, as she was cast as one of the male star's first encounters on arriving in the country. Her scene was to be played in the mocked-up interior of a curious temple which mixed Hindu, Buddhist and Muslim iconography where she was supposed to

play a temple worshipper. In this scene the star was meant to start masturbating for reasons that were not really well explained: despite the obvious incongruity and indeed inappropriateness of the surroundings. While masturbating, Amna's character was meant to feel aroused and then to entice the star into full sex while other temple-goers would look on in great delight and approval. Amna knew that if even a small part of this occurred in the mosque where her parents took her there would be uproar and would probably lead to something being written in the local newspaper.

However, the part required learning virtually no lines and those few there were, she was told, were intended merely as a guide. Amna allowed herself to be taken away to the dressing room which she shared with everyone else except the male star. Susan comforted her with advice, as did another girl, a Pakistani with somewhat paler skin than hers and with quite short hair. She was told not to worry. They weren't expecting great acting. Just apparent enthusiasm and willingness. Susan cuddled her and kissed her frequently on the lips and face, which was really all the comforting she needed, while the Pakistani adjusted the sari and learnt fairly early on that Amna knew no Punjabi at all. Or any other language other than English, except for a few words in Arabic. Amna dared to reciprocate Susan's affection with a few kisses of her own, the veins of her neck beating so hard from her daringness and her fear of rejection that she feared that it might choke her.

"Come along! Come along! What's keeping you?" demanded one of the technical assistants poking his head into a room full of naked or near-naked women. "We haven't got all day, you know!"

Amna was hurried along with various other unhelpful epithets such as that

time was money, the technicians were on an hourly rate and that more footage would be filmed than would ever need to be used, so she shouldn't play the prima donna. Amna was distressed to see Susan stay behind in the dressing room with the Pakistani with whom she seemed to be developing a closer friendship.

She took her place on the set, standing by a papier-mâché statue of an elephant god dancing in a Krishna pose, while the male star was filmed wandering along the linoleum covered floor of the supposed temple admiring what were in fact just the top of the scenery's cardboard walls. He paused by a mural of some women making love according to the dictates of the Karma Sutra that must have been a blown-up photograph of the real thing. He then pretended to get aroused by the contorted poses and the plethora of penises and vaginas. He pulled down the shorts he was wearing to reveal a semi-erect penis and started stroking it. Amna watched with dread and fascination, her hands down by her side and the sari threatening to flop off to reveal her left breast. She felt very exposed with just her navel and waist showing, aware that soon, according to the script, everything was to come off.

"Psssttt!" came a voice from behind her as one of the assistants gestured her on. Amna sighed. She now knew what stage-fright was, although her only audience was the silhouetted figures of the technicians and some of the cast she could glimpse beyond the arc-lights. "Psssttt!" repeated the voice more urgently.

Amna wandered onto the set, feeling the throbbing nerves of her neck echoed by the thump of her heart and the sweat pouring down her forehead, as she uttered the first words of her film career. "Oooh! You've got quite a thing there!"

"Would you like to touch it?" asked the star kindly, looking up at her with a

not unsympathetic expression.

“Can I?” she asked with all the eagerness she could muster for the requirements of the script.

“Of course,” smiled the star taking her hand in his firm hand and guiding it to his now erect penis.

“It’s so warm!” commented Amna, departing from the script, as she observed her own first impressions of holding an aroused penis in her hand.

“It’s hot for you!” improvised the actor.

In actual fact, Amna’s first performance was not at all the failure she feared. The male star was very helpful, perhaps sensing her inexperience and shyness, and took her totally in control. She soon found that she was losing sight of the cameras trained on her, and, more worryingly, the censorious gaze of the director. She couldn’t say that she actually enjoyed putting his penis in her mouth and drawing it in and out, while uttering appreciative moans. She certainly didn’t enjoy his penetration of her, although he took great care to moisten her cunt as much as possible with his fingers and tongue. “You’ve got so much hair!” he commented smiling, with strands of pubic hair caught between his teeth. The fucking was something that went on rather too long for Amna’s taste. Surely it must finish soon, she speculated while trying to remember to make her gasps of pain sound a little more like ones of pleasure. She felt the top of her cunt bruise with each of the star’s deep thrusts and she felt sure that such a painful ordeal was totally removing any of the last of what maidenhead she’d still left untorn.

Her speculation was confirmed when he pulled his penis out from her battered naked body and with a few gestures released a torrent of warm semen over her. There

were small droplets of blood gathered around the glans and the smooth shine of the juices on it had a distinct reddish tinge.

“Very good! Very good!” said the director afterwards, congratulating the male star, while Anna lay naked feeling helpless and humiliated on the cool linoleum temple floor, her sari lying over one of her thighs and her eyes focusing on a plaster-cast model of a crescent moon. “And you too, dear,” added the director unconvincingly, looking at her with a not too sincere smile.

XXVIII

Susan was very kind to Amna after her day's work; sensitively noting the young girl's disorientation, but perhaps not really understanding why. She and her Pakistani friend took her to a burger bar where they chatted over some very squelchy whopper-burgers. Amna realised through the haze of her thoughts that Susan and the Pakistani were getting on very fine, swapping telephone numbers and quite freely kissing each other. She felt great jealousy which reinforced her general feeling of misery.

The two girls escorted Amna to a taxi-rank and paid the driver to take her back to Aunt Salim's flat. The taxi drew off while Amna pressed her face against the window and enviously watched the Pakistani walk off with her arm round Susan's slender boy-like waist. She reflected on her day, which after her sex scene with the male star was followed only a couple of hours later by a scene in which she had to have sex with two men simultaneously while a Tibetan woman with surgically enhanced breasts covered her face with salty kisses and filled her mouth with the distinct taste of the penises she'd been sucking. She forgot what the excuse for this sex scene was: only that it was quite painful. She'd not properly recovered from her first scene, and her anus was so tight that it almost defeated entry by the slightly tubby Malaysian man who had elected to bugger her. She now felt totally wretched and humiliated, and looked forward only to having a bath and going to bed.

As soon as she got back to the flat, she ignored her Aunt Salim's cheerful enquiries about her day at work and dashed straight into the bathroom, where she sat naked on the toilet for nearly twenty minutes struggling unsuccessfully to have either

a shit or a piss or something else to evacuate from her system. Nothing happened. She then ran the bath water and sat in its water long after it had lost its warmth and all the bath foam had evaporated. She expected to see torrents of blood and semen burst out of her violated orifices, but in fact only the merest red and creamy stains could be seen in the bath water. She pummelled her vagina and arse with soap and loofahs, crying to herself, and self-consciously feeling the tenderness at the top of her cunt and around the rim of her anus where she had received the most insistent pounding.

“Are you all right, Amna darling?” asked her Aunt Salim through the bathroom door.

Amna was now out of the bath, furiously towelling herself, even though she was thoroughly dry, in the vain hope of scrubbing off the last traces of her ordeal.

She grunted in reply.

“Can I come in?”

Amna grunted again, and stood naked on the bath towel in front of her aunt who was wearing her usual choice of silky lingerie. Amna had never appeared naked in front of her aunt before, but she felt beyond caring.

“Are you sure you’re all right?” Aunt Salim asked with some concern.

She walked over to her niece, and with some tenderness put a long arm round Amna’s shoulder. Amna had clearly been crying, despite her attempts to dry off the traces with the towel. She didn’t resist her aunt’s approach; instead she rather desperately wrapped her arms around her.

“I’m so unhappy!” she confessed. “I don’t know what to think or what to do.”

“Was your first day at work really that bad?” wondered Aunt Salim. “Surely

clerical work can't be that bad."

"It's not clerical work," Amna confessed through a sudden outbreak of tears. She could feel the teardrops run down her face and into her mouth. Snot ran from her nostrils and made her nose feel slightly sore. "It was never clerical work."

"Can you tell me what it is?" her aunt asked sympathetically.

Amna shook her head.

"Never! No! Never! I could never say."

Aunt Salim was tactful enough not to pry further. She escorted the still naked Amna to the living room and continued to hug her, while the girl rambled on about the various things that upset her. With time, and with very little prompting, Amna confessed all to her aunt. Her passion for an oriental girl in sex cinema, her work on **Hot Asian Lovers**, her on-screen sex, her jealousy and her current despair.

"And that was the first time for you?" asked her aunt.

"It was horrible! Horrible! I'll never be able to go to the toilet the same way ever again! What must you think of me? I'm a disgrace to the family. What I've been doing is disgusting and filthy. I'm just a pervert."

"Ssshhh!" Aunt Salim prompted. "Don't blame yourself. Allah willing, all will be fine. I certainly won't treat you as anything other than my little niece, Amna."

"Thank you! Thank you!" replied the young girl, smiling bravely through the misery of her tear-stained face. She cuddled her aunt closer and closer, feeling the silkiness of the lingerie close to her naked skin and the pressure of her aunt's breasts against her own more ample pair.

There was no particular single event that determined the course of events, but

Aunt Salim's comfort of Amna somehow drifted into Aunt Salim's bed, which felt so deliciously clean and smelt so freshly washed. Amna lay there beneath the sheets with her aunt's now naked body wrapped around her. There was no genital contact between them, but their kisses strayed around the face, into the mouth, into the ears, to the tips of the nipples and as far down the body as the belly-button. Her aunt made occasional comments as to the beauty of the dark hair on her niece's arms, and the extent of her facial hair which constituted a soft down of feminine sideburns. Amna only noticed and appreciated the safe comfort of her aunt's beautiful warm body, her clean and smell-free skin, the curious tilt of her nipples, the slightly long ear-lobes, the strong teeth and her long tongue which tickled every crevice of her ears and licked clean the tears off her cheeks.

Amna eventually managed to fall asleep. Her body wrapped up in a foetal ball around her aunt, one hand covering the thick mass of her pubic hair and the so conclusively violated vagina, while the other gripped tightly to her aunt's shoulder. Salim looked at her niece with an indulgent smile and tried to make herself as comfortable as she could while not disturbing her. She smiled more and more broadly and glanced over to look at the reflection of herself and Amna in the dressing-table mirror. She frowned at the peculiar sight of two women enmeshed in each other. The image didn't entirely please her. Her gaze wandered over to a text from the Koran that was framed on the wall. She frowned more deeply.

She started to stir, to disengage herself from niece but as she did so, Amna made a little grunt as a part of her reacted to her aunt's motion. Salim studied her niece. She looked at her dark skin, the even blacker hair cascading over her face, the

breasts she'd never been able to contain very well under her clothes and the softness of a belly that would never be as taut and firm as her own. She examined the breasts heaving in her slow breathing and felt the girl's breath against her cheek. She smiled again, and pulled Amna closer to her. The next time when she looked at their reflection in the mirror it was with undiluted pleasure.

Amna didn't need to go to work the following day as the Director had excused her from appearing as he'd concluded that she probably would not be in top form after her previous pummelling. She anticipated her aunt telling her in no uncertain terms to stop working in hard-core sex films, but in fact she said nothing of the sort. When she woke Amna up with a tray of breakfast, she made no comment at all on discovering that Amna had the day off and was due back on the set the next day. She merely kissed her niece softly on the face, and prepared herself for her own job, covering up her silk lingerie under her clothes and tucking her long hair under a silk head-scarf. Amna stayed in Aunt Salim's bed all morning, relishing the silky softness of the sheets and the luxury of her free day.

She hadn't been up very long when her aunt returned from work. She was sitting in her knickers and bra, her feet drawn up beneath her, watching an imported soap opera whose banality somehow comforted her immensely. Her aunt greeted her cheerily with a smile, before retreating to her bedroom to change. She returned in red underwear with her hair loose, and sat next to Amna watching the predictable events the soap opera characters found themselves in.

"Did you have a nice day?" Aunt Salim wondered. "Do you feel better now?"

"Yes, much better!" smiled Amna bravely. "I'm sure I've recovered."

Aunt Salim put her arms around her niece, drawing her close to her and then on impulse showered the girl's face with kisses. Amna reciprocated, with less passion but with the definite need for affection. Her aunt brought her hands around to the clasp at Amna's back that held the strap of her bra together.

"You don't need to wear this you know," she said with a chuckle. "It's several sizes too small anyway!"

She removed the bra and with a single gesture threw it into the waste-paper basket. Amna made no protest as her full breasts fell out unrestrained and felt instantly more comfortable. She made no protest, either, as her aunt removed her knickers which she said barely covered her properly anyhow, and found herself sitting naked on the sofa. She wondered whether her nudity would now be the prelude to more active caresses, but her aunt did no more than cuddle her.

The evening was spent with the aunt and niece seated on the sofa when they weren't eating dinner, their arms round each other, caressing each other and watching television. Aunt Salim concentrated her attention on her niece's breasts and face and torso. She stroked the expanse of pubic hair, making no attempt to masturbate her niece or to let her fingers enter her vagina. When bedtime came, it seemed quite natural for the two of them to drift to Aunt Salim's bed, where, for the first time that evening, she took off her underwear, and Amna was able to feel the full warmth of her aunt's breasts and the crenulations of her nipples. The two lay together, but only Amna's hand strayed below the waist to feel her aunt's clitoris, which she seemed to find very enjoyable.

Their lovemaking remained tender and somehow detached. There seemed to

be no inconsistency in Amna's mind in her aunt accepting her work in sex cinema, her passion for Susan or indeed her being related. Aunt Salim saw her niece off to work the following day as if she really were going to the office to work in a clerical capacity, only commenting on what clothes she should wear. She advised Amna to wear the clothes she felt comfortable in, not those in which she auditioned because, as she commented, these wouldn't be the clothes she'd be working in.

As Amna left home in her jeans and tee-shirt, travelling on the underground train, it was several stops until she recalled to herself exactly where she was going and what her work entailed. She felt a sudden rush of dread as she contemplated the violation of her groin again. But as she thought of that and the idea of sex came into her head, the image of her aunt's body and that of Susan's appeared. She couldn't help asking herself how much the relationship she'd developed with her aunt somehow compromised the passion she felt for Susan. Which was the stronger and which was the more real? The answer she decided was that her relationship with her aunt was one of affectionate touching, whereas the feelings she held for Susan made her cunt feel much warmer and excited. The thought that most stimulated her was to imagine the caresses she'd given to her aunt, her tongue licking around her nipple and the excited shudders she'd given when she tweaked her clitoris. And then to substitute the naked form of Susan for that of Aunt Salim.

She needn't have felt anxious about having sex as she found that she was surplus to requirements on this particular day, so she was able to join the rest of the cast in watching the filming. Her jeans and tee-shirt didn't seem at all inappropriate, if a little tight around the hips, as most of the other girls were wearing the casual clothes

they'd normally wear, which included one thick-waisted woman who was a committed naturist and another who, like Maisie, had taken to wearing a dildo under her shorts.

However, the lack of sex may have been a great relief in one sense, but what she was left with was mostly boredom, as more was done preparing the set than actually filming. She was pleased, though, that the filming was done outdoors near a private lake so she could enjoy the sun beating down on her and didn't have to pretend to have any real interest in the work going on. She felt deprived though in that both Susan and Aisha, the Pakistani girl, were not sitting with her and keeping her company. What troubled her as well was why the two girls were absent, and her fears proved well-founded when they started filming the scene which Amna just couldn't find in the script she'd been provided with.

The scene by the private lake was meant to be taking place at a distant Asian lake of a kind it was assumed was commonly found in this mongrel Asian country. Susan, as a Japanese tourist, came on the set and was apparently so taken by the lake that quite naturally what she did was to take off all her clothes and wander into the lake for a swim. Naturally, her clothes were stolen while she was in the water, so when she finished swimming she found herself left only with her camera and travellers' cheques. Amna thought something was very strange about that. Surely a genuine thief would have rather less interest in a Japanese tourist's clothes (which probably wouldn't fit very well, anyway) than her money and camera.

Susan was then meant to panic and by chance she immediately met Aisha who was dressed in a similar kind of Hindu outfit to the one Amna had worn. She also had

her short cropped hair covered in a long dark wig with a long plait reaching down her back. Within seconds, Aisha and Susan somehow lose all interest in their futile search for Susan's clothes, and showed a great deal more interest in each other's bodies. This was the part of the filming that troubled Amna the most. The two girls were clearly quite keen on each other and displayed unfeigned passion which stimulated the Director and cameraman. Amna had to watch for well over an hour while the two girls made very passionate love that soon graduated from oral sex to full penetration with a dildo which bizarrely enough Aisha had been carrying around beneath her sari. Amna felt jealous pangs as she watched Susan being deeply penetrated and gasping and screaming with her pleasure. If only she didn't enjoy it so much! If only it wasn't Aisha doing it! If only it was Amna who was making love to her!

Inevitably, the hero of the film had to be involved in some way, and as this in some unexplained way involved the return of the Japanese tourist's clothes this had to be expressed by Susan's gratitude which meant of course three-way sex with Aisha. It also entailed Susan penetrating his anus with the dildo, which was apparently unscripted but greeted with enthusiasm by the star and the Director. The love scenes at this stage troubled Amna rather less than before. Somehow the only rivals to her affection that Amna worried about were female ones. She couldn't imagine male lovers being anything to be unduly concerned about. She didn't really understand what it might be that so many women found attractive about men. The more she saw of them, and the more sex she had with them, the less she understood it.

Eventually, of course, the relationship between Amna and her aunt led to their caresses drifting down more often and more actively to their groins. Aunt Salim took

more and more pleasure in exploring the folds and crevices of her niece's vagina, and frequently found her tongue sore in the morning from running it over the thick pubic hair. Often she found strands of hair stuck between her teeth (sometimes tasting rather unpleasant when her tongue strayed inside Amna's hairy anal crack). She once even found herself coughing up a pubic hair on the underground train on the way to work.

Amna less often let her tongue wander between her aunt's legs, but their relationship had settled on a pattern that somehow suited Salim: in which Amna was the passive recipient of her aunt's not inconsiderable attention. Amna wasn't sure how this had come to be, but she enjoyed lying back on the sofa or bed while her aunt stimulated her clitoris, vagina and anus. She felt rather detached from the activity even on those occasions when she was stimulated to feelings of greater passion than usual. It was clear to her that her aunt wasn't sure what her reaction should be but was somehow disappointed by her lack of frantic, wild or unrestrained orgasmic pleasure.

Amna's lack of passion sometimes troubled her, especially when she glanced down at her aunt, head in pubic hair and longing eyes gazing up, feeling she was somehow cheating her of all the pleasure she was hoping for. She quite gladly abandoned wearing underwear round the house. It only made her nipples feel sore and nothing she wore seemed to prevent the pubic hair from straying over the waist band or on the insides of her thigh. She liked to sit on the sofa feeling the warm bushiness of her groin and brushing her fingernails against her proudly growing nipples.

She became more accustomed to making love at work, and though she couldn't really claim to actually enjoy it and it still gave her pain on occasion, it was no longer something she particularly dreaded. It was just part of a day's work. She got

quite inured to the sensation of an erect penis thrusting away at her cunt, and took the advice of some of the other girls in lubricating it in advance with ointments and grease. However, no amount of lubrication made it that easy when it was necessary for her to be buggered, but she squeezed her eyes tight and bore it as well as she could. She would bear anything for the opportunity to be near Susan and for the promise of the pay she'd get for it.

She also got quite accustomed to seeing Susan having love made to her or indeed making love to others. It seemed to Amna that there was nothing unfeigned about her enjoyment, whether with a man or with a woman. She also noticed with alarm that her friendship with Aisha was increasing rather than diminishing with time. After all her sacrifice, however, Amna was disappointed to find that the love scene that she was originally scheduled to be in with Susan was changed so that the woman the object of her passion now made love to was Aisha. This was because the passion and photogenic value of their lovemaking had so impressed the Director. However, Amna was compensated by yet another scene in which she had sex with two men simultaneously in what was supposed to be another temple and was in fact the same scenery used before but slightly reorganised. This was not quite the compensation she'd been hoping for.

The filming was coming to an end, and so too would come both the last opportunity for having sex with Susan and receiving a cheque for her performance. Amna accepted with regret that **Hot Asian Lovers** was not going to be the film in which she'd consummate her love for Susan, and became more drawn to calculating the impact on her life of the substantial rewards she'd get for her acting.

Through her new contacts in the film industry she managed to acquire quite a collection of film stills and posters featuring Susan. The best she believed was a full poster in a film called **Bangkok and Sodomy** where she'd had the starring rôle. In this poster, Susan was positioned in underwear that revealed her crotch and fully displayed the flatness of her chest. The print with it explained that for Yoko, as Susan was known, the front entrance wasn't enough and the servants' entrance needed just as much servicing. There were some stills associated with the film which more graphically displayed penises entering her anus while she was apparently totally overwhelmed with joy. She put this poster and all the other pictures up on her bedroom wall in Aunt Salim's flat where they acted as a kind of shrine to Amna's unrequited passion.

She could see that these pictures somehow disturbed her aunt, who nonetheless made no more comment about them than she did about her niece continuing to work in sex cinema. Amna didn't care, though. She would lie on her bed during the day while her aunt was at work day-dreaming about Susan and her child-like figure. She had even bought a couple of videos featuring Susan and watched them for Susan's body alone: frequently running the video past scenes in which other film stars were engaged in sex. The scenes she most enjoyed were the ones where Susan, clothed or unclothed, playing Hiyuchi or Nori or whoever, would be filmed with no other characters on the set at all. She rather relished the image of herself as a naked girl sitting around surrounded by images of her oriental love.

She masturbated to the images of Susan. She tried to achieve the orgasm that her aunt wasn't able to elicit from her, and which she'd only ever been able to fake on

set; but it stubbornly refused to happen. However much she beat away at her cunt and arse with carrots, courgettes, fingers or fists, she could only beat at the doors of passion but they didn't seem to want her to come in. All she was left with was a feeling of dissatisfaction, a sore wrist, a messy groin and images in her mind of Susan being fucked by men, women and most of all by Aisha. Sometimes the unfairness of it all caused her to cry and cry, knowing that the tears she shed would be rewarded by her aunt's passionate embraces, kisses and even more frantic attempts to provide her with that elusive moment of pure pleasure that seemed to come so easily to Susan.

XXIX

Life was certainly changing at Emma and Charlotte's flat. Emma and Maisie had at last found a house in a quite well-to-do part of the city, and moved out to live together there. Emma was reluctant to move to somewhere so expensive, saying that it tied her more than she wanted to the kind of income she was now bringing in; but Maisie was insistent and as always Emma was unable to resist any of Maisie's requests. Their move was not a sudden affair. The two of them had been away rather more often than not for several months now, mostly connected with their television work, staying at distant hotels. Often when they were there, it was only one or the other of them as Maisie would visit her mother or Emma would be away on business which Maisie did not need to attend. When Emma was there, Charlotte made a determined effort to spend the night with her; but in truth, (as Josephine knew quite well) the urgency and significance that Charlotte once associated with her lovemaking with Emma were much less now. She had come to accept that Emma's real love was Maisie, and had moreover come to feel her love for Josephine much more strongly.

Susan still stayed in the flat. She had lost her previous home, as her boyfriend had started a relationship with another man and Susan no longer felt able to come and go as freely as she'd once done. She quite naturally moved into the bedroom vacated by Emma and Maisie, and although she still professed to a great unrequited passion for Charlotte, she no longer felt the need to spend so much time looking after her. She even had a brief affair with a Pakistani girl, Aisha, but this relationship didn't last

very long. Josephine understood that Aisha had begun to express rather more desire for commitment in their relationship than Susan was prepared to offer. As Susan explained to Josephine, she was a professional fuck actress and any lover she had would just have to accept this fact. In any case, Susan expressed more passion in her occasional lovemaking with Maisie, herself and, less often, Charlotte, than in any of her nights together with Aisha. Josephine felt rather sad that their love affair hadn't lasted very long, as she'd quite enjoyed the taste of Aisha's cunt and she adored the way her tongue insinuated itself into her anus.

Josephine found that Charlotte was expressing a desire for a seriousness in their relationship that went far beyond anything that she'd ever experienced before, even with her boyfriends. She had in fact gone as far as proposing marriage.

"Marriage!" exclaimed Josephine. "Do you understand what you're saying?"

"It's perfectly legal now. Didn't you read about it in the papers recently? Marriage is now no longer to be defined on rigid gender grounds. Men can marry men. And women can marry women."

"Well, maybe so. But what's the point of getting married anyway? What can't we do now that we can do if we're married?"

"It's not a question of what we can or cannot do. It's symbolic. I just want to say to you that you are special in my life. Unique. That I love you. That I want to live with you. That I want to stay with you for the rest of my life."

Josephine was rather overwhelmed by the intensity of Charlotte's declaration of undying love and tightly cuddled her lover. They were very soon making passionate love on the strength of Charlotte's declaration, but what Josephine found particularly

striking and somehow most appealing of all was Charlotte's claim that she wanted the two of them to have a baby. Josephine didn't want to confess to Charlotte that as a result of some unpleasant operations she'd had when she was less than thirteen years old it was extremely unlikely that she could ever be the mother of a child. She always hid from her lover the darker side of her past and the abuse she'd received in her family from her parents and other relatives. This meant that the only one of the two of them capable of child-bearing was Charlotte and she was remarkably enthusiastic about the idea.

"Whether it's you or me, it doesn't matter!" Charlotte claimed. "I'd be proud to carry a child knowing it to be ours."

"Isn't there a bit of a problem in either of us fathering a child?" Josephine wondered.

"The father doesn't matter! What matters is that it belongs to both of us: even if only one of us is the biological mother. I would so like it if we could have a child. We could call her Emma or, if it's a boy, Robert or Charles or something."

"Yes, we could. But we need to find a biological father."

This was not of course a particularly difficult task for Josephine who in her years in sex theatre had met rather a lot of men who were more than willing to make love to Charlotte and her. It was necessary that in the lovemaking that both Josephine and Charlotte should be there together; otherwise it wouldn't be 'their' child, as Charlotte insisted on calling it. Her view was that if the father-to-be conceived the child while making love to both of them at the same time, then in a real sense it could be said there was an equal chance of motherhood by either of the two lovers. Again,

Josephine had no wish to disillusion Charlotte as to the relative probabilities.

This became a regular occurrence. Josephine would bring home with her one, two or even three male acquaintances or colleagues of different colours or ethnic backgrounds (this was not thought at all important) and before long the two lovers would immerse their bodies in each other with the additional presence of penises thrusting into their vaginas. Charlotte insisted that the men should release their sperm inside both of them, and not over their face and breasts, as some professional actors had a tendency to do. This required Charlotte or Josephine spotting the moment of seminal release and taking the black, pink or brown penis out of its current orifice as it seeped out its oozing yellowish liquid and insert it immediately in both of the girls' vaginas in the hope of insemination. Once this was done then the intention was that the man, or any other man who was servicing them at the time, should do his best to produce more of the precious liquid for further insemination.

Some of the men Josephine brought home very much enjoyed their rôles as sperm-providers. It didn't bother them that Josephine and Charlotte showed no interest at all in their bodies beyond their sexual equipment and its reproductive capabilities. Often they actually enjoyed being so closely involved in lesbian lovemaking and participating in a rôle of nearly minimum emotional involvement with maximum release of semen. Some men however felt somehow cheated by it all. They felt rather marginalised by the way the only tenderness and passion the two girls showed were to each other, however much their vaginas or anuses were being penetrated or stimulated by the men's penises. Josephine could see that Charlotte, despite her avowed lesbianism, actually rather enjoyed having sex with men, as

Josephine did, but the focus of their affection was very definitely each other. It might be pleasant to taste again a nice firm erect penis in between the teeth or jostling with the larynx. It might add to the ecstasy of orgasm to have a real live penis (rather than a dildo) thrusting in and out of the nether orifices. But the subject of their passion remained each other. Neither Josephine nor Charlotte felt any great feelings of affection or emotion for the men, although they soon came to have favourites who they were happy to have back again, perhaps the following night, for another chance of impregnating one or other of them.

The men were identified better by their penises than by their names, faces or personalities. Charlotte might reminisce about the particular productivity of an originally unpromising rather squat penis. Josephine might recall the length and duration of effort of another penis that might have given both of them rather more pleasure than normally but was actually rather less productive. Some men were recalled for the short time in which it took them to produce semen and how so much of it was wasted on the sheets rather than in their cunts. But the two girls' new hobby (of which Emma, whenever she visited, disapproved totally) was one that occupied them more nights than not, filled their bodies with viscous pale fluid and required rather more changes to the sheets than had hitherto ever been necessary.

Somehow, Susan no longer felt as content in her life as before. The reorganisation of the flat left her feeling somewhat sidelined. Emma and Maisie were so rarely at the flat and whenever they were it was always Charlotte who got the most attention. Even Maisie these days seemed somehow more distant; even if she would insist on fucking Susan with whatever flavour of dildo had taken her fancy at the

moment. She felt rather banished, staying in the bed with Josephine and Charlotte where she had spent so many happy months at the peak of her passion and obsession for Charlotte. Now, however, she felt obliged to admit that Josephine was to be the centre of Charlotte's life and accept that it was indeed not a bad choice for her. The presence of men in their bedroom had made the room somehow less inviting. It reminded her too much of work to watch two men humping away at Charlotte, a penis in the arse while underneath another was deep inside her cunt. She had somehow lost her taste for male sex. It was good at work. It provided her with a living, and while she was being filmed she genuinely enjoyed having her orifices filled with rubbery but stiff organs of pleasure. However, she no longer felt that a man could provide her with quite the emotional satisfaction she craved. And as she found in her brief but passionate relationship with Aisha, not all women were necessarily going to provide it for her either.

She concentrated more effort in her work and had taken the advice of her agent in promoting herself more actively in androgynous rôles. She cut her hair short and boyish, and took to wearing shorts, shirt and tie which made her look like a curious kind of oriental school boy. She also took up the fashion of shaving her vagina every morning aware that this increased her marketability to the makers of films about androgynous sex. The actual sex didn't change much (although there was undoubtedly a greater demand for anal penetration and even back entrance finger-fucking) but the films had a tendency to be set in schools, gymnasias and holiday camps, and there was more male homosexuality and transsexualism practised than in most films she'd been in before.

It was on the set of **Teeny Fuck Vacation** that Susan met Salim. She had no idea who she was of course, but had been fascinated by the sight of her during the fuck shoot when she was being penetrated anally by a man in his fifties with a **Kiss Me Quick** hat and very knobby knees. She stood to one side of the set looking very mysterious in her long dark dress that came down to her ankles and the head-scarf that covered all her hair. Most women watching sets were either participants in the filming process or anxious porn starlets hoping to learn by watching the professionals at work. Salim obviously didn't fit into either category. Susan was quite surprised to be approached by the woman afterwards who introduced herself rather shyly and asked even more timidly if they could talk somewhere after the film. Salim was somewhat older than most of the women of her acquaintance, certainly more so than anyone who'd shared her flat, but Susan could tell that her face at least was very attractive and curiously not markedly Asian at all. Susan agreed to meet, more out of fascination than anything else.

They met again at an ice cream parlour nearby where over pistachio and almond ice creams, Salim told Susan about Amna and her obsession for Susan and how much it troubled her aunt.

“She's totally obsessed by you. It's the only thing that seems to give her any pleasure in life. Otherwise she's so listless and apathetic. It's as if she doesn't care about anything else at all.”

Susan could see the genuineness of Salim's plea and was astute enough to guess that there was a sexual element to Salim's concern, although she was not sure

that it was likely to have been satisfied. She remembered Amna quite well as the funny little shop-girl who had taken an interest in fuck films and whom she'd helped out. She was a little surprised to learn that Amna had continued to work in the profession. Her feeling, and one shared by Aisha, was that the girl hadn't really enjoyed her time in **Hot Asian Lovers**, and would probably not wish to get involved in any more films. She remembered her tearfulness after one day's shoot in which Aisha and she had to help her to a taxi. Susan found, though, that she'd been in another fuck film, **Corner Shop Cunts**, and had been accepted for a rôle in **Eastern Ecstasy**. It upset her to discover that Amna had actually lost her virginity in the audition for **Hot Asian Lovers**. However, Susan couldn't see that there was really anything she could do and accepted that Salim had come to see her pretty much out of desperation. Amna was currently spending a few days with her family where she continued the pretence that she worked in a clerical capacity, despite the evidence of a somewhat better salary than most semi-skilled clerks would earn.

Salim took Susan back to her house and showed her Amna's bedroom with the posters and memorabilia all around the room. Susan felt both flattered and upset. It was undoubtedly a compliment that someone should find her so attractive that they would collect videos of her non-starring films, find posters of her in the fuck posture clichés so preferred by cameramen and search out magazines which had pictures of her in them. It was also quite frightening to see herself idolised in this way. She knew from her obsession with Charlotte, that it didn't mean that she was actually deified, but it did mean that Amna was expressing rather more interest in her than could possibly be justified. She was after all not a very unusual person and not really one of

the world's most attractive either. Her assets in the fuck film industry had been more her lack of breasts, the slimness of her body and the enthusiasm of her lovemaking. Her one-time sexual problem where she could only make love to someone while being watched had been gradually overcome as a result of her lovemaking in the flat she now shared with Josephine and Charlotte. She certainly didn't deserve this kind of attention.

Susan felt slightly faint, so Salim thoughtfully took her downstairs to the living room. She had taken off her head-scarf, but still kept on her thick dress. She spoke sadly of how much Amna's obsession with Susan had troubled her. How much she'd wanted to meet Susan to find out what she was like. And how pleased she was that Susan wasn't anything like as bad a person as she thought a porn actress should be despite the disgusting and unmentionably vulgar nature of her work. It was at this stage that Susan became quite clear in her mind just how far Salim's relationship with Amna had progressed. She took Salim's hands in her own, squeezed them gently and muttered kind words of comfort.

At first Salim struggled ineffectually to release her hands, but she relented and let Susan's caresses become more intimate. She was evidently upset and Susan was quite a mistress of such situations. Indeed she found Salim's freckled face rather attractive and she enjoyed the fullness of the older woman's smile. She soon released Salim of her thick confining dress and was surprised to see just how very sexy her choice of lingerie was. This was a world of dress habits Susan had never known about before. Most women she knew of who owned such clothes wore them only in a professional context and would never wear such clothes otherwise. Here was someone

who wore silk and satin, garters and stockings, for herself rather than for the stimulation of male libidos.

Susan released herself of her shirt and trousers in a few brief gestures and stood naked in Salim's clasp smiling lasciviously at Amna's aunt, aware of the flash of alarm burning across her face. Salim stood up, belatedly bringing her hands up to cover the breasts that Susan had uncovered earlier.

"We can't! You can't! I shouldn't! What if Amna...?"

"Do you know what Amna does every day at work?" smiled a nonplussed Susan, striding across to Salim and delicately pushing down her arms and removing the bra. "Don't you think she already knows only too well what I do every day at work?"

"Yes, but..." began Salim, but her protests were plugged by Susan's tongue which plunged into the woman's welcoming mouth and was pleased by the readiness and passion of Salim's response.

Susan spent the night in Salim's bed, enjoying a night of passion that lacked in technique but was compensated by the extent of Salim's curiosity. She could see that the relationship between Salim and Amna had not really progressed as far sexually as Susan was accustomed to in her relationships. Salim showed some reluctance and ineptitude in many of the activities Susan encouraged her to participate in. She had hardly considered the anus as an object of sensuality, for instance. Penetration even in the vagina had been limited to fingers and tongues, it seemed. There hadn't been anything like the passion and ecstasy which Susan was able to orchestrate and which after several orgasms left Salim drained and helpless. She lay collapsed on her bed

linen, her face burrowed into the pillow and her bottom in the air with a smile of contentment on her face that even Susan had rarely seen before.

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Amna always felt that her best course of action was to retire to her own room when Aunt Salim invited her friends round. She felt sure that none of her aunt's friends would much enjoy the presence of a teenage girl, particularly one who now habitually spent her time in the house in the nude. Her nudity seemed quite natural when only Aunt Salim was there, but she felt that it wouldn't be quite right in front of her aunt's friends, even if they did dress in skimpy lingerie.

Amna was sitting in the toilet, waiting for the shit she felt pushing hard against her anus to finally release itself. Recent exertions in the cause of erotic cinema had rather upset her excretory functions: making it sometimes quite painful to shit and sometimes tightening up muscles inside her that made her shits harder to achieve. Finally however the inevitable occurred and, dismissing all memories of the large man who'd been buggering her earlier today, she felt that merciful release she'd been striving for.

She stood up, flushed the loo, washed her hands and opened the door to the bathroom to be rather astonished by the sight of Fatima, one of her aunt's closer friends, who was standing outside in her stockings and silk. Fatima was relatively young, in her later twenties, and had apparently been married and divorced already in her life. Although her devotion to Islam was unquestionable, she always seemed rather more fun to Amna than some others of her aunt's friends who never addressed her in a way that made her feel respected. Fatima was, however, rather astonished by Amna's naked appearance. Her eyebrows were raised high and she gave rather an embarrassed

laugh after noticing that she'd been staring at Amna's nudity for rather too long. She hurriedly rushed into the bathroom while an almost equally embarrassed Amna returned to her bedroom and the magazine she'd been reading.

Amna enjoyed the privacy of her bedroom even though she so rarely slept there these days. She liked the sense of having her own space where she could lie on the bed surrounded by images of her beloved Susan and where she could smoke the cigarettes that despite her aunt's disapproval she had recently taken up. Most of the other girls she worked with smoked. It eradicated some of the taste of semen and saliva from the mouth and it helped to relax muscles lower down. She'd also heard that it helped to reduce weight and this was something that she was beginning to be anxious about as she became more focused on her marketable assets in the fuck film industry.

She was rather annoyed when she heard a timid knock on the door and saw her aunt poke her head round.

"Are you all right, Amna sweetheart?" Aunt Salim asked.

"Fine! Fine!" said Amna aware of the faint aroma of tobacco but glad she'd stubbed it out several minutes before.

"Do you want to come downstairs to join Fatima and me?"

"Must I?"

"Oh, Amna dearest. It's just that Fatima was saying that it was so sad that you had to stay upstairs when she's visiting. She was saying that it seemed so unfair on you to be stuck up here all alone."

"I'm okay here!" Amna insisted, but felt sufficiently curious to put on the silk

kimono her aunt had bought her and follow her to the living room where Fatima was sitting reading one of her aunt's woman's magazines. The article appeared to be something about sex and sanitary towels. Fatima smiled as Amna sat down.

"That's a lovely kimono you've got on, Amna," she complimented her friend's niece with a broad smile. "But Salim tells me that you don't normally wear quite as much as that. Normally you don't wear anything."

Amna nodded. What had Fatima and her aunt have been talking about? "A lot of clothes don't fit me so well. I've just been growing too big up here," she said indicating her chest.

"I'm sure you have! Can we see?"

"Sorry?" wondered Amna. What was her aunt's friend suggesting?

"Fatima's just wondering if we could see how much your breasts have grown," Aunt Salim elucidated. "Come on, Amna, you can't be too shy about showing her. After all you show your body to strange people every day."

"It's not the same thing!" Amna replied, but nevertheless she opened her kimono so that her breasts were revealed to Fatima. They were certainly getting larger, but Amna was beginning to think they weren't getting large enough. She'd already started asking other girls with whom she was working how their breasts had managed to be as large as they were, and although their answer that it was by surgical enhancement had at first troubled her, the idea was beginning to seem not so bad. Fatima was clearly quite impressed by Amna's breasts as they were.

"Your niece is so beautiful!" gasped Fatima. "I can see now why you're so very fond of her. Perhaps I can understand better how you can feel strongly towards

her and not at all towards men.”

“Amna is beautiful,” reiterated Aunt Salim, standing behind her niece and easing the kimono off so that Amna stood naked in front of Fatima. “And so hairy too! Look at all this!”

Amna was feeling quite helpless but flattered as well as Aunt Salim and Fatima admired her body and her aunt took advantage of the situation to run her fingers over her body to Fatima’s apparent approval. She also felt somehow that she was taken advantage of in a more basic manner; a feeling which rather grew as Fatima was shown and praised every facet of Amna’s body that her aunt chose to point out. It seemed so inevitable that her aunt’s tongue should soon join with hers and the two were caressing on the sofa with Fatima still looking on in apparent approval. Amna protested slightly when her aunt’s hands strayed over her breasts and tweaked a nipple in her fingers.

“What will Fatima think?” she gasped, but her aunt had other ideas and engulfed her protests with a deeper kiss. She appeared even more emboldened and her hands found their way between Amna’s legs and started stimulating Amna’s clitoris. Aunt Salim gasped with the passion that was driving through her body. Amna could feel the ecstatic twitch of the muscles in her thighs as they gave vent to the low-level orgasms that her aunt had become quite adept at. Aunt Salim’s clothes had somehow also disappeared, although Amna couldn’t remember an occasion where either she or her aunt had actually removed them. Amna enjoyed the feel of her aunt’s body against hers. It was so much better and more relaxed than the physical exertions she endured in the cause of making a living. But wasn’t there something very wrong about making

love while being watched by Fatima?

She pushed herself off her aunt to see what Fatima was doing and felt both disappointed and relieved to see that Fatima was certainly not where she had been sitting before. Perhaps she'd been so disgusted by her aunt's assault on her body that she'd left in a hump. Feeling more relaxed in the apparent absence of her aunt's friend she allowed herself to become more attentive to Aunt Salim's needs: swivelling her body round so that she could embed her tongue in her aunt's clitoris.

It was at that stage that she felt the presence of not one but two tongues playing around in her crotch in amongst the furry mass of pubic hair. She turned her head round and saw what she'd dreaded but had somehow known to be likely all along. There was the naked slim and light brown body of Fatima trailed over her buttocks, her fingers and tongue playing agitatedly in her crotch. Amna didn't know what to think. What did this willing sharing of her body between two friends mean in relation to her aunt's feelings towards her? If her aunt was happy for Fatima to make love to her did that mean she was viewed as just a sex toy and secondarily as a lover?

Fatima was however a somewhat better and demonstrably more experienced lover than her aunt, and Amna enjoyed the sex far more than any she'd had before either on the film set or previously with her aunt. She didn't want it to stop, as Fatima's fingers probed and explored while simultaneously stimulating her clitoris, anus or nipples. And when they eventually did stop, collapsed in a sweaty heap on the living room floor, faces flushed with passion and guilt, Amna knew that although she'd still not obtained the orgasmic release her new profession had taught her to desire, she would still be happy to return to the embracing that she'd so recently

enjoyed. And, as it happened, it took relatively little effort for Amna to reinitiate events starting this time with Fatima's perky small breasts and the tiny well-formed toes at the end of her slim angular legs.

The following day, Amna wasn't that surprised when she returned home to her aunt's house after an afternoon looking round the shops to find her aunt and Fatima embracing on the sofa in the living room: tongues deep inside each other's mouths and hands probing the breasts and vagina. Amna didn't even really feel that jealous. Her career had by now reduced the effects of that, although it did cross her mind to wonder what her rôle in her aunt's sex life might now be. Perhaps, she thought in an unfocused way, she might be sleeping in her own bed tonight. It did annoy her though that she wouldn't be able to play the compact discs she'd just bought on her aunt's somewhat better audio system and would have to use her own somewhat cheaper and less impressive one.

She wandered along to her room, and threw herself and her purchases onto the bed. She kicked off her shoes, pulled off her tee-shirt and lowered her jeans and knickers to her ankles and with a few energetic kicks tossed them across the room onto the loose pile of clothes where she kept most of what she chose to wear these days. She placed a compact disc in the machine, and gyrated to the music while removing the last few items of clothing she still had on. She always felt happy after shopping. All those hours in the boutiques and record stores, picking, choosing, comparing. And after all that, the pleasure of returning home and admiring the rewards of her labours. She took a cigarette out of the packet, tapped it unnecessarily on the side and lit it. She then spread the length of her body, front down on the soft

down of her duvet, now much the worse for the cigarette ash and the odd burn mark, with a copy of **Dream Girl**, the teen magazine she'd bought from a newsagent. It was the usual sort of magazine she read: full of pictures of semi-clad boys rather more attractive than the ones who fucked her at work, interspersed with articles on contraception, menstruation, astrology and examination stress. She particularly enjoyed doing the questionnaires. Am I a great fuck? she posed herself, while awarding herself points in a questionnaire which decided for her that perhaps she wasn't a *great fuck*, although she wasn't really *that* bad.

She then heard a knock knock on the door. Annoyed, Amna jumped up. What could her aunt want now? Why couldn't she leave her be! She stubbed out the cigarette she'd been smoking; resolving to return later to the half-inch or so that was left. She opened the door and was surprised to see Fatima, looking rather flushed in a full set of lingerie but missing her knickers. She seemed both excited and unhappy.

"Can I come in, Amna sweetest?" Fatima asked.

Amna nodded petulantly. What a drag! She tucked her magazine away, and rather regretted now stubbing out her cigarette. Amna didn't care what Fatima thought of her smoking. Her aunt's friend sat down on the chair opposite Amna, pressed her chin against the tip of fingers set in a praying position and smiled at Amna.

"Your aunt and I have been talking about your career..." Fatima began.

"It's a job. It earns me money. What's wrong with it?"

"Your aunt doesn't like it very much. But that's beside the point. My view is that you're not doing as well at it as you could be. Salim's told me about how much you get paid, and, if you don't mind me saying so, it sounds like chickenshit. All that

fucking and you're barely earning what a high class prostitute gets in a single night. You could be performing in straight repertory theatre and be earning just as much. What you earn now might seem good, but you're not really paying the rent or mortgage you'd have to do if you weren't living with your aunt. Let alone the bills for all the utilities. My opinion is that you really are not maximising your potential earnings."

Fatima's view was uncomfortably close to one that had occurred to Amna when she was working on the set of **Filipino Fuck Fun** and felt that she was getting fucked just as much as her colleagues and getting nothing like the rewards they were. She thought that maybe it was because she was the only one who wasn't Filipino, but she knew that couldn't be the only reason.

"I'm a saleswoman by trade," Fatima continued. "I sell perfumery, lingerie, make-up, that sort of thing. But I've also sold computers, dictionaries, garden furniture and photocopiers. I know about selling. I know what it takes to get a product to shift and to maximise returns. What you need, Amna dearest, is an agent. And although your aunt isn't too keen to do so, I'm willing to act as one for you."

Amna sneered scornfully. "You're not going to do that for nothing, are you? There must be something in it for you."

"Well, yes. Ten percent initially. Rising to twenty, when we get things moving. But there's good money in fuck films. And I'm quite interested in getting a stake in it. Salim might hope that you'll grow out of it, but I don't see why you can't just make as much as you can from what you're going to do anyway. What do you think? I'm sure I can enhance your earnings quite substantially."

Amna sighed. "I'm not sure! I don't know what to think!" She looked across at a poster of her beloved Susan for guidance, knowing full well that none would be forthcoming. Fatima followed her gaze, and smiled in apparent approval.

"She's a very pretty girl, isn't she? Are you a fan?"

Amna nodded sadly. "She's why I'm in fuck films."

"Oh you poor darling!" exclaimed Fatima, appearing to understand more than she possibly could from this brief exchange. She stood up and walked over to the bed. She lay down on it next to Amna, her long thin legs stretched out beyond Amna's and her satin supported breasts pressed against Amna's back. "You poor sweetheart!" She continued running her manicured nails along Amna's spine. She then, with a touch of boldness, put her hand between Amna's legs and brushed her pubic hairs. Amna made no response. She looked towards the poster of Susan, a penis deep inside her cunt and another probing at an angle into her mouth.

Fatima became increasingly bold and soon Amna could no longer feign indifference. She turned round, remembering the pleasure of their one previous time of lovemaking and pushed her tongue deep inside Fatima's mouth, visualising Susan as she did so. Fatima gasped deeply and vocally, pulled off her bra as she did so, briefly dangling it over Amna's naked buttocks and then dropping it onto the now crumpled copy of **Dream Girl**. Fatima was definitely a much more spirited lover than her aunt, Amna decided, as the two rolled over and over, more of Fatima's underwear being shed on the way, crumpling the empty plastic shopping bags and discarded magazines as they did so.

They had been making love for several minutes before Amna noticed her aunt

standing by the slightly ajar door watching the two of them, mouth to genitals, hair between teeth. She looked as if she had been crying, and getting no pleasure at all in watching the two of them at play. Amna detached herself from Fatima whom she suspected had noticed Aunt Salim long before her and had simply ignored her. Fatima smiled at her friend.

“Fatty! How could you?” gasped Aunt Salim in a kind of sob.

“Sally! Don’t worry. I’ll be with you soon. Just wait. I told you that when I make my mind up to do something, I do it.”

Aunt Salim nodded and carefully shut the door behind her, leaving Fatima and Amna engaged in lovemaking for several hours more. Amna found herself feeling much more strongly towards her slender lover, with the sharp angles of her knees and elbows, the round breasts rising so well formed from a chest in which her ribs could be seen (unlike Amna’s which could never be distinguished except by touch). The feel of her perfectly formed nipples and the slight boniness of her buttocks. However, Amna wasn’t too surprised, when after relaxing for several minutes in each other’s postcoital embrace, Fatima collected up her underwear and left her alone for the rest of the evening.

This was in fact the first night Amna had had at home by herself in her own bed for a very long time. She knew that Fatima and her aunt were sharing the same bed, and she knew that there was no part for her to play in their lovemaking tonight. As she nestled down with the last few minutes of Paris Grey booming from her speakers, she gazed at her favourite poster of Susan and reflected on her lovemaking with Fatima. It somehow made it easier for her to confront the following day when she

was sure she'd have to endure yet more anal penetration from the fat Filipino who was the main star in her present production. Perhaps with Fatima's help she would gain more for her not inconsiderable physical pains.

XXXI

“Emma! I love you! I love you! Emma! So much!” gasped Maisie in orgasmic pleasure, her body shivering with ecstasy and her voice peculiarly full-throated for one so young.

Emma grimaced. Although she was the object of her young lover’s affection, it was obvious she wasn’t the stimulus as the young boy pushed his erect prick in and out of her tight young anus. How could an orifice so small, but so beautifully pursed, allow such a large obscene thing into it? Emma wondered, lying on one side of her as Maisie crouched over, bum high in the high, receiving these insistent thrusts with such pleasure.

Ever since she and Maisie had moved into the small house she had managed to buy with a mortgage based on her present and future earnings, their love life had taken a very peculiar turn which Emma didn’t really enjoy at all, but felt incapable of complaining about. At the flat it had been mostly Josephine and Susan, but now it was boys she had met on the set or at school. Emma still avoided all contact with men, but she felt unable to deny her lover the sexual pleasure she so much desired and expected. It sometimes felt that Maisie’s well-intentioned practice of never excluding Emma from her lovemaking added insult to injury, but she knew that in her own way it was somehow a tribute to the depth of her love for the woman who she insisted was central to her life.

Maisie had been enrolled, at some expense, at a single sex school which would

cope with her career in sex television, to the extent of the flexibility with which it accepted her occasional day off for filming, and which had no difficulty with her habitual nudity. At least she would be nude, if only she didn't insist on wearing a large dildo buckled to her buttocks and waist which protruded rather oddly through her shorts or the swimsuit she wore specially adapted for the affectation. The school had a naturist policy, although not all the pupils were habitually nude, and some indeed, like Maisie, were rather dressing against the pure principles of naturism as Emma understood it or practised. Maisie wore her dildo proudly at school, caring little for the fact that it looked rather bizarre in a girl who was far from adult height and stretched proportionately rather further in front of her than it would in an adult man.

All the teachers were naturist however, but also practised the school's policy of not imposing any dress code on the pupils except in sports or physical exercise lessons. Those girls who so wished, and there were quite a few, could wear just as many clothes as they liked. Bizarrely, this was often in direct revolt against their naturist parents and their normal social set, the girls taking off their clothes when they returned home.

Although there were no boys at Maisie's school, she and the other girls had no difficulty meeting them: presumably because they were attracted like flies to jam to the sight and sensation of so much young naked flesh. These boys invariably found their way into Maisie's bed and with very little difficulty inside her smooth vagina and occasionally her anus. Maisie made little distinction between her girl- and boyfriends, and often made love with girls from her school, an activity which Emma had less difficulty in understanding and no difficulty at all in participating in. Many of them

were at least as beautiful as Maisie, though few had such luxurious curls and, to Emma's mind, such a beautiful combination of physical and personal characteristics. Emma quite enjoyed the comparison and contrast in these other young bodies to that of Maisie's, and felt rather less compunction in stretching the bounds of her sexual passion towards her slightly brutal tendencies (about which many had quite serious reservations)

One of Maisie's friends, Letitia, was a particular delight to Emma, although neither she nor Maisie had made love to her. Nor in fact had anyone else. Like Emma, she was proud to be a naturist; but a naturist who never took down her black knickers and preferred conversation to sex. She would chat for hours with Emma and Maisie, seemingly never worried about the way the two of them would enmesh their bodies round each other. She only objected when other people became involved. Letitia believed quite firmly that love was not something that could be shared, and often told Maisie so.

"Oh, Letitia, you're so boring!" Maisie exclaimed. "Why not join me and Emma? We can show you what love's really like!"

"That must be the greatest contradiction in words you can imagine!" Letitia argued. "It's one thing for you two to make love as lovers, and another just to have sex with any boy who wants to stick his willy up your bum!"

Emma found herself agreeing with Letitia, but she couldn't imagine a life now without the sex she'd got used to with some of Maisie's girlfriends and some of the women at the studio. She'd almost got used to being filmed making love to women on camera. She had learnt to blank out all thought of the prying eyes that were on her as

she gasped, groaned and grunted while a sex actress, a sex tourist or a writer indulged on set in their mutually shared passion.

Maisie's adoption of a dildo wasn't for show alone. There were many occasions when she'd use it: quite often on Emma and sometimes with the girls she'd make love to, but curiously the most frequent recipients were the boys. There was a cruel streak in Maisie's lovemaking as there was in Emma's, and hers was most revealed by the way she liked to fuck boys in the anus while gripping their erect penises and massaging them to full erection. She said she had claimed more boys' virginities than anyone else she knew, quite happy with the trace of blood on her dildo after eventually withdrawing it from the battered and torn and quite inappropriate entrances she had so gleefully violated. Despite Emma's lack of feeling towards men, she felt quite sorry for some of them, who may have been virgins in the more strict sense of the word, who had not anticipated quite such a violent initiation service and often felt horribly abused afterwards. They would lie naked on the bed, feeling around the entrances to their bum, wondering what permanent damage had been caused and feeling no doubt rather discomfited by the fact that Maisie's yells of ecstasy had focused rather more on Emma than on themselves.

Emma occasionally visited Josephine and Charlotte, and enjoyed more than she ever had before Charlotte's tenderness and devotion. She loved Charlotte's uncomplicated love, although she accepted now that she was very much secondary to Josephine. She even understood why Charlotte was so keen on marriage to Josephine, although she shared Susan's scepticism of the point of taking up marital status while neither she nor her fiancée showed any intention of leading the monogamous life-style

that was normally associated with such a state.

She was, however, disgusted at discovering that Charlotte, despite professing her lesbianism so vehemently, was having sex nearly every day with not just Josephine but a whole string of men with the express purpose of becoming pregnant.

“But you can’t possibly know who the father is!” she objected.

“So much the better!” Charlotte replied. “I don’t want any man laying claim on my baby. Or should I say our baby, as it will be the child of Josephine and me. Men aren’t going to figure in our parenthood. I just hope it’s a girl.”

“But don’t you care at all what the child might turn out to be like?”

“What matters is not the genetic parenthood but that the child belongs to both of us. I can’t wait to be pregnant. And as far as I’m concerned, if I’m pregnant then Josephine will be the father.”

“Just as you’ll be the father, if I’m ever pregnant,” remarked Josephine sweetly, but looking ever so slightly uncomfortable.

XXXII

Fatima didn't believe in starting any endeavour without doing some research first, so she found her way to the set of **Schoolboy Fuck Fun**, where Susan was currently being filmed, to have a few words with an experienced fuck film star. She spent a long time preparing herself: applying blood red lipstick and choosing clothes that showed as much stockinged leg as was physically possible and which showed all but the nipples of her perky full breasts. She had no wish to be recognised in this present attire by anyone she knew (particularly from either the Asian or Islamic community) and wore a pair of very dark sun-glasses to disguise herself. She watched with some interest as Susan and others were being fucked by the male stars or themselves did the fucking with the dildos provided; but she didn't choose to reveal herself to Susan until the filming finished and Susan was preparing to go home.

Susan was dressed as she mostly did these days: a pair of shorts and nothing else to obscure her essential androgyny, especially the flatness of her chest. She wore a six inch dildo around her buttocks which thrust out grotesquely through her open flies and a pair of flat shoes. She emerged from the changing room by herself, looking somehow small and insecure. Fatima strode towards her, smiling and greeted her by name.

“How do you know who I am?”

“My lover, Salim, told me all about you,” Fatima explained. “I'd like to have a chat with you, if that's alright.”

“Is it about Salim?”

“No, not at all! I want to chat about Amna. You know Amna, don’t you? You introduced her to the sex film industry.”

“Well, yes. I did.” Susan blurted out, with an attack of guilt. “But I didn’t know she was a virgin. And I didn’t know she was obsessed with me.”

“I don’t blame you for anything, Susan. I’ve come to you for advice.”

“Advice?”

“Yes. I’ve taken on the task of acting as Amna’s agent. I just want to find out more about the industry she’s working in. Would you like to join me for a meal?”

“I’ve got nothing else arranged. Where have you got in mind?”

“La Maison Déclassé,” Fatima suggested, mentioning a restaurant that was known to be both expensive and fashionable. Susan readily agreed and the two of them were soon sitting opposite each other ignoring the stares they were attracting from the other guests (particularly the male ones). Fatima kept on her dark glasses and smiled broadly at Susan after they’d ordered the first two courses.

“I just want advice. I really don’t know a great deal about your industry. I’ve sold washing machines. I’ve sold lipstick. And I’ve sold encyclopaedias. What I need to know from you is what Amna’s most valuable assets are and how to maximise their sales potential.”

Susan mused over this. “Her best asset is undoubtedly her breasts. She’s got a good pair of tits. All she needs is to improve them and promote them.”

“Would surgery be the best course?”

“Undoubtedly! I can give you the name of a few good surgeons. Perhaps a bit

of thigh enhancement. More pouty lips, maybe. She also needs to improve her physical technique. A bit of exercise, not only in making love but also to lose some of the fat around her stomach.”

Fatima pulled out a small notebook and jotted down some of what Susan was saying: “Breasts. Thighs. Lips. Waist. Technique. What about her hairiness?”

“That’s okay: although she ought to reduce some of it on her arms and arsehole. It’s expected that she be a bit hairy. And her colour’s a good asset too. Better to be too dark than too light.”

The conversation continued in this form over the wine, food and accordion; and Fatima gradually moved the conversation around to Susan. She felt quite gratified to realise that even fuck film stars had worries. She learnt about her passion for Charlotte, her loss of feeling for sex with men and the feeling she had that she had no real lover herself, “excluding Amna, of course,” she remarked as an aside.

It was inevitable that Fatima should be invited back to Susan’s flat, and the two wandered along the street: Fatima nearly blind in the evening light but continued wearing her dark glasses despite the dimness and Susan attracting attention from the unsubtlety of her protruding dildo. Fatima felt a certain degree of alarm when she recognised Amna’s brother staring at them, but was sure that he didn’t recognise her at all and was rather more distracted by Susan’s rather odd appearance.

The two of them went up to Susan’s flat and as the young girl opened the door Fatima was rather alarmed to hear the unmistakable sound of loud and passionate cries of lovemaking echoing about the flat.

“It’s only Charlotte and Josephine!” Susan explained, slightly opening the

door to the living room where Fatima could see two men and two women engaged in very obvious fucking. Two penises were deep inside Josephine's lower orifices while Charlotte's tongue engaged itself furiously on the long erect lengths of them. Susan sighed slightly and closed the door.

"Doesn't it bother you slightly?" Fatima wondered.

Susan turned about to look directly at Fatima's sympathetic face. She nodded shyly. "I just wish Charlotte would show more affection towards me."

Fatima put her arms around Susan's bare shoulders and pulled her little girl body close to her. Susan sighed again and applied her lips to Fatima's. The older woman hooked her thumbs around the top of Susan's shorts and eased them down while passionately licking Susan's teeth. She could sense Susan's professional skills as the small girl reciprocated by easing off her own clothes and directing her caresses where Fatima felt the greatest need. She could also sense Susan's desperation for affection and some of the girl's loneliness. She took command of the situation.

"Shall we have some wine and a chat first?" she suggested, producing a bottle from the bag she carried with her. "Then we can make love until morning."

"You'd like that?" Susan asked with some trepidation.

"Very much so!" said Fatima unfastening Susan's dildo and stroking her hand over the stubble of Susan's vulva. "Very much so!"

Susan's advice was not ignored, despite Anna's initial complaints. However, the first thing Anna was aware of, as she gradually regained consciousness after the operation, was a sharp pain beneath her breasts and a duller one below her shoulders. The second thing, as she opened her eyes, was the sight of her aunt and Fatima kissing

each other passionately while they stood at the end of the hospital bed in which she lay. She leaned forward, but in doing so she felt the pain around her breasts more sharply and a most unusual dull sensation around nipples that felt strangely stretched. She groaned slightly and let her body collapse back onto the bed, attracting Aunt Salim and her lover's attention as she did so.

"She's waking up!" exclaimed Aunt Salim, guiltily pushing Fatima off her and rushing over to Amna's side wearing a long dark dress and with her hair gathered under a silk scarf. "How are you, Amna, dearest? How do you feel after the operation?"

"Operation?" wondered Amna, gradually recalling the circumstances which led to her being in the hospital bed. Her eyes scanned the brilliant white walls, the utilitarian metal furniture, the pushed-back screen and Fatima, dressed far more modestly than she was accustomed to seeing her. Except for the dark redness of her lipstick, and the blueness around her eyes, she was dressed much the same as her aunt: not a trace of hair free of her scarf and nothing but her hands and face otherwise visible under her green satin jelaba. "What operation?"

"The one for your breasts!" Fatima reminded her taking her hand in her own and squeezing it firmly. "Don't you remember?"

"Breasts?" asked Amna pulling up her arms and touching them with her dark fingers. She was naked except for a pair of white knickers and could feel the unfamiliar bulk of her breasts and enlarged nipples. "I had them enhanced, didn't I? That's right, isn't it?"

"It most certainly is!" exclaimed Fatima gently easing the cotton sheet down to

Amna's waist so that she could see them more clearly. "The surgeon's certainly done a good job on them. They look much better."

Aunt Salim gasped. "They're enormous! And unnatural! Are you sure we've done the right thing, Fatty?"

"Of course we have," Fatima reassured her. "Don't you think, Amna? You've now got a beautiful pair of forty eight double D cup, darling. Your breasts will be the envy of everyone!"

Amna self-consciously explored the contours and the strange weight of them. Her aunt was right. They were enormous! And they felt so hard and firm! She sat up slowly and felt them slowly drop as she became less horizontal. "What do they look like? I don't look like a freak do I?"

"Not at all!" Fatima reassured her. "What do you think, Sally?"

Aunt Salim seemed less certain, but she nodded passively. "They make you look very ... nice."

Amna cupped her hands underneath them and supported their great weight. "I'm not a freak, am I?" she repeated. "Is there a mirror I can look in?"

Aunt Salim opened her handbag and looked inside, while the more resourceful Fatima stood up and unhooked a mirror from the wall and brought it over to the bed. She rested it on the bed sheets in front of Amna so she could gaze at the whole of her torso. Her breasts were monstrous! Not the biggest she'd seen on the set, but amongst the largest. They were very round. Very firm. And much bigger than she'd imagined they'd be. She placed her hands under them and jiggled them up and down.

"I'm not sure. Are they really mine? Can I change them back?"

“Don’t be silly!” laughed Fatima, leaning over and licking her nipples. “They’re beautiful! You’ll never want to change back. They’re you! Just as much as your beautiful eyes. Your sexy mouth. And your welcoming vagina.”

“I hope you’re right!” reflected Amna, aware now that unlike having a haircut or a manicure this was one change of her appearance she couldn’t easily reverse.

She left the hospital later that day, wearing a rather large shirt over her top and a pair of jeans. As she was led to the taxi by her aunt and her agent, she felt terribly self-conscious as people stared at her, perhaps wondering whether she was pregnant. She felt a desperate need to feel her breasts, to reassure herself that she was all right, to feel once again the curious new contours of her body, but restrained herself until she arrived home.

Fatima lay in bed with her for the rest of the day, masturbating her gently and massaging her breasts. Amna knew that at least one person loved her new appearance, but felt rather disturbed that her aunt was so shy of looking at her. In fact, she seemed to direct her gaze anywhere but at her breasts, and relegated herself to preparing food in the kitchen and tidying up the house. Fatima was much more enthusiastic.

“This will mark the start of a much more prosperous film career!” she exclaimed with delight, nibbling softly at Amna’s now almost permanently erect nipples. “We’ll be able to double your rate to match the doubling of your breasts!” She stroked a finger over Amna’s mouth. “Then we’ll do the lips. Then the thighs. And perhaps there’s something we can do to enhance your beautiful buttocks.”

Although Amna was aware that these enhancements would improve her market value, she found her new breasts rather an inconvenience. Initially at least, it

was very difficult for her to even leave the house. Partly this was to do with her continued self-consciousness about her enhanced figure. Everyone stared at her. Their eyes were focused only on her breasts and hardly at all on the rest of her. Heads turned as she walked along the street. People stopped short in their tracks as they walked towards her, and stared long and hard at the magnificent wealth of breast that was barely hidden at all under her shirt.

The other reason was more practical. Not many clothes were made for women with her new enhanced figure - or at least those that did enclose her breasts were far from flattering. They either made her look pregnant or several generations older than she was. There were no dresses that looked even remotely attractive, and her breasts swelled out the contours of any blouse or tee-shirt. Fatima worked hard however to correct this. "You can't go to a film shoot not looking sexy, dearest," she said, while specifying details of dimensions to clothes manufacturers over the video-phone. "We've got to get you some brassieres and tops which show your breasts to their best advantage."

Soon enough, Fatima's endeavours supplied Amna with a choice of tops that made no effort whatsoever to disguise the enormity of her breasts: pushing them up, maximising the cleavage and ensured they pointed ahead. They were also quite uncomfortable and Amna felt relieved when she could return home and pull off her top and lie around the house naked. Fatima clearly enjoyed this, and her lovemaking with Amna had become much more passionate whereas Aunt Salim became a rather more infrequent lover. Fatima relished every contour and every detail of her breasts, and chortled with delight as Amna described the difficulties her fresh assets had

caused her.

“You wait,” she said, her head squeezed between Amna’s legs. “You’ll soon see how much your breasts will enhance your career. I almost wish I had a pair like yours myself.”

Amna restrained herself from asking Fatima why then it was she and not Fatima who had the burden of carrying them around with her.

Fatima’s sex life had meanwhile become very complicated, she reflected, her lips sealed to Josephine’s mouth and a penis deep inside her anus. Susan’s lips flicked between Josephine’s and Fatima’s cunt, while the man fucking her was also delving his tongue inside Josephine’s vagina. From the adjacent bedroom came cries of passion from Charlotte who was being fucked by a tall dark-skinned man with a hooked nose and a pair of athletic buttocks which thrust and thrust again into the deepest recesses of Charlotte’s cunt, her legs high up and clutched around his waist. Fatima had got rather used to the easy promise of sex available at Susan’s flat and enjoyed the attention of the men who had come with the promise of sex with the affianced couple. She had always rather preferred a good fuck with a man to the more leisurely and rather more prolonged lovemaking she had become accustomed to with women. It hadn’t taken her long to inveigle herself into the lovemaking routines at Susan’s flat and rather enjoyed her new status as Susan’s lover: one that the small oriental seemed to prefer for Fatima’s very lack of wanting to commit herself wholeheartedly to it.

“It’s so much better when there’s no jealousy involved,” Susan would say as the two shared the ends of a double-headed dildo. “Aisha always wanted more from

me than I could possibly offer. How can a sex actress ever be serious about a relationship?”

How indeed? mused Fatima running her tongue around the rearmost of Susan’s molars and tasting yet again the sweetness of her spittle (so much nicer than the taste of nicotine that stuck to Amna’s palate). She particularly enjoyed making love to Josephine whose affection for Charlotte was quite unfeigned, though she showed rather more eagerness than her fiancée for making love to their Muslim guest.

Amna was Fatima’s protégée, however, and Fatima felt a powerful obligation towards her. Particularly with regard to improving her technique. It was not enough, she believed, simply to enrol the young girl in sex education classes where the girl was learning how to fellate, masturbate and fake orgasms convincingly. She needed much more personal tuition despite the fact that her agent always found it rather less than completely satisfying. Amna had not yet learnt to really enjoy sex. She was always somewhat distant from the intimate activity centred on her cunt or breasts. The latter still caused her anxiety (particularly with regard to what her family might think of them) and much of Fatima’s lovemaking concentrated on trying to persuade her that her newly enlarged breasts made her much more sexy and attractive. Privately, Fatima wondered herself on the wisdom of the operation. Amna was so self-conscious about them that rather than parade them to her best advantage, she went out of her way to obscure them; although she was happy not to wear any clothes around the house.

“And your lips. They could be oh! even more kissable with some enhancement!” she tried to persuade Amna who was not inclined to disagree with her

agent's advice. "And those buttocks! They could be so much more firm and delightful with such little effort!"

Amna nodded, as she obediently bobbed up and down on the dildo strapped around Fatima's waist which thrust so deep inside her but stirred nothing more than the most vapid of responses. Fatima would chew Amna's clitoris, thrust two fingers deep inside her anus while fucking her from the front, nibble her newly enlarged nipples, and push vegetables inside an orifice while busily stimulating her vagina with a tongue. Amna dutifully gasped and groaned, but Fatima could detect the insincerity. She just hoped that all the expensive lessons and her own time-consuming personal tuition would eventually bring the young girl to more genuine orgasms, and that at the very least they would be satisfactory for the career she was planning for her.

She persuaded Amna to take regular and relatively vigorous exercise to trim her waist, build up the muscles of her thighs and enable her to perform more enthusiastically for longer on the sets of films. She supplied her with an exercise bicycle and some weights, and supervised her ward as she went through the regulation exercises, monitoring her progress with a stopwatch and a tape measure. She made no effort to discourage Amna from smoking although she personally abhorred the habit. She was aware that this depressed the girl's appetite and would hopefully wean her off the fatty and unhealthy food that she was still too inordinately fond of.

It was a strain on Fatima to continue her coaching of Amna. The age difference and outlook was undeniable. She really had no fondness for the loud electronic pop music that Amna listened to and got rapidly bored with the limited range of the girl's conversation on pop music, films and fashion. She also hid from

Amna as much as possible all evidence of her own relationship with Susan, whom the young girl still idolised. It afforded Fatima some pleasure to sit and watch videos of Susan in the various fuck films Amna rented from the video library. She was able to compare Susan the fuck actress with the Susan she knew so very much more intimately. There was no doubting that Susan was a consummate star and showed off her assets (or lack of them) to very good advantage. Her ambition was for Amna to use her own assets (particularly her recently enhanced ones) to very much the same effect, but was often discouraged by Amna's lack of genuine taste for the profession she had chosen. Fatima unashamedly used Amna's idol as an object of emulation and hinted again and again that one of the rewards of a successful career in sex films could very well be the opportunity to make love to Susan. Hints which Fatima also believed she would do nothing herself to facilitate, and doubted anyway that Amna was truly to Susan's taste. Her oriental lover preferred more mature and certainly more passionate lovers than poor young Amna.

She spent most nights in bed with Salim whom she still thought of more as her best friend than as her lover. She knew that Salim rued the loss of the exclusiveness of her relationship with Amna and was more than a little uncomfortable with the idea of the three of them sharing mutual sexual experiences; although it was relatively rarely that Amna and Salim made love together with Fatima. Salim was quite passionately in love with Fatima and very fond of Amna, but aware that her friend for so many years had somehow changed the pattern of her sex life to her disadvantage.

Fatima was undoubtedly fond of Salim, but she found the lovemaking rather uninspiring, especially when compared to the passion and ecstasy she found at

Susan's flat. Salim was more tender and more contemplative in her lovemaking, unhappy with using anything other than fingers to penetrate her vagina and happiest with sensual rather than more physical activities. Fatima sometimes had to politely request that Salim cease her constant licking of her cunt, which she had started shaving following Susan's example, so that she could roll over and go to sleep. She felt embarrassed by Salim's frequent assertions of love, which she felt obliged to reciprocate only because she felt responsible for having seduced her friend's affection. However much Fatima enjoyed Salim's company as a friend, she felt that Salim lacked something quite critical when it came to sex. After having been spoiled by the sexual abandon of the oriental girl who was the real lover in her life, Salim's own approaches seemed so gauche and clumsy.

“Are you really so tired?” pleaded Salim, sitting up in the bed and smiling unhappily.

Fatima nodded silently and firmly, covering her breasts with the silk sheets.

“Let's get some sleep, Sally dear.”

XXXIII

“I’m pregnant!” shouted Charlotte joyfully, running into the flat pulling off her overcoat as she did so and revealing her naked body underneath. “Josephine! It’s official. I’m pregnant. And you’re the father.”

Josephine had only just relieved herself of the weight of her own clothes while persuading young Robert, (the man she’d invited back for the two of them) to drop his trousers and reveal the erect penis she was about to exercise with her lips and tongue. She let the purple mass of the glans fall out of her mouth and jumped up to greet her lover. She put her arms around Charlotte’s shoulders and pulled her close to her while showering her face with kisses.

“That’s wonderful news!” she exclaimed showing her joy in her lover’s delight. “Absolutely wonderful! But I can’t possibly be considered the father...”

“Who else can? And in my eyes only you can be considered the real father. I shall be the mother and what else can you be?” Charlotte noticed Robert sitting sheepishly on the edge of the bed, his penis fully erect and still moist with the traces of Josephine’s saliva. “Oh hello, there. I’m pregnant. At last! All our hard work rewarded! The doctor said there was no doubt about it. We’re going to be parents. You and I, Josephine. Parents! We must get married soon.”

“We must! We must!” agreed Josephine, who despite her delight was more than a little concerned about what to do with Robert whose services seemed pretty well redundant now.

“Is Susan in? I must tell her the good news. She must know as well.”

Susan wasn't in, although she arrived a few hours later with Fatima. Josephine was pleased to see that despite the ostensible reason for inviting Robert around (to assist in getting Charlotte pregnant) was no longer terribly relevant, Charlotte was so overwhelmed with happiness that it wasn't at all long until the three of them were indulging in as frantic and as single-minded a love session as ever before. Robert was clearly more than a little put out by the manipulative fashion in which he was used by the two lovers, but Charlotte still enjoyed his thrusts into her well-oiled vagina while she delved her tongue deep into Josephine's mouth. He did not appreciate at all the way he was pushed to one side when Susan appeared, wearing just a dildo and a single-breasted jacket, with Fatima wearing nothing but her black silk stockings and stilettos.

“It's happened at last!” Charlotte announced to Susan who was still consumed in envy at Josephine's much stronger grip on Charlotte's affections. “I'm going to be a mother. And Josephine's the father!”

Fatima and Susan joined in the celebrations and took turns at being fucked by Robert who, however tired he was getting, was stimulated into life by the expert tongues and fingers of the four very voracious women: sometimes penetrating Fatima, sometimes Susan and most often of all Charlotte to whom the other three women always deferred. She had somehow gained a primacy of attention, and Josephine knew this wasn't merely to do with her being pregnant. For the only woman in the company who ever professed to be a lesbian she was also strangely enough the one who got the most unfeigned pleasure from being fucked by a man. As long as she was also having

love made to her at the same time by a woman it didn't shake her professed preference for lesbian sex. It wasn't too long until Josephine was huddled into a trio of lovemaking with Susan and Fatima, while Charlotte rocked backwards and forwards under the constant, almost mechanical, thrusts provided by Robert, her legs high in the air, her hands gripping the edges of the bed and sweat running down her brow, over her shoulders and dripping steadily onto the sheets. All the while she observed Fatima's eyes roaming enviously towards the heterosexual lovemaking, her tongue deep in the rich smells of Susan's vagina and her anus being deeply penetrated by Josephine's fingers.

The news of Charlotte's pregnancy had to be spread. As soon as the lovemaking was over and Charlotte had recovered sufficiently from her spent passions, she was on the telephone to her parents whom Josephine gauged were not quite as overwhelmed with joy as Charlotte would have liked at their daughter carrying the child of one of an uncountable selection of men. "It doesn't matter who donated the sperm," Charlotte was explaining, her happiness slightly compromised, "the real father is Josephine." Her lover was touched by Charlotte's unswerving loyalty to her, although she had more than a little sympathy for the parents' lack of enthusiasm, particularly as she reflected on the decided coolness of her own parents towards even the notion of marriage to a woman. The unalterable fact was that there was no very easy way of tracking down the real father, except by genetic sampling. And that only if the man could be ever located: itself not especially easy in the world of sex actors.

The next to be informed was Emma, who was at home, although quite clearly

Maisie wasn't. In the few words Josephine had with Emma it was clear that although the woman whom Charlotte believed still deserved that proportion of the affection not reserved for Josephine herself was not so much overwhelmed by happiness with what Charlotte considered as good news as somewhat upset and bitter by the absence from home, on rather more nights than not, of her own lover. Emma was at least supportive of her best friend, promising to come round almost immediately: a promise that no one doubted she would fulfil.

Emma was soon at the flat, sniffed disdainfully at Robert who was lying asleep on her old bed and greeted Fatima with a distinct lack of affection. But for Charlotte and Josephine she soon submerged her own feelings of bitterness, and the three women were soon embracing each other on the other bed. Both Josephine and Emma huddled around Charlotte's stomach and vagina, which was rather more notable for the smell of semen and vaginal juice than for any visible traces of pregnancy, although Josephine fancied that, through the taut muscles of Charlotte's stomach, she could feel a swelling she'd not noticed before. Susan and Fatima looked on from a distance: the oriental girl's face seeming rather tragically sad and her dildo quite ridiculous projecting from between her slim thighs; and her lover rather embarrassed and uncomfortable.

However, why should Josephine care? She smiled at Emma, whose face was inches from her own as Charlotte sighed in quiet ecstasy while her two lovers lazily engaged their attention around her lower regions. She looked up at the woman who had announced her paternity and felt overwhelmed by the strength of the passion and love that was projected. She felt thoroughly unworthy of such devotion, particularly as

she was still hiding her own infertility and therefore inequality in the two lovers' baby-making endeavours. A powerful wave of emotion rippled over her as she reflected on the commitment Charlotte had expressed to her: a commitment which went as far as was humanly possible in a homosexual relationship. A commitment which would soon as much encompass parenthood and marriage as any heterosexual relationship, and one in which she was so much more the equal partner than could otherwise be possible. She kissed Emma tenderly on the lips, and then pulled herself level with Charlotte's face. With unprompted and unfeigned tears coursing down her cheeks she nuzzled her face against Charlotte's and kissed her beautiful lips, eyes and cheeks again and again and again.

Life at the flat had certainly changed since the early days when Charlotte had shared the flat with only Emma and Harriet. Almost as soon as Harriett returned back from her extended tour filming **Sex Abroad** she made preparations to move into Isabel's flat and out of the flat for which she'd been paying the rent *in absentia* for so long: a rent the amount of which varied quite astonishingly as bewilderingly different numbers of women took residence there. She came back one evening to see how things were, and was a little astonished to find Charlotte and Josephine together making love in the living room, while in Emma's old room she found Susan and Fatima engaged in post-coital caresses with dribbles of viscous liquid still lubricating the dildo strapped semi-permanently around Susan's waist. Susan leaped up and kissed Harriett passionately on the mouth.

"I thought you were never coming back!" she exclaimed, admiring Harriett's trim body so brown after exposure to the tropical sun but as always restrained in a pair

of shorts and a singlet. “And this must be Isabel, who you’ve told us so much about in your letters!”

She gestured towards Isabel, who was standing, topless as always in a sun hat and a long floral skirt down to her sandaled ankles, and tanned a golden brown herself. Her large firm breasts stood out in their full magnificence and even Fatima, so accustomed to Amna’s own surgically enhanced breasts, found them rather a revelation. Isabel smiled at the slim oriental girl with the outsize dildo standing out incongruously from her middle. “Pleased to meet you,” she said. “You must be Emma.”

“No, Emma doesn’t live here any more,” Harriett remarked. “This is Susan. And I don’t know who her friend is?”

“Fatima!” announced the other woman standing up with skin browner than Harriett’s but not from any exposure to the sun. In fact she had never exposed any of her flesh to the sun, reserving her nudity for indoor sport. Even then she was rarely wholly naked, for she would wear, as she was wearing now, black stockings and rarely kicked off her stilettos. She stood up and extended a hand to Harriett. “I’m delighted to meet you!”

She kissed Harriett tenderly on the lips, and then turned round to face Isabel. “And you must be Harriett’s director?”

“I would hope that’s not all I am!” Isabel announced, examining Fatima’s slim stockinged figure and the dribble of orgasmic juice that was visibly staining the seams of the stockings.

“I’ve looked forward to meeting you for so long!” Fatima continued,

approaching Isabel and kissing her on the lips just as she'd just kissed Harriett. "And not merely because I've heard about you from Susan. I've long been an admirer of your work."

"You have?" asked Isabel, at once both flattered and wary.

Harriett addressed Susan. "How is the happy mother to be? How does Charlotte feel about being pregnant?"

"Why not let's ask her?" she declared, bouncing to her feet and pulling a short tee-shirt over her head. Harriett followed Susan as she wandered into the adjoining room. "I would say that she seems more delighted than I ever believed possible. You wouldn't believe how many people have participated in her endeavours to get pregnant!"

Harriett fancied that she could detect a trace of bitter jealousy in Susan's voice, but she dismissed it from her mind as she joined Susan with Charlotte and Josephine who were engaged in mutual oral sex. Charlotte's face was buried in Josephine's cunt, while Harriett could see Josephine's eyes above her tongue which was rubbing itself raw on her lover's pudenda. Josephine glanced up as Harriett and Susan entered, and saw them.

"Oh! Look. Charlotte. Look who it is!" exclaimed Josephine.

Charlotte, with all too apparent reluctance, removed her face from Josephine's cunt and looked over her buttocks to see who it might be. Seeing Harriett, she gasped in delight, and the couple disengaged themselves from each other and stood naked in front of their flatmate, sweat sliding down their chests and onto their thighs. Charlotte pulled Harriett to her breast, hugged her tightly and showered her face with kisses.

“I’m pregnant!” she announced. “I’m going to have a baby. And Josephine’s the father!”

“Josephine?” wondered Harriett in genuine disbelief, looking at the supposed father’s crotch to assess by what means she’d attained this apparent status.

Josephine smiled indulgently. “Not the father in the biological sense!” she explained. “Someone else (and we’ve no idea who!) has that particular distinction. But Charlotte says that as I participated in the conception then I have as much right to be considered the father as anyone else.”

Harriett was genuinely puzzled by these assertions of paternity, but she dismissed them in her mind as being symptomatic of Charlotte’s curiously obsessive personality. However, she was genuinely pleased that Charlotte had found a woman so willingly indulgent to her whims, and that the couple were so very much in love.

“Have you brought Isabel?” asked Josephine. “We were so happy for you when you said in your letters that you and she had declared your love for each other. Had you been lovers a long time before?”

Harriett nodded. “Yes,” she admitted. “For a long time, we denied our feelings. I’d never really thought I could ever be truly satisfied by a woman and Isabel had always believed that her sexual feelings for women were reserved for the camera. But then we realised that we were really and truly in love. It’s been like a revelation for me. I never believed I could ever really love someone as much as I love Isabel, even though she’s nearly ten years older than me!”

“Can we meet the lucky lady?” asked Charlotte. “She is here, isn’t she?”

Harriett nodded, and escorted the three flatmates to the other bedroom where

she was chatting amiably with Fatima, and felt that horrid pang of jealousy that she'd always believed was alien to her and had become so much more frequent recently. Whenever she'd watched Isabel making love with other people, especially when not on the film set, she asked herself how genuine her passion was and whether it matched that which she expressed privately. She would look at disgust at the dribbles of semen down Isabel's legs or on her breasts after she'd made love to one of her all too many male admirers. She even began to acknowledge that the sex she performed so frequently for professional reasons might perhaps be compromising her love for Isabel, however much she told herself that it was not the same kind of passion at all.

"So, if I introduce you to Amna, you will at least consider her," Fatima was saying to Isabel. "I assure you it won't be wasted time. She's performed in quite a few films now. **Paki Fuckers. Oriental Bust Out. Asian Deep Cunt.** And it's not just her breasts that are enhanced. Her lips are nice and full. Her buttocks are really voluptuous and bouncy. And she's keeping herself truly trim."

"I promise you I will," smiled Isabel. "But what I said is still true. As a policy I prefer not to deal with agents. I prefer to make my own decisions." She looked up at Harriett and the other girls. "Well, you never told me that so many people in this flat were performers in the sex industry. Not only yourself, Susan, Emma and Josephine, as you told me about, but Fatima here's an agent! I almost feel like I've not left the film set at all!" She wandered over to Harriett and pressing her enormous breasts against her chest, she leaned over as far as she could to kiss her on the mouth. "Don't look so sad, dearest!" she remarked, clearly detecting Harriett's discomfort. "Introduce me to your friends. Which one's Charlotte: the bearer of such good news!"

XXXIV

Salim wasn't at all sure she liked all the changes that her lover had dictated on her niece. First, the breasts, now so unnaturally firm and hard; resisting all attempts of gravity to lower their profile. Then the lips now in such a firm unchanging pout which made her seem as if she was constantly ready for sex, but also somehow moody and sullen when she wasn't smiling, which was really most of the time. Next were the hips and upper thighs which, together with Amna's newly trimmed waist, gave her a much more pronounced figure, so different from the slightly pudgy girl she'd originally fallen in love with. Now Fatima had dictated that Amna should remove all trace of pubic and anal hair (quite a feat in itself) achieved with waxing and depilatory cream. As Salim's tongue roved over the smooth flatness of her niece's vulva, she found it hard to reconcile it with the lush growth of dark hair that once flourished there. She found it difficult to believe that this was the same vulva, the long hairy strands of which used to entangle in between her teeth.

Fatima preferred this appearance. It matched her own pubic smoothness, which Fatima also found somewhat new and disturbing. Why shed such a natural and really rather friendly and reassuring growth? She especially didn't like the sexual exercises which she insisted the young girl needed to further her career. Wasn't her own lovemaking with Amna sufficient? And even that Fatima did so much more roughly with the tools she had at her disposal. Was it necessary for Fatima to pretend to be a man: thrusting a dildo deeper inside Amna than all but the most well endowed

man ever could? Salim was not at all enthusiastic about using such aids, and time and time again reproved Fatima when she surreptitiously tried to include them in their own sex life. Salim could live without them. Why couldn't Fatima?

Salim was even less pleased the first time Fatima invited a man to her house to practice practical sex with her niece. Did it have to be brought so vulgarly to her attention? She felt restricted in her own home, forced to preserve her modesty under a scarf and a flowing ankle-length dress: only her hands and some of her face at all visible. Men were not welcome company as far as Salim was concerned. The silk underwear remained hidden out of sight, even though Amna remained naked in her newly constructed body; so accustomed now to her habitual nudity that she almost had to be reminded to put clothes on when she ventured out of the house. Amna felt less comfortable in clothes than before. The new contours of her body were not designed to be hidden. Jeans squeezed uncomfortably tight over her broader hips and tee shirts were pushed upwards by the steady pressure of her breasts.

Salim was more disturbed to see Fatima, the woman she loved to distraction, make no attempt to present an appearance of even secular modesty in front of Robert. She wore nothing but her most lacy and slight underwear, and of course the black silk stockings and stilettos she so rarely removed. Salim blushed as the details of her nipple appeared so obviously in the outline of the brassiere and was aware that had Fatima not shaved her pubic region so smoothly it would almost all have been revealed on the fringes of her red laced panties. However, Fatima not only insisted on dressing so immodestly, but also that Salim should hide her natural modesty to the extent of watching her niece and this man fucking together on Amna's bed; the

detritus of teen magazines, videos and compact discs cleared unceremoniously out of the way.

Somehow, watching Amna's cunt being penetrated so close and so physically was even less pleasant than watching it on video, as Salim had to do rather more often than she could care to remember. Fatima occasionally gave advice to Robert and Amna as to what they should do and how to do it, keeping her mind on the photogenic aspects of the physical act, ensuring that the thrusting penis and recipient cunt were on display at all times. Amna's large breasts swung up and down, back and forth with the stiff unrippling rhythm that the silicone dictated. Finally, after how long Salim didn't know and after the penis had thrust its way deep inside Amna's anus as well, Robert pulled out his erect and throbbing penis and with the assistance of Amna's tongue released spurt after spurt of semen onto Amna's face and chest. A long trail of viscous liquid dribbled down the side of Amna's nose, lightly luminescent against the darkness of her skin, and trailed several centimetres down below her chin. On Fatima's urgent prompting she pretended to enjoy it, smiling in apparent ecstasy and moaning in a way that sounded so utterly false to Salim's ears. Surely, the fact that Amna did this sort of thing on celluloid and acetate was enough.

But clearly not, as far as Fatima was concerned, who persuaded Salim to join her in applauding the success of Amna's lovemaking. "Bravo!" exclaimed Fatima clapping her hands. "Much better! One day you may even start enjoying it!"

Amna smiled foolishly as she wiped off the semen that wasn't already beyond recall from her face and chest, and crawled over the bed towards Fatima in the obvious hope that Fatima would complement the lovemaking with her own affection.

To Salim's horror, it seemed that Fatima would at first, and in the presence of this strange man, as she removed her knickers and allowed them to drop to her feet. Salim's horror deepened, however, as it became obvious that the object of her sexual advances was not to be Amna, who appeared relatively nonchalant at the fact, but Robert.

Fatima crawled onto the bed, past Amna, and over to Robert's now limp penis which she nevertheless began coaxing into a new life with her lips and tongue. Salim covered her face with shame, but watched nonetheless, as Fatima took the growing penis into her mouth, while running her fingers up and down its length, pumping it into renewed vigour with each rhythmic caress, and its purple glans swelled to very much the size of Fatima's open mouth. Fatima smiled lasciviously at Salim while exercising Robert's member.

It was not at all long until that long penis was once again ensconced inside a cunt, but this time Fatima's, with Amna participating on Fatima's prompting by licking Fatima's clitoris or nipples. Although Salim rarely if ever saw things from a male perspective, she could see that Robert was in a very fortunate position in having two beautiful female bodies, the only ones that Salim had ever loved and who she would always love to distraction, wrapped around him and ensuring that his penis would not easily remain limp for very long. It particularly disturbed her that Fatima showed rather more true and honest pleasure in the lovemaking than Amna ever had. Her cries of passion were unfeigned, guttural and frequent.

Salim could only take so much of this. Despite her normal desire to please Fatima's every whim, she raised herself to her feet and was about to stride out of the

bedroom to where she could more easily forget all that was going on under her roof. However, this immediately prompted Fatima, now wearing only her black stockings, her slim breasts hardly moving at all despite the rapid bobbing up and down of her body, to break loose of the lovemaking and run over to Salim and grasp her by the hand. Salim's face was flushed and there was a slight urgency in her expression.

“Don't leave, Sally! Stay. It's your turn next!”

“My turn?” gasped Salim in sheer terror. “No. I don't know what you mean!”

Fatima pulled up Salim's dress with a sudden abrupt gesture to reveal her knickers and stockings. “Don't be so hasty! You can enjoy Robert as well!” A hand ran up the top of Salim's thigh and caressed her groin around the knickers.

Salim hesitated. Fatima had after all enjoyed making love to him. And she had felt rather left out of the proceedings. Perhaps in the company of the two women she loved, the only two lovers she had ever had, she could lose her virginity with regards to heterosexual love. It was, after all, a critical part of her that even into her thirties she had not yet expressed. She looked at Robert who was spread naked across the bed, his erect penis grasped by Amna's dark hand. She thought back to the only part of him that had at all interested her in the lovemaking, and that only because of where it was penetrated. She mused on the length of engorged flesh, with its purple end and its hairy base. She could never have that enter inside her!

Salim shook her head shyly, kissed Fatima tenderly on the lips and continued on her way to the living room to read a book or watch television. There were some experiences in life, she decided, which were really not worth experiencing. Ever.

Fatima's efforts in promoting Amna's career pursued every possible avenue.

She agreed to meet Isabel, who, on the appointed day, was sat in her office in the television station's main building. She was skimming through the pages of the professional sex media magazine she received free each week, contemplating the advertisements from the countless agencies who offered their sex starlets for the services of film, video, television or interactive software. Some of the advertisements were particularly lurid, but she had learnt to mistrust these when she was recruiting. The sexual adventurousness of the starlets was not really an indication of the quality of their performance, except in particular fringe aspects of the industry. She always professed a professional and competent approach to recruitment. She eased her large breasts down as she raised her wrist to glance at her watch. She was expecting to see Fatima and her candidate, Amna, in a few moments for an audition for a television series that Isabel was producing concerning Asian sexual practices. It was tentatively called **Brown Cunts and Slit Eyes**, but was likely to be modified to just **Brown Cunts and Slits** in deference to the all too vocal sensitivity of the Asian minority.

Fatima and Amna were dressed quite appropriately for their rôles when they arrived. Fatima wore a green business suit with a short skirt that very nearly revealed the suspenders of her black silk stockings. Amna was totally naked except for a pair of stilettos on which she tottered in obvious unease and a heavy pasting of make-up. Isabel sat back in her chair and nodded approvingly as Amna twirled round on her heels revealing all she had to offer.

The breasts were good, Isabel decided. There were never too many girls in the industry willing to enhance their appearance for the tit market. A good pair of breasts was always a good sales point, as she had found out herself in her days as a sex

actress, and did wonders for a girl's career. True, Amna hadn't committed herself to the same extent as Isabel had when she'd surrendered herself to scalpel and silicone, but she really had no need to, seeing as her native assets as an Asian were relatively distinctive in themselves. Her lips were good as well. They made her look perpetually sexy, if a bit sullen. But then sullenness always attracted that proportion of the target audience who didn't like the idea of the girls enjoying their lovemaking too much.

"The buttocks and thighs have been enhanced too!" remarked Fatima with pride, patting Amna on the bottom. "And she takes frequent exercise to keep her waist trim!"

"What about the crotch?" wondered Isabel. "Is she normally so hairless?"

"Not at all. Without depilatory creams and daily attention, she'd be so hairy you wouldn't believe! Amna's naturally hirsute to a prejudicial degree."

"Is that so? Some of the audience like that."

"I've done my research, Isabel sweetest," said Fatima daring a little more familiarity than she might normally do with a potential customer. "Hairiness is a turn off for the younger end of the market. Most successful teen stars keep their crotch at worst trim and spare."

Isabel nodded. That was certainly true. A lot of the potential target preferred the illusion that the girls were several years younger than they actually were, even when they were pretty young to start off with.

"Well, she's certainly good to look at," Isabel announced. "But what's she like when it comes to action?"

"Have you watched the videos I sent you?"

“The videos? Well, I had a brief look. I wasn’t too sure, to be honest. She’s not a natural, is she? It doesn’t come from the heart. Or do you think otherwise?”

A flash of concern passed over Fatima’s face, as if the issue which most worried her had been raised. She smiled broadly, however. “Amna’s a young girl. She’s growing in confidence and ability all the time. She has plenty of expert tuition from me and true professionals. She’s able to convince even the most sceptical that she’s having a good time when ...”

“You don’t mind, - do you? - if I put your claim to the test. Appearance is very important. I’d say it was the most important feature of a good sex actress. But she has to perform as well. I’ve persuaded one of my male sex actors to give her a trial. Is it alright if I ask him in?”

Fatima had expected this. Much of her work and preparation over the last few weeks had been for this very moment. She knew that once a sex actress is accepted then the odd, or even frequent, lapse in performance is tolerated if her charisma as a star or a looker compensated for it. She had spent a lot of time persuading Amna to relax and to overcompensate for her genuine lack of interest in heterosexual love. Fatima nodded. “I’m sure Amna’s up to the task!” she announced, squeezing her shoulder with a comforting hand.

Isabel nodded. “I’m sure she is.” She picked up her phone and spoke to her secretary: “Ask Boris to come in.”

Boris was a tall, quite athletic man whose long hair was tied into a ponytail and had several tattoos on his arms and torso. He pushed a confident hand through his hair, letting his earrings dangle in the slight breeze caused by this action. On Isabel’s

nodding, he removed his clothes to reveal a limp penis and a trim figure.

Isabel leaned forward over her desks, her hands cupped beneath the overhang of her enormous breasts. “Amna. If you could please join Boris on the couch over there in the corner and we’ll assess your performance. Don’t be too worried. I don’t expect you to be at your best during an interview: I know only too well the effect nerves can have. Just go ahead and enjoy yourself.”

Fatima knew that passion and love were not what Amna associated with making love to a man. To a certain extent it was almost better for her to view the exercise of fucking as a job rather than a pleasure. She watched with pride as Amna went through the motions she had painstakingly practised for so many weeks. First the fellatio and hand work: building up a firm and stiff foundation for later intercourse. She watched with relief as Boris’s penis gradually swelled to its full nine or ten inches in length. It was soon firm and ready for action. Amna expectantly looked up to Fatima for advice at that point, and Fatima scratched her ear absently as they’d prearranged as a signal to say that she’d judged Boris to be ready to penetrate.

It was at that stage that Amna positioned herself on top of Boris, his face behind her, allowing herself to be fucked again and again while facing Isabel and putting on the repertoire of expressions that she and Fatima had practised for so long. Isabel was not so easily deceived. She had worked too many years in the industry for that: both as an actress and as a director. Now, as a producer, she could see that most, if not all, of Amna’s apparent sexual satisfaction was feigned. There was really no flush of pleasure on the girl’s face and the only sweat generated was from exertion rather than ecstasy. But Isabel also knew that what mattered was not how the physical

act felt to the actress but how it was viewed through the eyes of a television viewer who only saw those edited highlights that were deemed good enough for the screen.

Boris appeared to be taken in by Amna's performance, producing as much, if not more, seminal fluid as he normally did on the screen, which Amna allowed to spread over her trim waist and into her mouth. Isabel nodded her head as Amna wiped away the traces of sperm from around her mouth and nose.

“Well, Fatima, I think your little friend can consider herself employed,” she announced with a broad grin, picking up a pen and the contract she'd had pre-printed in anticipation of the success of the audition.

XXXV

“I love cocks too much!” Fluff explained to Amna with a broad grin. “I’m just cock-mad. I love them when they thrust into me, I don’t care which hole. I love the feel of them on the corners of my lips. I love the piss and semen they produce. There’s just nothing I don’t love about cocks.”

Amna was sure that that was true, as she laid back on Fluff’s bed, looking around on the wall at the huge blown-up photographs of all the erect penises, many of them thrusting inside mouths and cunts. She had never seen such a display before. Fluff worked for the television station where Amna was now working, and her job was as a fluffer, an occupation she cherished so much that she’d even allowed herself to be named after it. She was the one who ensured that the men would always achieve full erection, and got even the tiredest penis to ejaculate over Amna in the final crucial shots that usually determined the success of a session. She had taken a shine to Amna, and soon established that she enjoyed making love with women like herself as much as, if not more than, she did with her male co-stars.

Fluff didn’t bother herself too much with the filmed performances of the station, though she was always prepared to assist whenever her services might be required, or when it was necessary to make up numbers. Amna envied Fluff’s skill and enthusiasm at lovemaking, whereas she was happiest when the whole business was over and she could make her way home. Fluff was only a couple of years older than her, which made her one of the few girls she worked with who she could feel

really comfortable talking to.

Fluff's enthusiasm for penises extended beyond her job and the selection of magnificent specimens photographed about her room. She enjoyed sex with men well beyond the call of duty, boasting that it was a bad day if she'd only had one cock inside her all day. Her enthusiasm extended to having a tattoo emblazoned across her face even though it severely restricted the range of rôles she could take if she were ever to be serious about an acting career. It featured the pink, red and purple glory of an erect penis stretching from the corner of her jaw, where the testicles swelled about her neck, across her nose and cheeks on one side to climax in pinkish yellow globules of semen about her eye and onto her forehead. Nobody could be sure what Fluff's slim face was really like (though her nose was quite thin and short and her eyes sparkled grey-green), because nobody could look at her face without focusing on this tattooed penis. This wasn't the only tattoo on her body, though it was clearly the most prominent. There was an erect penis tattooed on each of her shoulders around her inoculation scars, and a floral cunt tattooed on her thigh. Her hair was shaved off totally, from her head as well as her cunt, but she enjoyed her appearance and most particularly the reaction it provoked.

"Blokes just get a hard on looking at me," Fluff said with a grin. "When I see their cock bulging in their trousers, about to cream the inside of their underpants, I just say to them: How about it? My cunt's yours. You wanna fuck me, you're welcome!" She spread her legs so that Amna could appreciate the slightly reddened exterior of her cunt. "How about you, Amna? You wanna fuck?"

Both Amna and she were naked. In fact this was a prerequisite for coming into

Fluff's flat. "You're not getting past the fucking threshold, with these on!" she announced, when Amna arrived, lifting up her tee-shirt to uncover her enormous breasts. "I don't want anyone in my fucking flat wearing any clothes. You just take your fucking things off now, or you can just fuck off."

Amna always felt more comfortable naked anyway, so it wasn't long till her clothes were discarded and her nipples felt comfortable: free from the pressure of the cloth restraining them. Fluff's body was much slimmer than Amna's. Her wrists and arms were slender, and her legs though full at the thighs, were generally slim and tapering. Her breasts were not large, but Amna suspected, from their shape and the firmness to the touch of her fingers and the lick of her tongue, that like her own they had been artificially enhanced.

It hadn't been too many minutes after Fluff had brought Amna into her bedroom that the two of them were engaged in serious sexual exploration, but Amna wondered what her friend meant by asking her to fuck her. Fluff noticed her quizzical expression.

"Don't get me wrong, sweetheart. I love women. I could have sex with women forever. But what they've not got, and what men do have, is a cock. I just don't feel like I've even been touched unless I've been properly fucked. Don't you ever feel like that?"

To be honest, Amna never did. Penises didn't really interest her. What they did between her legs was always somewhat distant from what she considered as satisfactory lovemaking. She knew she was supposed to enjoy it, and occasionally it troubled her that it didn't really, but she understood, not least from Fatima's

enthusiasm and the films she'd seen with Susan that fucking with a penis was what most women actually preferred. "Have you got a dildo I can use?" she asked Fluff politely.

"Have I got a fucking dildo?" snorted Fluff. "What do you fucking think I am?" She clambered over the sheets of the bed in which the two girls had been lying, her taut slim buttocks behind her, and pulled open the door of the bedside cabinet. "Just have a fucking look at these fuckers!"

Amna bent over and admired an array of dildos, of all sizes, dimensions and colours. Fluff bent over and picked one out which was particularly realistic, with a half-pair of testicles affixed to their base. It was more than fourteen inches long with very realistic veins fashioned on the outside.

"You strap the fucker on, and then just fuck me. Back and front, I don't fucking care!"

Amna examined it cautiously. It was larger than any that Fatima had ever used on her and substantially larger than any real penis that had ever been inside her. "I don't know. I've never used one before."

"Never fucking used one!" exclaimed Fluff, with genuine surprise. "Haven't you ever been fucked by one?"

"Well, yes! I've had it done to me, but I've never done it myself. Fatima uses one in her training, but Aunt Salim doesn't like them very much. I'm just not sure what to do."

"Would you prefer it if I fucked you with it?" asked Fluff tenderly.

Amna eyed it with some concern, and then glanced down at her shaven cunt.

She wasn't at all sure she'd even be able to get it inside her. And wouldn't it hurt?

"No. I think I'd rather..."

Fluff smiled. "I'll fasten it to you. You just get on top of me, and pretend to be a man. Well, not a real man. Not with fucking tits like yours. Just push your bum back and forth, like you do when you're on top in a fuck session, and I'll help get you going with my fingers. It'll be fun. You see!"

It surprised Amna just how much fun it actually turned out to be. She plunged the enormous phallus deeper and deeper into Fluff's cunt, which had a capacity way beyond her own, and followed Fluff's directions, as her lover put her fingers to Amna's cunt and anus, massaging and arousing her clitoris and anus, on occasion getting almost her whole hand inside Amna's cunt, and lifting her arse above her legs. A strange wave of pleasure communicated through her body. She was actually enjoying it! Fluff, too, seemed to enjoy it: gasping and groaning with the deep thrusts, a wild gleam in her eyes, her tongue drooping maniacally from her mouth.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Amna in ecstasy, forgetting herself. She threw herself down onto Fluff's bare breasts, the dildo still half inside her and three of Fluff's fingers deep inside her anus. "Oh, Fluff! Is this what it's always like for you?" she cried as she buried her face on her lover's penis-emblazoned face, dribble from her mouth intermixing with Fluff's saliva on the sharply defined contours of Fluff's tattooed semen spurt. "Oh! If only it was like this at work. If only it were always like this!"

Not everyone shared Amna's passion for Fluff. Salim knew she wouldn't like her even before they met. Amna's enthusiastic descriptions of her best girlfriend filled her only with disgust. Even Fluff's job assisting male sex stars achieve erections and

to ejaculate disgusted her enough. The fact that she sometimes worked as a body double to participate in sexual activities the starring actresses either didn't relish or couldn't stomach didn't endear her any more. Why did Amna's friend have to be so vulgar? She didn't like the fact that there was now yet another rival to her niece's affections along with Fatima, Susan and, of course, the countless men and women who had sex with her on set (but somehow seemed much less of a threat).

Fluff's influence on Amna was immediately apparent when she insisted on wearing a series of grotesque penis-like dildos all the time, whether she was clothed or unclothed. She was just like one of those dildo dykes Salim saw in town, and of course a little like Susan was these days. Some of these dildos were absolutely monstrous. Salim was not particularly knowledgeable on this issue, but she was sure that very few men had penises nearly as long as some of the longer of Amna's dildos. One or two were more than a foot long! They were not always the same colour as Amna's very dark skin, which looked even odder in contrast. When Amna dressed in her brief tee-shirts or singlets, the dildo protruded incongruously through the flies at the front of her jeans or shorts. It was a gross encumbrance which she took with her always as she walked around the streets, going to work or travelling by train. Salim was appalled by it, but Amna stubbornly refused to ever take it off. She was proud of the obscenity of it. What must people think!

When they made love together or shared the same bed, which they still did most nights, even when Fatima was also staying and shared the bed with them, Salim would insist that Amna remove the horrible thing, and discard it from sight. No! she wasn't interested in having that monstrosity pushed inside her vagina, however moist

and welcoming it might be. The very thought made her feel quite nauseous, and the fact that it superficially resembled a real penis didn't attract her in the slightest. Men had never attracted her, and their penises attracted her least of all. Besides, she wanted to retain as much as she could of her virginity. However much Amna, and particularly Fatima, tried persuading her, it was better by far to keep these things as far from her inner thighs as possible. She felt especially disgusted when Fatima and Amna played with them, strapping them to their buttocks and thrusting them deep inside each other. This was one game she had no intention of ever playing!

When Fluff arrived to visit Amna, announcing almost immediately on arrival that she couldn't stay long because she had made an appointment to visit a boyfriend afterwards, Salim's dislike of the girl was immediate and intense. It certainly didn't help when Fluff elaborated that the 'boyfriend' in question was someone she'd only met for a few minutes earlier that day. What Salim most disliked about her was, of course, her appearance. Although Amna had told her a little about Fluff's tattoos and habits, it somehow hadn't prepared her at all for the sight of her, naked within seconds of closing the front door to the flat behind her. Her face was totally obscured by the most ghastly tattoo. It was the full-size image of an ejaculating penis, totally disguising features which may have otherwise been ugly or pretty, but were now undeniably gross. Otherwise she was a skinny girl with very pale skin. Her habitual nudity quite clearly did not extend to sunbathing. A patch of light brown freckles covered her chest, and her short pubic hair was unkempt and slightly worn, particularly around the mouth of her vagina.

Fluff was immediately too forward, kissing Salim full on the mouth. She

regretted that she was wearing only her lingerie. She should have kept on her scarf and gown: clearly she was giving the wrong signals to the slut. She pushed Fluff off, and coldly and politely greeted her. Amna, who appeared behind her, naked and with her favourite black fourteen-inch dildo strapped to her waist was much less reserved. Salim recognised Amna's affection and delight with not a little regret. What could it be about this repulsive whore that Amna preferred over her own beauty? She stood aside as the two of them embraced and almost immediately, Fluff's tongue protruded from the tattoo on her face, just below the shaft of the penis that stretched over her nose and upper lip, and plunged deeply into Amna's mouth. Salim sighed as she watched Amna's buttocks shiver with pleasure and her own tongue reciprocate Fluff's avidity, her gross dildo pressed against Fluff's slim waist.

Amna disengaged herself from Fluff and Salim examined her face with selfish alarm. She grinned broadly and her eyes emanated an unmistakeable passion and joy Salim had so rarely observed in her niece even in the most passionate of their lovemaking. Amna escorted her lover, with a hand around the tiny buttocks, towards her bedroom. With guilty curiosity, Salim followed the pair as they entered the room.

"You've got an awful lot of posters of the same girl!" exclaimed Fluff, regarding all the posters of Susan on the wall. "She's not one of your girlfriends, is she?"

Amna looked at Fluff a little sadly. She shook her head. "I just like her films. You must have seen them."

"I don't watch fuck films if I can help it. It's not like the real thing, is it?" Fluff walked towards a poster of Susan being fucked up the anus while she grasped

the penis of a large black man. “I don’t know what you mean by not liking cock, though. There’s enough fucking cocks here! Not as much as on my wall, but enough of the fuckers!”

Salim hesitated in the hallway. She knew she wouldn’t be welcome company, but she felt some reluctance in leaving her niece in the clutches of this vulgar little slut. Her language! However, Salim could see that her presence was probably not wanted when Amna dragged Fluff away from the poster and onto the bed beside her: and, if by chance it might be, she really didn’t want to know. She discreetly closed Amna’s bedroom door and retreated to the living room.

She sat down on the sofa, turned on the television and was unable to concentrate as she scanned through the countless television channels with the aid of her remote. All she could think of was Fluff and Amna together, enjoying each other’s body, while she was excluded. The image of that repulsive tattoo on Fluff’s face recurred in her mind. Didn’t Amna find it as obscene as she did? Clearly not, she reflected, as all too soon she heard the distinct sound of Amna’s voice screeching out over the noise of the television talk show she had tuned in. It sounded like pain but was almost certainly the sound of ecstasy.

Then she heard Fluff’s own voice, slightly high-pitched and much more shrill, gasping out in pants of pleasure, accompanied by a steady rhythmic thump of the bed frame against the wall. There was also the distinct noise of one of Amna’s more cacophonous and unpleasant records played at a rather louder volume than her niece usually inflicted on her aunt. The sounds went on and on, making it very difficult for Salim to concentrate on the talk show conversation. Reluctantly she raised the volume

of the television to disguise the sounds coming from the bedroom, hooking her bare legs onto the sofa and stroking her long hair in distraction.

Eventually, and not too soon as far as Salim was concerned, the two girls' lovemaking came to an end, and some fifteen minutes later she heard them chatting in the hallway. "I'll have to leave now," she heard Fluff say. "I'll be late otherwise. I promised. And besides you know how much I like cock!"

Salim strained her ears to hear what Amna was saying but really couldn't distinguish a word. Then she heard Fluff again. "Yes, of course I'll be back. Yes, I love you. I fucking well do. Don't cry like that, Amna. I do love you. I don't love many people. And you're definitely my best. Yes, it's true! Don't fucking doubt me! I don't have to say it, you know. Yes, I'll definitely spend more time with you next time. All night. Then we'll fuck like there's no fucking tomorrow!"

Then the front door opened, shut and a strange hush descended on the flat, magnified by the fact that Amna's record had stopped playing. It was several minutes until Amna entered the living room, naked of course except for her monstrous dildo, which Fatima noticed with disquiet shone from a fresh moistness. Amna looked sad and happy at the same time and without a word rushed up to Salim, throwing her arms around her and nestling her face on her breasts. Salim gently stroked Amna's long hair with one hand, and held her around the shoulders with the other.

"I'm in love!" announced Amna after several minutes, not raising her face or looking away from the dildo on which her eyes were focused.

"With that slut?" asked Salim rather too automatically.

Amna started, and glared at her aunt. "Don't call her that! She's beautiful. You

don't know her!"

Salim sighed. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. But are you sure?"

"I think so. I've never been in love before. But I am now." She embraced Salim passionately. "She says she loves me. She says she's going to have a new tattoo with my name on it. She's wonderful. I love her. Oh! Auntie. Is love always like this? Is it always so painful?"

Salim gazed at her niece, whose own gaze was fixed vacantly ahead of her. "Yes, Amna. Yes. It is always painful," she sighed, knowing that she spoke more for her own passion for her niece than in answer to the question. "Love is the most painful thing there is!"

XXXVI

Charlotte knew she had gained something of a reputation at work: a reputation not in any way improved by her pursuit of a man to father a child for Josephine and her from all the men at work who were willing to do so. Her announcement of her pregnancy and that Josephine was the father was one which prompted mixed feelings to her colleagues. Not all the men (especially those who'd had sex with her) quite saw it the way she did, and many of the women, especially the older ones, thought her behaviour at best odd and at worst promiscuous, sluttish and perverse. However, they expressed sympathy and joy in Charlotte's pregnancy, although as yet there was very little real evidence of it.

One girl who was rather more sympathetic and enthusiastic than the others was Enid, a girl in her first job and little older than seventeen. She had very set views with regards to naturism, which was her reason for taking a job as a clerical assistant in the office, and also to lesbianism, regarding herself very much as one, although she admitted to never having actually had such a relationship. Enid allied herself to Charlotte from the very day she started. Of all those working in the department she was the one who had the most obvious similarity in attitude and lifestyle to that which Enid aspired to.

"Oh! I'm so happy for you!" she exclaimed, holding Charlotte to her, and kissing her tenderly on the face. "It's just a shame that you had to have sex with men to have one. Wasn't that so *absolutely* ghastly. What did Josephine think?"

“Josephine participated as well. She had as much chance of being the mother as I. But now she’ll be the father. She was there when the baby was conceived. She worked as hard as I did in making it possible. And it’s only fair that she take some of the credit for it.”

Enid picked up the framed photograph of Josephine that was on her desk, one of the few nude pictures of Charlotte’s lover that were not associated with her theatrical career. She held it in both hands and chuckled as she examined it. “Josephine’s so *very* pretty. You’re *so* lucky! She’s exactly the kind of lover I’d love to have. Doesn’t she have *such* a darling smile? And she’s a lesbian and naturist as well, isn’t she?”

Charlotte smiled, pleased to see someone appreciating her lover so much. “Well, no. She’s not really either. She likes men too, and she still has a lot to do with them in her job. She’s also not really a naturist. She quite likes wearing clothes. She doesn’t take her clothes off except when she’s at home or when she has to as part of her job.”

“Oh! That’s a shame!” sighed Enid sincerely. “Still, nobody could be *that* perfect, could they?”

“As far as I’m concerned she’s perfect as she is!” said Charlotte loyally. She took the photograph from Enid’s hands and examined it with pride. She was indeed lucky in having a lover like Josephine. It seemed to her that their love just grew stronger and stronger.

“Oh, I’d love to experience love like that!” Enid sighed. “My flatmate, Hyacinth, well ... she’s alright ... but she’s just a friend. She’s not a lover. It’s not the

same thing. You're so lucky. Josephine is so beautiful."

She turned towards Charlotte, a mournful expression on her face. "Why can't I have a lover like you? Will I always be lonely?"

Charlotte put a reassuring arm around Enid's shoulder and pulled her head onto her breast. The office was empty. The working day had finished and the cleaner was busy on another floor of the building. She had stayed late to finish some paperwork she had allowed to accumulate and hadn't expected Enid to stay late too. She suspected that the young girl had stayed on precisely for the reason of chatting to her, something which Charlotte actually rather appreciated. She often felt quite an outcast in the office. Sometimes, she reflected on her own foolishness in expecting her colleagues to share her attitudes and outlook.

"You're very young. Opportunities will come. You'll see!"

"But how *long* will I have to wait?"

"I had to wait a long time, too."

"But you've got such a wonderful lover! Why not me? Why can't I have a girlfriend like Josephine? Someone to love. Someone who loves me. Why not me?" A small tear trickled from the corner of her eye, down her round freckled cheek and onto her bare shoulder. Charlotte brushed it out from her salt cellar and smiled sympathetically. It wasn't so long ago that her own feelings of frustration resembled those of Enid's. She knew only too well the pain of unrequited love, and still felt a pang when she reflected on Emma's preference for the flighty child that dominated her affections. Although nowadays her rôle was as Emma's confidante as she complained about her young lover's unfaithfulness, she still had the feeling that

Emma would have been so much happier had she accepted Charlotte's love earlier. Charlotte sighed.

"Don't cry! You've got a lifetime ahead of you! You'll find someone. I know you will!" She smiled into Enid's pale blue eyes framed by a small round face that looked even younger from the severe short hairstyle she preferred and the smattering of light brown freckles that spread over her cheek, nose and onto her small perky breasts.

"Oh! Charlotte! Say it won't be *too* long!" Enid wailed. She pressed her head hard onto Charlotte's chest, her sharp chin on the ribcage and a warm dampness trickled between the breasts.

"It won't be! It won't be!" reassured Charlotte, raising Enid's chin with her hand and facing her. She kissed her affectionately on the lips and was rather startled when Enid's hands grasped her by the back of her neck and thrust her tongue inside her mouth. The salty taste of Enid's saliva mingled with hers and, despite an initial reserve, a warm sensuous feeling overcame her and she returned Enid's inexperienced kisses with her own practised ones. Enid gripped Charlotte tighter, her eyes closed, as she pushed and pushed her mouth into Charlotte's, her tongue exploring deep inside the internal contours of her mouth.

Charlotte had become too accustomed to lovemaking. It was such an integral part of her life. Sex with Emma, Susan, Fatima and all the men who she'd invite to her flat. It all merged into one sensual experience of which her affection mostly concentrated on Josephine. But Enid was such a nice young girl: pretty and affectionate. So obviously enamoured of her. She'd often observed the slight choke in

Enid's voice when they passed in the corridor, the way her eyes wandered about, but focused again and again on her body and the short trimmed hairs of her vagina. Perhaps it was right to give her the love which she had so readily granted the men in the office and who had so much loved thrusting deep into her cunt while she caressed and kissed Josephine ever in attendance and waiting for her turn at penetrative sex.

And so it was that Charlotte reciprocated to Enid's youthful passion, stimulating her clitoris with her fingers, stroking and massaging her vagina, and soon plunging her tongue into its youthful recesses while Enid exercised her own with a passion and urgency she recognised from her own earlier lovemaking with Josephine. The two wrestled together over the nylon carpets of the office, knocking over the recently emptied wastepaper bin, banging Charlotte's head against the back of a desk, while a leg frantically pushed at the leg of a chair. Enid's dedication to the lovemaking charmed Charlotte who watched as she pushed her tongue deep into her vagina, nibbled at her hardened clitoris and sweated onto her outspread legs.

As the two of them huddled in postcoital embrace, sweat running down the nubbled contours of their spines, Charlotte wondered what she had let herself in for. Was she being unfaithful to Josephine? Was she complicating her love life with her work in an irreversible way? She looked at Enid whose eyes focused above her shoulder to the desk. She followed Enid's gaze to the photograph of Josephine.

"Oh! You and Josephine are *so* lucky!" Enid sighed.

Charlotte smiled. How could she be unfaithful to Josephine when Enid was as keen on her continued relationship as she was herself? Comforted by this thought, she took Enid's face in her hands and plunged her tongue once more into the welcoming

red darkness of her mouth.

Enid's flatmate, Hyacinth, was a black girl who studied at the neighbouring Art School, where her specialities were life drawing and sculpting. She was even poorer than Enid, her allowance being very low and so too her grant. She was about the same age as Enid, but shared very little of her enthusiasm for naturism or lesbianism. However, the bedsit was very small and there was only one bed, which they inevitably had to share. She had thick black wavy hair, and mostly wore cut-off jeans, trainers and short slips, which revealed all her midriff and only just about reached to the bottom of her breasts. Sharing the same bed inevitably meant that she had to sleep with Enid's passionate warm body wrapped around hers, and this close intimacy naturally led to Enid being rather more adventurous with her slim naked body than Hyacinth might normally choose. Although it wasn't her preference to have a girl stroking and licking her shaven cunt, she found it pleasant enough as long as Enid understood there was to be no penetration or kissing. Enid reluctantly accepted these rules, although she so often tried to contravene them, which Hyacinth found amusing, but not really to be encouraged.

Hyacinth enjoyed all the attention her flatmate paid her. The breakfasts in bed. Her daily shaving regime, which left her shaven vagina the envy of all her equally shorn fellow students. And the companionship, which was so painfully sincere it almost hurt. However, Hyacinth had no real need for Enid's sexual attention. She already had several boyfriends at the college, mostly black like herself, although she wasn't overly fastidious with the race of any man she'd choose to fuck. She did, however, much prefer black man. Generally, there were possessed of better and larger

penises, although she was aware that her sample of white men was not extensive enough to be a fair comparison. She much preferred dark skin, and, anyway, she had much more in common with their cultural background.

Enid was very accommodating with Hyacinth and her lovers, that was true. She would share the bed with Hyacinth and her current lover, whose buttocks pushed up and down as he thrust deep inside her cunt, her legs were tangled about her lover's shoulders and the bed violently shaking backwards and forwards. Although, many of her lovers suggested that Enid should join in, Hyacinth's flatmate was adamant that that was the last thing she wanted. She was happy enough to see that Hyacinth was happy; perhaps getting some of her reflected joy. Hyacinth was aware that not many girls were as obliging as Enid, and she had no fears that Enid would attempt to steal her lovers from her.

Hyacinth was aware that Enid didn't know nearly as many people in the town as she. She wouldn't, not being a student, living away from home and working with older people who, despite mostly being naturists, were not lesbians and not inclined to spend much time with someone so much younger and so eccentric. There was only one friend Enid had made, an older woman, Charlotte, who Enid was very enthusiastic about. She was also a lesbian and a naturist, but Hyacinth could see that Enid's affection was compromised by the presence of Charlotte's lover, Josephine, an actress currently performing in **Country Girls are Hard to Love**, which was on at the New Crucible Theatre. She also realised that it was more Josephine than Charlotte who most attracted Enid's attention, even though she'd never met her and had only seen the photographs that Charlotte was happy to show her and even lend her. Josephine

was not a naturist and far from being only lesbian in her tastes. From the photographs, Josephine seemed relatively demure and modest, even without her clothes, which was a state seen in only a minority of the photographs.

“We must go and see **Country Girls!**” said Enid on more than one occasion. “I’d just love to see Josephine perform.”

“But is the play any good?” wondered Hyacinth, who wasn’t really much of a theatregoer. Indeed, she’d usually found plays either very confusing or very boring.

“It must be!” Enid insisted. “Or Josephine wouldn’t be in it!”

Hyacinth accepted the twisted logic, but noted that Josephine wasn’t really the leading performer. Her rôle was as a country lady in the early nineteenth century village where the play was set. She would, of course, be expected to have sex with one or more of the other actors, and as far as Hyacinth was concerned this would at least compensate for the boredom she feared would inflict her between sex scenes.

The New Crucible was a medium-sized theatre with slightly worn seats, but most of these were filled when the play began. Hyacinth and Enid sat together near the front in seats that were far more expensive than Hyacinth would normally have contemplated, but it was Enid’s treat (one of so many her flatmate insisted on lavishing on her!), so Hyacinth couldn’t really grumble. The play was a nineteenth century fuck story about a couple from the big city who had come to the country seemingly with only the purpose of fucking as many country ladies as they could. One of these was Josephine who in the first of the three acts managed to keep all her clothes on. These suited Josephine quite well, Hyacinth noted. The long dress, the high laced collar, the ringed hair and the tight bodice were well suited to Josephine’s

general demeanour and appearance. She played very well the rôle of someone genuinely shocked by the city-dwellers' predatory sexual habits, blushing convincingly as she watched the two visitors fuck her maid who kept on her cotton stockings and her dress while being fucked from behind while the woman kissed her.

It was in the second act that the character played by Josephine was seduced and had sex with the man. This began with a sequence of fellatio, where she took the whole of his penis into her mouth and engineered it into a very creditable erection. As large a one as any of Hyacinth's black lovers, but then actors were often selected for this very attribute. Josephine showed her skills as an actress in remembering her lines between times of having the penis in her mouth and taking off her clothes with a shyness which belied the fact that this was something she was fairly used to doing in front of an audience, and had of course done many times before in the run of the production. It was then that the man, with the improbable name of Roger Ramrod, pushed his penis, hard and twitching, firmly into Josephine's trimmed cunt.

Enid found all this very exciting. Hyacinth glanced down to see that Enid had removed her knickers, which lay over her buckled shoes, and gently stroked her cunt with the hand that wasn't gripped tightly in Hyacinth's own. Enid was stroking the perimeter of her vulva, her finger occasionally dipping inside where Hyacinth could see its moistness. Then, when Josephine and Roger Ramrod were unexpectedly joined by the maid, who was this time totally naked except for her stockings and a bow in her hair, Enid took Hyacinth's black hand firmly to her cunt, and pressed it against her. She smiled broadly at Hyacinth.

"Oh! Isn't Josephine *wonderful*?" whispered Enid. "She's *all* I imagined she'd

be and more!”

Hyacinth nodded. She didn't really mind Enid pressing her fingers against her cunt. It did feel very moist and warm. She allowed Enid to push a couple of fingers deep inside, and tenderly kissed her flatmate on the cheek, noting with indulgent affection the flush of warm passion that spread over Enid's face. On stage meanwhile, Josephine and her maid were locked in deep embrace, while Roger Ramrod fucked both of them in turn. As Roger came to his climax, brandishing his penis like a weapon over the two of them, semen visible even from this distance as it spurted out on his two lovers, Enid had pushed all of Hyacinth's hand inside her, the fingers now rather sticky and smelly. This wasn't the first time that Enid had done this, though usually in the privacy of their shared bed, but Hyacinth could see that the true object of Enid's passion was not her but Josephine.

In the final interval, Enid tearfully embraced Hyacinth, while the tall woman next to her glanced at the two of them disdainfully but curiously.

“I don't know if I can take much more of this play!” joked Hyacinth. “It's just wearing my fingers out!” In fact, she had found the play rather shallow on the whole. She'd seen much better acting in the cinema, the plot was a little dull and it was really only the fucking and Enid's response to it that encouraged her to stay at all.

In the third act, there was more fucking than in the first two, but Josephine's rôle, rather like her sexual passion, was mostly spent. Her only participation was fairly minor, and involved fellating the Right Reverend Randolph who was meanwhile being buggered simultaneously by the indefatigable Roger Ramrod. This disappointingly brief appearance didn't trouble Enid, who again took Hyacinth's hand

to her cunt, pumping away at her moist, hot interior, until, with the Right Reverend over Josephine's face, Enid also came, panting with passion and ecstasy to the obvious discomfort of almost everyone around them.

"Oh! Hyacinth!" gasped Enid, leaning onto her shoulder, tears running down her freckled cheeks. "Oh! Hyacinth! Now I know what being in love is like!"

Hyacinth started. This was not a welcome change of events. "Not with me, I hope!"

"No, silly!" laughed Enid. "With Josephine! She's *so* beautiful, *so* talented, *so* wonderful. I love her. I love her *so* much! Charlotte's so lucky. Oh! I *love* Josephine!"

Hyacinth settled down. That wasn't so bad then, although she foresaw difficulties ahead. After all, weren't Charlotte and Josephine due to get married soon?

XXXVII

Amna was sitting on the sofa in the living room when Salim entered after her long day at work. As always, she was naked apart from the curiously ornate ebony dildo she had strapped around her waist. It was Amna's current favourite and one she hardly ever took off. Salim had examined it at length and was impressed by the subtle pattern which formed the bodies of women writhing about: their hair and limbs making up the shape of the massive glans and the heavy round balls. It must have cost Amna quite a lot.

Salim dressed herself as seductively as she could in an attempt to stimulate her niece's interest in her. She wore a bra that supported her round apple breasts but didn't hide her nipples, and knickers which had a very wide slit that slightly opened as she walked to reveal the short trimmed hair of her vagina. She greeted Amna who was distractedly watching a soap opera on the television where the main character, a young girl, was passionately kissing another woman who was nearly naked. She sat on the sofa next to her niece, put an arm around her and kissed her on the cheek. Amna turned her head and kissed her aunt in return on the lips. She then turned her gaze back to the television where a young man was removing his leather jacket but keeping on his dark sunglasses.

Salim gently stroked her niece's long hair and studied her beautiful naked body. Her breasts had been further enhanced on Fatima's advice and her nipples stood up even prouder on the firm mountains of her chest. Her thighs were slightly fuller, giving her a more Negroid body than anyone with her genes would ever normally

have. The crotch which had once been such an irrepressible tangle of dark hair was even smoother as the result of some hormonal treatment that Fatima had organised for her. What had happened to all that hair? Salim wondered. Distasteful as these ‘enhancements’ were to Salim, they didn’t disturb or upset her as much as the small tattoo that Amna had etched on her shoulder, which portrayed an erect penis spurting realistic globules of semen and had the ornate letters *Fluff* written on them. What had that slut done to her niece? Her parents would be horrified if they knew the depravities her ward had descended to. Not only was she a professional sex actress, but her lover was the most repulsive slut anyone could ever hope to meet. Not that Salim loved her any the less. She knew that it was as much to do with her jealous passion as her disapproval of Fluff which made her so unhappy with how things had changed.

She and Amna still shared the bed together and still made love. And Salim still insisted that Amna should never use any of her sexual aids on her. But she felt that her niece was becoming more distant, as she so often made her passionate proclamations of love for her sluttish friend. If only they’d never met! Salim wished. If only their love could return to where it had been. The only compensation was that now she had Fatima as a lover too, although she was unhappy to discover that she shared her best friend not only with her niece (which was bad enough!) but also with Susan and many of Susan’s friends. She agreed though to collaborate with Fatima in keeping Amna unaware of this relationship, believing as did Fatima, that Susan was best loved from afar. It still seemed ironic to her that Susan had slept with both Fatty and she, but not with the one who was arguably her greatest admirer, even now. Amna’s room was still

adorned by pictures of the oriental girl, and there could be few films in which she'd performed that Amna didn't possess in her extensive if also obsessive library of videodiscs.

Salim persuaded Amna to stroke her bared nipples and gasped appreciatively as her niece's fingers traced their aureate edges, while her own fingers gently massaged the length of Amna's dildo, enjoying the curves and contours of the carved naked figures. Perhaps she could bring Amna's mouth to hers and feel again the hot moistness of her tongue against her teeth. Perhaps she could enjoy again Amna's tongue pressing against her hard erect clitoris. Perhaps Amna could remove her gaze from the lovemaking on the screen and indulge in more real lovemaking. But as Salim's mind focused more on her fantasies she heard the front door draw shut. Who could it be? Her heart jumped. Could it be Fatty back from a day of promotion and selling? That would be welcome. Or could it be the only other person besides herself and Amna who had a key to the flat?

It was nothing but disappointment that Salim felt, as she saw the utterly naked figure of Fluff (She never felt the need to wear a dildo all the time!) standing by the door with that disgusting tattoo dominating her face. Amna jumped up off the sofa, at last taking her eyes off the television, and ran towards her lover. Salim sighed as she saw the extent of her niece's delight in Fluff's unexpected arrival. "Oh! It's *wonderful* to see you! What have you been doing?"

Fluff laughed. "Fucking! What do you think? I've just had two of them. They had the biggest cocks you've ever seen!" She took the lips of her cunt in her fingers and pulled them wide open to reveal her cavernous well-worn interior. "They fucked

me so hard! Both of them together. It was fucking magic. Look! There's still a bit of come. It's real sticky! Have a taste."

Salim watched in horror as Amna did precisely that, resting on her knees, her large buttocks sticking out far behind, her larger breasts as much in front, her dildo in a position of permanent excitement, and her tongue licking and loving the taste of semen as it dribbled down Fluff's slender thighs.

"It's still pretty warm!" she exclaimed.

"I came here as fast as I could," Fluff replied. "I just *had* to see you! A perfect fuck is nothing without the one I love."

"Oh! Fluff! You're *so* romantic!" swooned Amna, taking the obscene face into her hands and pressing her lips against the mouth that seemed so incongruous beneath the long shaft of the tattooed penis.

Salim sat, ignored and hurt, as the two girls caressed and kissed each other and then went off together to Amna's bedroom. Within seconds, Amna's stereo was switched on, and Salim sat alone on the sofa as the insistent thump of her music intermingled with a slower equally rhythmic thump on the bed as Amna drove her favourite dildo deep inside her favourite cunt.

Salim stared into space. She barely noticed the action on the television, where several people indulged in exactly the same activity as her niece was currently involved in, and her face reddening with humiliation, frustration and desire. She almost felt like leaping out of her seat and kicking that slut out of the door. But she knew in doing so that her niece would probably also go. And then there would be no more nights of pleasure together. Her life would become empty and no longer worth

living. She sat, feeling the tears well up in her eyes and ease themselves out of the corner and down her cheek.

“Aaahh! Aaahh!” Salim heard from Amna’s room. Oh God! They were! They were! She let loose an unexpected choke of pain and misery, and buried her tearstrewn face in her hands, small tears falling hot and moist onto her bare breasts and her mouth feeling as ugly and raw as she envisaged Fluff’s cunt which she could yet again see so vividly in her mind’s eye. Why couldn’t it be her that Amna loved so passionately? What did that slut have to offer that she didn’t?

It was then that Salim heard the door close again. Was it Fluff leaving? Salim wondered with hope. But no, the passionate cries continued as before. It must be Fatty. She raised her head to see Fatima in her stockings, tight dress and makeup, standing by the door and gazing at Salim sympathetically.

“I see they’re at it again,” she said, nodding towards the source of the commotion.

Salim gazed at Fatima through the salt in her eyes and nodded silently.

“They’re terrors, aren’t they?”

Salim nodded again, and then suddenly gave vent to another choked cry and let herself weep more openly. Fatima regarded her with affection.

“Oh, Sally! You don’t like it do you?” Fatima said, running up to her friend and putting her arms around Salim’s shoulders. “You feel jealous, don’t you?”

Salim nodded. “That slut!” she gasped. “Why her? Why not me?”

“Don’t think about it, Sally!” said Fatima, peppering Salim’s face with kisses. “Amna’s a young girl. She needs friends her own age. Friends who know about what

she does for a living and totally approve of it. I'm sure she still loves you."

Salim tried to nod again, but her misery overcame her. She burst into tears again and buried her face on Fatima's breasts. "Oh! Fatty! I'm so unhappy. I wish I'd never ..."

Fatima kissed her friend and gradually eased off her clothes. "Don't regret anything, Sally! Whatever your niece does, you'll always have me. I'll never stop loving you. Whatever else, you're still my closest and dearest friend!"

XXXVIII

Susan was enjoying her time off from work as she wandered about the shops looking for things to buy. She also enjoyed looking at other people, especially those who were most physically attractive: men or women, it didn't bother her. She didn't mind the stares that followed her, attracted by the large dildo protruding through the flies of her culottes and perhaps unsure whether or not it was real as there was so little evidence of her breasts under the baggy white tee-shirt she wore. There were other women like her wearing such dildos: it had become such a common sight these days. Almost too common, Susan reflected, but the affectation still had the potency to shock. One such woman she could see sporting a dildo was very dark skinned. Susan guessed she was African from the way her arse stuck out, restrained only by the leather strap tucked in between the slit of her round buttocks, but which supported a proud twelve inch ebony dildo. Susan felt aroused by the sight, and paused in her steps to examine the woman in more detail.

The woman was walking with another girl who Susan recognised as one of the fluffers she'd often worked with who wore very scanty clothes, nearly reduced to the dimensions of a bikini, but who attracted rather more attention than most because of the striking tattoo of an erect penis she sported over her face, which even detracted attention from her shaved head and shorn eyebrows. She wondered if she should approach her (Fluff, as she remembered she was known) as an excuse to get to know her black friend the better. Her resolve to do so was increased when the girl turned

about slightly to reveal some monstrous breasts which her specially designed slip only just managed to hold. It was then that she recognised her as Amna, the Asian shop girl she'd introduced to fuck films, who looked somewhat different from the last time she'd met. What had happened to her breasts? And her face? Were her lips always so full? And her cheekbones so high? Had this something to do with the efforts of her agent, Fatima, who visited rather less frequently these days? Emboldened by her connections and driven by lust, she ran over to the girls and attracted their attention.

“Amna!” she cried. “I’ve not seen you for a long time. And with Fluff! How are you? How’s your career progressing?”

Amna looked rather startled and made only a very garbled incoherent response. Susan belatedly remembered Amna’s strange obsession with her that Fatima’s friend, Salim, had told her about. That was a complication she didn’t really welcome, although she reflected it would be somehow rather useful to her present aspirations. It was Fluff who answered.

“I’ve not seen you for a long time either. Not since **Oriental Fuckers**. When I had to stand in for you in the shit-eating shot...”

Susan grimaced. She remembered that scene. It was one she’d insisted that a stand-in would have to do. She hoped Fluff wouldn’t hold it against her. However, there seemed to be no recrimination, and it took very little persuasion on her part to get the two girls to come back with her to the flat she shared with Charlotte and Josephine, knowing that neither of them were at all likely to be in when she got there. Amna was still very reserved, but Susan admired her body and learnt from Fluff just how much and how expensively it had been resculptured. She wasn’t sure that she

saw much need to do so much body remodelling; but then it was something she'd never needed at all in her career as her very lack of feminine attributes was what had most contributed towards the success of her career. She thought though that the extremes of depilation and breast enhancement that Amna had endured probably pushed her too far towards rather specialist taste and potentially limited her repertoire.

Susan still preferred to be watched and admired while making love, although she more often succeeded in enjoying unobserved sex than she'd once been able to. But with such new lovers as Amna and Fluff, she preferred to be watched by one while she indulged in sex with the other. Her affection for Amna was greatly increased when she volunteered to watch Fluff and her make love, once Susan had explained to them her preferences. So selfless! And she understood Fluff's own irrepressible sex drive so well. Although it was Amna's body she most coveted, it was by Amna she most wished to be admired, and so her own desires were to be the most satisfied. She knew that as Fluff licked, probed, fingered and kissed her, it would be Amna's eyes following the action and it was Amna at whom she could gaze while her cunt was being caressed, sucked and prodded.

It was easy to guess Fluff's own preferences from the penises she had tattooed on her face, her arms and the one on her back with Amna's name ornately composed by the semen spurting from the massive tattooed penis between her shoulder blades. With Fluff's prompting, she put her dildo on and thrust it deep inside Fluff's cunt. She arched back, slightly whining with pleasure as Susan thrust again and again, the images of Charlotte's male lovers flashing joyfully across her mind as her buttocks trembled and shimmered. She smiled deliriously at Amna who was watching naked

with her enormous breasts and the full aureate glow of her sizeable artificially firm nipples. She grinned and Amna grinned back, but quite clearly with rather less enthusiasm. It flashed across Susan's mind that the girl probably wanted to be fucked herself.

She eased the dildo out from Fluff's cunt, moist with the girl's juices and with the sweat of their bodies shining in the light cast by the standard lamp. She whispered briefly to Fluff and crawled over her prostrate body to Amna, followed by the equally predatory Fluff. Her passion for Amna could no longer be sublimated. She threw herself on Amna's body taking an enormous nipple in her teeth, and sliding her fingers into the smooth, warm and ready gash of her cunt, and then plunged her dildo straight in, under the shop girl's own dildo which pushed hard against her slim waist. And then she pushed and pushed, watching Amna's body tremble with delight, drawing gasps of pleasure as it eased itself into the well-practised interior.

And finally, they slumped together exhausted, Fluff, Amna and she, their bodies pouring perspiration and a strong smell of vaginal juices permeating the air and pubic hair tangled in the teeth and a sour taste on all the tongues. Fluff laid back, a smile just discernible on the dense tattoo on her face: her small breasts and long nipples hard and excited. Susan leaned over Amna, and stroked her shoulder and breasts, while a finger probed idly around the entrance to her cunt.

"You've certainly come a long way since your first screen test, Amna," she remarked admiringly. "You really didn't have anything like the passion and abandon you have now."

Amna smiled sadly. She stroked Fluff's arm around the tattoo of an ejaculating

penis. “It’s all thanks to Fluff. Thanks to her I’ve learnt to enjoy sex.”

“But surely Fatima’s help and assistance must have contributed something as well?”

“Fatima?”

“Yes. Your agent. She’s given you so much coaching. And she’s paid so much attention to your body. You’re so slim where it should be slim and so full where it should be so. Fatima’s surely done her bit towards improving your sexual ...”

“How do you know about Fatima?”

Susan smiled. “What don’t I know about Fatima? She’s always here. She’s got more energy than most porn stars. And she likes it long and hard. Men or women it’s much the same to her. Though I think it might be the men she likes best. The ones that Charlotte and Josephine bring her anyway. She’s been the nearest to a girlfriend I’ve ever really had...”

“Fatima comes here?”

“Of course, she does. Didn’t you know? Not so much recently, but still often enough. She’s a good agent, I’m sure. She certainly does her homework...”

“With you? She makes love to you?”

“Well, what do you expect her to do?”

“How long’s this been going on for?”

“Oh, months! Ever since she started being your agent. She talks about you ever so much. She really cares about your career. She’s always ...”

“Fatima comes here. To your flat. And she makes love to you. All this time and ...” Amna suddenly burst into tears, pushed herself off Susan and Fluff and stood

slightly apart. Susan became aware that perhaps there was something about this discovery that especially disturbed her. Was it do with all those films, videos and posters of her in Amna's room?

“Don't worry, Amna dear. It's not ...”

“Fatima! The bastard! The cunt! The traitor!” suddenly cried Amna, jumping up, picking up her few clothes and running off. Both Susan and Fluff were taken by surprise as she disappeared, the flat door slamming behind her.

“What's the matter? What have I said?” Susan wondered.

Fluff snuggled up to her, grasping Susan's dildo in her hand. “Nothing that shouldn't have been said a long time ago,” she said with a smile, steering the dildo back towards her cunt.

Fatima's friend Khadija was a tall, statuesque woman with light brown skin, long black hair and dressed at the moment in silky lingerie as she relaxed in Fatima's flat and no longer needed the protection of her scarf and long dress. Fatima dressed much less modestly: her brassiere was cut so low that her nipples couldn't possibly be covered by their lace and her panties split across the crotch so that her crotch was revealed whenever she uncrossed her legs. She also wore the black silk stockings she so rarely removed, but had discarded her shoes. Khadija had become accustomed to her friend's new boldness: one which had become so much more pronounced since the day she'd first enticed Khadija into bed, and introduced her to a mode of pleasure-making she enjoyed so much more than the five minute fucks her divorced husband had been content with. It took some effort for her to accept the terms of their relationship, aware that her friend shared her body with other women and sometimes

with men, but it scarcely lessened her appetite for Fatima's body.

The doorbell rang. Loud and insistently. It then rang again, this time for even longer. "Who could that be?" wondered Fatima angrily. "Do you want to answer the door for me, Khaddie dearest, and find out who it is?"

Khadija nodded. It would be unrealistic to expect Fatima to answer, dressed as she was, but it was only as she opened the door she reflected that she too was rather immodestly dressed. She hoped the visitor wasn't a man. She was therefore initially quite pleased to find that it was a girl: but what a girl! She was dark-skinned, but still unmistakably Asian, with very large breasts under a strangely designed slip and, most grotesquely, a huge dildo strapped around her crotch, obscuring her pubic region.

"Where is she? Where's Fatima?" the girl demanded, pushing straight past Khadija and charging into the living room. Khadija was taken aback, but she recalled it was Amna, Salim's niece, whom she'd met at her house. The girl had changed, she was sure. Where had those breasts come from? And the lips and cheeks seemed different somehow, not to mention the round buttocks and the slim waist. Khadija wandered into the living room where a tearful Amna was railing at an impassive Fatima.

"So all these months, while I've been doing whatever you told me to ... while I've had my tits and arse pumped up and lost all my pubic hair ... you've been fucking Susan who you know I've always ... who you knew was the one ..."

"I really don't know what business it is of yours to dictate who I should ..."

"It's not just anyone. It's Susan. You've been deceiving me. While I've been

idolising her, you've been fucking her. While I've ..."

"I've not been deceiving you, Amna. I've simply not been informing you. Do you tell me about everyone you make love with? Did you ask my permission to hang around with your prick faced fluffer girlfriend? I'm your agent, not your fucking ..."

"It's different. It's not the same thing at all! Susan's not anyone. It's because of her that I ..."

"And haven't I helped you in your career ambitions? Haven't I helped you in every way possible? The work-outs to keep you slim and fit. The diets I've persuaded you to take. All the care I've taken on your appearance ..."

"You've just made me into a fucking freak. Look at me! Look at these!" Amna impulsively pulled off her slip, revealing the breasts she had hidden so ineptly underneath. Khadija was impressed and slightly aroused by the size of them. So round and full and the nipples so well formed and precise. "I'm just a *freak!*"

"Of course you're not a freak!" smiled Fatima. "You're beautiful. Desirable. And it's thanks to me you are. What do you think, Khadija? What do you think of Amna's body? Don't you think she's beautiful? Doesn't the mere sight of her make you feel hot?"

Khadija was certainly aroused by Amna's body, but she felt no less guilty for it. However, it was obvious that there her body was unnatural. The breasts were almost too perfect, the contours were almost too exaggerated. Was this all the result of cosmetic surgery? she wondered. "Yes," she agreed breathlessly. "She's very attractive!"

"Don't you just want to touch those breasts? Take them in your hands. Caress

them with your tongue? Don't they arouse you?"

Khadija nodded.

"You can of course. You don't mind, do you Amna? Khadija can feel the firmness of your bosoms. See what a woman you've become."

Amna nodded expressionlessly.

"Go ahead then, Khadija. Don't feel embarrassed."

Khadija was embarrassed of course. The only woman she'd ever touched before was Fatima, and that was after a lot of persuasion and coaxing. But Khadija approached Amna, her hands stretched out in front of her, and felt the weight of the warm fleshy mounds in her palms.

"Put your tongue on them. Feel the nipples with your lips."

Khadija abruptly removed her hands. "Oh! I couldn't do that!"

"Why not? Amna wouldn't mind. She makes love every day. If not with Fluff or Salim or me, then with someone on the set of her fuck films. It's nothing to her. In fact, what she enjoys most is fucking with that giant dildo of hers. That's what she and her slut girlfriend are always doing. You'd like to fuck Khadija, wouldn't you? Push your expensive ebony thing up her cunt. Or not even Khadija. How about me?"

Fatima leaned back on the armchair and spread her legs. She parted the crotch of her panties to reveal the whole beauty of her vagina.

"Look at this, Amna. It's all yours! It's hot and moist and ready. Go ahead! Fuck me! Get that dildo inside me. Pump away! You know it's what you like to do most!"

It was then that an abashed Khadija witnessed Amna approach Fatima, her

dildo erect in front of her, and then with very little ceremony, plunge it straight into Fatima's vagina, which easily accepted it, and then pump her monstrous arse back and forth as she rhythmically fucked her friend. Khadija sank into another armchair and watched as the buttocks pulsed back and forth. Fatima grasped Amna close to her body, pushing her tongue into Amna's mouth, her angular knees spread apart. Part of her was aroused, but more of her was disgusted and rather jealous at her friend's explicit and wanton display of lewd lasciviousness.

"Don't just watch, Khadija!" Fatima suddenly ordered, clearly not so lost in her carnal activities as to forget her friend. "Join in too!"

"I couldn't! I can't!"

"Of course you can! Amna's not a girl to object. Look at her tattoo." She indicated Amna's arm on which there was a small tattoo of an erect penis with the word **Fluff** written along the length of it. "Amna enjoys it! She wants it!"

Still wearing her lingerie, and smiling foolishly, Khadija approached the two women. She placed her palms on Amna's warm sweating back and laid her head on the space between her shoulder blades. She felt the thrust of Amna's buttocks against her waist, and closed her eyes. She then felt the attention of hands on her body, easing off her slip and knickers, caressing her vagina, stroking her proud pointed breasts. She kept her eyes closed. She didn't care who it was. The caresses were so warm, seductive and comforting. And then, as she'd half-hoped and half-dreaded, she felt the long dildo ease into a vagina which since her husband's last drunken fuck before they'd divorced was the first time it had been penetrated by anything so large or phallic. She surrendered herself to the caresses and tongues, feeling more satisfied and

aroused than ever before.

She slightly opened her eyes, frightened to see the reality of what was happening to her, to find that it was indeed Fatima's familiar tasting mouth glued to her own and to witness Amna fucking ecstatically above her, the large breasts scarcely moving with each thrust high above her face, and Fatima's hands roaming about her nipples. She gasped and gasped and then shrieked, surprising herself by the intensity of the orgasm that racked her body.

XXXIX

Emma took her role as Maisie's guardian at least as seriously as she took her role as her lover. She knew the importance of the child's education, and arranged a place for her in the city's premier naturist Secondary School. It was, of course, a private school (the fees for which Emma could now easily afford) and was attended by the children of the wealthy and well-to-do who wished their children to have as fully as possible a naturist upbringing. Not a few were workers in the sex industry like Emma herself, and several other children made a living in sex entertainment themselves, so Emma was sure that Maisie was in an appropriate environment. This was an opportunity Emma rather envied of Maisie. No such option had been made available to her when she was younger. Her parents wouldn't have been able to afford it, even if they'd had the slightest intention of encouraging what they considered to be their daughter's unhealthy obsession.

On those days when Maisie was not required to work at the television station, Emma would drive her to the school along with all the other parents and guardians. She would kiss her child lover affectionately whereas Maisie's reaction was somewhat less predictable. Sometimes, she took Emma's kisses almost on sufferance in the way Emma had always considered her own mother's acts of affection. Sometimes, she was very passionate, even taking the time to kneel down in front of her and tongue her vagina, in full gaze of her fellow pupils. Emma was very embarrassed about this, though she came to realise that this was to counter the similar attention one of the

boys was making to his father's erect penis in an adjacent car. This might not be the excuse for lovemaking that Emma was most enthusiastic about, but she loved Maisie so much that she couldn't refuse even the smallest act of love. She felt quite helpless as the child's tongue licked around the slightly thickened mound of her clitoris and the gush of vaginal fluids washed in the saliva from Maisie's mouth.

One of Emma's early worries related to Maisie's teachers. She feared that they might take advantage of Maisie or the other pupils. The school had an atmosphere slightly charged with sensuality with so many naked men, women and children. But she was reassured by the school's ethical policies. The school had a very uncompromising attitude towards sexual liaisons between staff and pupil; however lax it was with regards to sexual relationships between staff which, although not exactly encouraged, was nearly expected and certainly very common. However genuine or mutual the affection there might be between a teacher and pupil, any sexual relationship resulted in instant dismissal: a sanction the headmaster regretted had had to be enforced on occasion. It was not thought appropriate for staff to have anything other than professional relationships with their wards, although the school had no expressed opinion regarding the ethics or otherwise of adult-child relationships in general. What a child did with adults outside its province of concern was neither one thing nor another. Although the staff may very well have suspected that Emma's relationship with Maisie might have a sexual element (and knowing Maisie's tendency to boast, such suspicions may very easily have been confirmed) there was no evidence of it when she attended the Parents Evenings, along with all the other naked parents and guardians.

Maisie certainly had sexual relations with other pupils. Emma might regret the extent of Maisie's boasting and the details in which she divulged them, but she felt unable to do anything about it. Censoriousness was not a role she could play without too much hypocrisy. Much of this sexual activity took place at school, though how the teachers could remain oblivious to its occurrence was beyond Emma. It took place in the playing field, in the gym, in the playground, in the toilets and sometimes in the classroom. On occasion, Maisie invited schoolfriends back with her to their home, where no pretence at all was made of their sexual activity. Emma would sit in the living room listening to the gasps of sexual passion emitting from Maisie's room, coming either from her lover or from her schoolfriends. Although, she regretted this lack of exclusivity in her love life, it seemed somehow more appropriate that a girl as young as Maisie, whose breasts were still no more than the merest mounds and who had but the barest suggestion of pubic hair should enjoy herself with those much the same as herself. She refused all of Maisie's suggestions that she participate in her sex games, particularly vehemently when they involved the boys. However tiny and unthreatening their tiny hairless penises might seem, she had no wish to have one of them inside her, thank you very much!

Naturally, Maisie's best friends at school were those who like herself made a living from sex television or sex video. It was they who she had most in common and most likely to meet at the television studios. Thankfully, none of her soap opera colleagues attended the same school, as that would have presented Emma with rivals at school and at work. However, her closest friends had become very frequent visitors, often making love with Maisie in her full gaze in the living room or in the kitchen.

“Oh, Emma won’t mind!” she’d hear Maisie saying, while feeling a pang of jealousy as she watched Isambard, Priscilla or Eglantine stimulate her lover to passionate cries of ecstasy Emma was glad there were no neighbours to overhear.

Emma didn’t want Maisie’s studies to suffer as a result of her full sex-life and was extremely strict about her doing her homework. This was an effort which seemed to consume almost all her evenings at home, made particularly difficult by Maisie’s attempts to divert Emma away from the task of coaching her through Mathematics, Geography and English Literature by stroking her vagina or kissing her breasts.

“Not now, Maisie!” Emma would say sternly, brushing Maisie’s hands off her with regret. The sacrifices she made for her lover! “Let’s try this again. If the sum of the angles of a triangle is always 180° , what is the sum of the angles of a rectangle given that is constituted of two triangles.”

Maisie was a bright girl however much she was easily distracted. “That’s twice 180° . Erm, 360° . Must we do this, Emma darling?” She eased a hand between Emma’s thighs. “Wouldn’t it be much more fun if we made love? Eglantine never does this at home. She and her brother are always fucking together...”

“I don’t care what Eglantine does with her brother,” winced Emma, who found Eglantine rather attractive if a little simple. “We’ll make love afterwards, if you like. But not until we finish all these exercises. If the radius of a circle is 2, express the circle’s area in multiples of π .”

“ 4π ,” answered Maisie hardly hesitating. “Oh this is boring! Wouldn’t you much rather make love to me?”

“No!” lied Emma. “Now, what’s the circumference of the same circle?”

“The same thing!” Maisie replied with a humph, removing her hand from Emma’s legs and picking up her pencil. She put it in her mouth, and chewed it. “Duncan never has to do this with his mother. He says they fuck all night long. And with his father as well! His bum’s ever *so* sore some mornings.”

“I hope you don’t let anyone put anything up your bottom!” Emma said sternly with alarm.

“So what if I did?” Maisie challenged.

Emma frowned. What sort of relationship did she have when she had neither the moral authority of a parent nor could demand the fidelity of a normal lover? How flawed was their relationship if there was so much open promiscuity and sex? “Just don’t!” Emma said firmly. “Now, let’s look at this question about cosines and tangents. Which of the two tends to ∞ ?”

“Tangents,” Maisie answered with a frown.

“What’s the product of $\sqrt{2}$ and $\sqrt{8}$?”

“4,” Maisie replied. “Oh, Emma. I’m sure you’re trying to do the best for me, but why do I have to learn all this? I’m never going to need to know any of this in my current career. Or any other career I’m likely to have.”

Emma couldn’t deny the possible truth of this assertion, but she still felt that she would prefer her darling Maisie to at least have the possibility to change careers when she was older. “You just don’t know what you might need to know, Maisie sweetest,” she said, kissing her lover tenderly on the forehead. “Let’s look at this logic problem. What does this mean?”

She pointed at the proposition which read “ $\sqrt{(\sqrt{y} \subset \Sigma z)}$ ”. Although Maisie’s

gaze was now focused on predicate calculus, Emma's looked lovingly at the hollow in Maisie's bent neck. The inside of her heart melted, and only the greatest amount of will-power prevented her leaning forward and kissing her tenderly above the shoulders.

XL

“Ohh! Ohhh! Ooohhh!” gasped Hyacinth as Edward pushed his huge black penis deeper and deeper into the welcoming liquid warmth of her cunt, her legs spread wide and her throat hoarse with the expression of her passion. She only gradually became aware that she and Edward were not alone in the tiny bedsit. Opposite her and watching her dispassionately was Enid. This didn’t in itself trouble her. She wasn’t expected to stop for Enid’s benefit, and had no intention of doing so. It was with a start, and reluctantly removing Edward’s wildly twitching penis, clearly just on the verge of releasing its load, that she realised that Enid wasn’t unaccompanied. She curled up on the bed, modestly covering her shaved cunt with her hands, as she examined Enid’s friend who seemed as unconcerned about her lovemaking as her flatmate.

Enid’s friend was naked like her and a few years older than her. However she was also quite pregnant: not yet in the final month of pregnancy but her stomach was swollen and glistened in the light of the bright lamps. She smiled warmly at Hyacinth and also at Edward who seemed more embarrassed than anyone else, futilely covering his massive penis with his hands and blushing quite visibly.

“This is Charlotte,” Enid announced. “My friend from work. I thought I’d invite her back to our flat, if that’s alright, Hyacinth?”

“That’s fine! No problem!” claimed Hyacinth, who nonetheless felt rather less than elated by the unwelcome break in her lovemaking. She climbed up from the bed,

and pulled a large white sweater over her head which covered her down to her thighs and was decorated with the college crest. “Would you like some coffee, Charlotte?”

Enid’s colleague mused thoughtfully. “I wouldn’t mind some tea,” she remarked. “I hope you don’t mind me interrupting you like this, but I’ve known Enid such a long time, and I’ve just never visited her at home before. She’s so often suggested I visit. You must be Hyacinth. Enid’s told me ever so much about you.”

“Has she?” retorted Hyacinth, glaring at Enid with barely concealed hostility. However, she walked out of the bedroom to the small kitchenette which was hidden just beside the small bathroom/shower and toilet. Enid kissed Charlotte tenderly on the lips and chased after Hyacinth, who picked up a plastic kettle and was about to fill it with water from the tap.

“I’m sorry for interrupting you like that, Hyacinth!” pleaded Enid, who had clearly noticed the hostility on her friend’s face. I just didn’t know you had a friend with you. It’s Edward, isn’t it? He seems to be visiting so much more these days. Anyway, we knocked on the door pretty loudly. You must’ve just not heard us. And when we’d opened the door, it was too late. There wasn’t anything we could do.”

“You found time to take off your clothes,” observed Hyacinth ruefully, as the water filled the kettle.

“That really doesn’t take long. And they are so unnecessary, don’t you think?”

“I’m not sure that’s how Edward thinks,” sniffed Hyacinth, clicking the switch on the kettle and screwing open a jar of instant tea. “He’s not as used to seeing naked women as you are.”

“Or you, for that matter!” giggled Enid, putting an arm around her friend’s

shoulder and kissing her on the cheek. “Anyway, what do you think of Charlotte? She’s pretty nice, isn’t she?”

“I thought it was Josephine you were in love with,” remarked Hyacinth, sorting out the mugs. “It’s she you go and see perform most nights. It’s she who you go on about most. I thought your feelings were too strong to want to make love to her lover.”

“What’s this about making love to Charlotte?” wondered Enid. “She’s just a friend.”

“Are you sure?” questioned Hyacinth.

“You’re not jealous of her, are you?”

“What a stupid idea, Charlotte! I’m just a bit pissed off: you barging in while I was just about to come to an orgasm.”

“Oh, that’s nothing, Hyacinth. You do that most nights anyway. And if not with Edward, then it’s with me!”

Hyacinth couldn’t really deny this, though she had no wish for Enid to think that her tolerance of Enid’s sexual desire and her willingness to let Enid masturbate her meant that there was any emotional tie between them in quite that way. She made no reply as she put spoonfuls of granules into the mugs, covered them in boiling water and placed them on a tray.

Enid was concerned for her friend’s lack of enthusiasm. She put her arm around Hyacinth’s waist, and rested her cheek on her shoulder. “Oh, Hyacinth! Sweetest! Don’t take it wrong! I have so few friends, and Charlotte’s *such* a good one. We have *so much* in common. She’s a lesbian as well as a naturist, you know! There

aren't many like us."

Hyacinth relented. She was being mean spirited. "I suppose, you're right," she reluctantly agreed, turning her face round and kissing Enid softly and dryly on the lips, but held her firmly so that she would recognise that this was no prelude to the more physical tenderness her friend was so enthusiastic about. She picked up the tray and followed Enid into the main bedroom, expecting to see Edward clothed and awkward, sitting on the edge of the bed, as put out by the intrusion as she had been.

What she hadn't expected to see was Charlotte lying on her back in the warmth she had so recently vacated, with Edward's buttocks thrusting backwards and forwards into the hairy cunt shadowed by her rounded stomach, a flash of light prominent on his smooth black skin. Charlotte certainly seemed nothing loath as she gave vent to short gasps of pleasure. And Edward was quite clearly enjoying the exercise himself. Only a tremendous exercise of will prevented Hyacinth letting the tray fall to the floor and the mugs spill onto the nylon carpet. She placed it shakily on the small table.

"I thought you said Charlotte was a lesbian!" she said accusingly to her flatmate.

Enid was almost as disconcerted as Hyacinth. She was leaning against a chair, watching the broad smile on Charlotte's face with an expression of as much disgust as fascination. "She is! She is!" said Enid. "But I suppose being a lesbian doesn't necessarily mean that..."

"Well, *something* must have made her pregnant! However versatile Josephine may be, I don't think she could quite do that. I don't think your Charlotte's any more a

lesbian than me!”

“But lesbianism’s an emotional thing. Not a physical thing. Charlotte’s always said that she enjoys making love with men, but it’s women that she loves...”

“The best of both worlds, I suppose,” sneered Hyacinth.

“Oh! Sweetest! Hyacinth! It’s not the same. It’s not the same at all!”

“I don’t care! Not only does your friend burst in on me while I’m being fucked, as soon as I’m out of sight she seduces Edward. I hate her! I hate you! I hate Edward!”

“Hyacinth! Don’t say that! You know how much I love you. Men aren’t the same. Believe me! Charlotte just doesn’t see men like you do.”

“I’m not sure about that,” mused Hyacinth, as Charlotte and Edward’s bodies writhed together: a torrent of semen dripping down Charlotte’s thighs. “What’s the difference between me and Edward, and Charlotte and Edward?”

Enid faced Hyacinth and brushed away a tear of chagrin that had dripped down her cheek. She kissed Hyacinth firmly on the mouth, and recognising the confusion her flatmate was in, allowed herself an intimate stroking of her shaven cunt, daringly pinching her clitoris with her fingers. “This is a much more complex world than you think!” she declared as she eased Hyacinth back onto the sofa, pulled her sweater off her full round breasts and eased a finger deeper into her still moist vagina.

XLI

It was the start of Rosemary's first academic year at the university where she was to study Economics and General Business Studies. Although she'd long been looking forward to this day, it was also with some trepidation that she'd also started the hunt to find digs in the area. She scoured through the local newspapers and studied the student notice-boards, but it was the note in the window of an Asian newsagent's where she spotted the advertisement to flatshare Susan's apartment at what was a remarkably reasonable rate. She took a note of the number on her pocket PC, and dialled it on her mobile phone. The girl who answered the phone sounded very enthusiastic and very pleased that Rosemary was a student. Clearly, it had just not crossed her mind to rent out to students, despite the many colleges and universities in the vicinity.

"But before I offer you space in the flat I'd better see you," Susan commented. "Some of the people who've shown interest have been ... well ... not best suited to sharing with me. Nor would they have got on very well with my friends."

Susan's flat was a great deal better appointed than Rosemary had imagined. How could it be so inexpensive? she wondered. It was quite high up in an apartment block, with a beautiful view of the city below. With some self-conscious nervousness, she pressed the buzzer, wondering what this Susan might be like. She vaguely imagined someone in a smart business-suit with prim wire-framed glasses and hair tied back. What she didn't expect to see was a slim, not especially tall, oriental girl wearing only a baggy pair of shorts with a monstrous black, anatomically correct dildo

protruding out of its fly and pointing towards her. The presence of the dildo didn't distress her too much. After all, quite a few of her fellow students wore them. It was the fashion. Although most students had less prominent ones, usually worn decoratively over tight jeans, or worn instead of knickers. No, the presence of the dildo was not the most startling feature about her. Nor the fact she was an oriental with no accent to speak of. Nor that her hair was boyishly short. Nor that she was topless. To Rosemary's eyes the most stunning feature was Susan's almost total lack of breasts. She'd never been aware that it was possible for a woman to be so conspicuously unendowed and yet show absolutely no concern about it.

Susan was also rather startled. As well she might be. Her conversation on the phone had prepared her for a young female student, which she'd rather welcomed. She'd been very worried about sharing with a man, what with her career in fuck films. But it had no way prepared her for a girl with such massively disproportionate breasts. Unsurprisingly it was the very first thing that announced itself to her, although Rosemary was otherwise still a very attractive girl, not at all plump despite the dimensions of her bosom, and dressed remarkably demurely for a first year student. Her long mousey brown hair flowed down over a shirt which was quite clearly not designed to be worn by a woman, and tied together as best it could to contain her breasts, which protruded bralessly from beneath her denim jacket and supported only by their own attributes as few bras could ever contain such full round breasts, the nipples of which alone were many times larger than her own tiny bust. She wore tight denim jeans and white trainers, and carried a flowery bag which clearly contained her books and bits and pieces.

Rosemary smiled shyly, used now to the curious effect of her appearance. It was not one for which she was at all grateful. Most men, when they spoke at all, spoke to her cleavage and not to her at all. Women also treated her strangely, as if she were suffering from some cruel disability. Even her friends found it difficult to accommodate her breasts into their acquaintance without some nervousness. And she'd never yet found anyone brave enough to acquaint her with the pleasures of romance or love-making.

"I've come about the flat," said Rosemary at last.

It was only the following day that Rosemary moved into the flat, glad to no longer have to sleep in a sleeping-bag on the floor of a friend's room in the student halls. She hauled her bags across town, up the elevator to the twelfth floor and then into the third of the three spacious bedrooms in Susan's flat. As she undid her bags and laid the clothes tidily into the many drawers, she couldn't help exulting in her good fortune in having found such a luxurious well-appointed room in such a nice part of the city. And with such a nice flatmate, or, really, landlady. When she'd got used to Susan's semi-nudity, the two girls had such a nice chat seated on the large leather armchairs in the living room. All around them were beautiful rugs on polished floor-boards, a massive television screen, beautiful painted portraits, still-lives and landscapes, and classy modern furniture. Susan was ever so interested in Rosemary's life, her studies at the university and, oh, all sorts of things. She was so good at listening, and didn't seem at all bored as Rosemary prattled on. Oh! She was so lucky, thought Rosemary as she arranged her ornaments and possessions on the cupboards.

Eventually she emerged from her bedroom and wandered into the living room

where she found Susan sitting on an armchair listening to some gentle jazz music and thumbing through a magazine. She looked up as Rosemary entered, and smiled at her. “I’ve ordered you a desk to study at,” she announced. “It should arrive tomorrow and then you’ll be settled for your studies.”

Rosemary was only half-aware of what Susan was saying as she was slightly alarmed to see that Susan was totally nude, not even wearing the dildo which she’d come to think as being integral to Susan’s appearance. She’d not often met naked women before, but Susan seemed totally unembarrassed by her appearance, so she made no comment. She gingerly sat down on another armchair and felt herself sink into its firm leather upholstery.

“Would you like a glass of wine?” asked Susan, standing up and revealing her full erect nakedness. Rosemary nodded, but her thoughts were focused on Susan’s naked crotch which was shaved and made her look several years younger than she was. But such a beautiful crotch: so tidy and smooth against her flat taut torso.

Rosemary and Susan sipped the chilled Argentinean wine, a taste which was still quite novel to Rosemary, and continued their conversation from the previous day as if there had only been the briefest of pauses. They discussed Rosemary’s choice of studies at university, why she had been attracted to the discipline of Economics and her school childhood.

“But how did you cope with the attention that your ... erm ... assets must have provoked from your teachers and class mates?” wondered Susan.

“My assets?” queried Rosemary at the delicate phrasing.

“Your bosom, I mean. It must have attracted a lot of comment.”

“It did that,” admitted Rosemary blushing. “I’ve often wished for smaller.”

“Not ones as small as mine, though,” joked Susan, running a hand over her own very different bust.

“Well, at least you don’t have the problems I have in finding clothes that fit,” Rosemary retorted bitterly. “Nowhere can I find anything that’s designed for my fuller figure. And what I can find is always designed for people very much fatter than me.”

“I appreciate that,” smiled Susan. “You have to wear shirts like the one you’re wearing? Nothing else?”

“Dresses are horrible and shapeless. Blouses are the wrong shape. And even the biggest tee-shirt rides up my boobs, showing half my stomach.”

“Well, you don’t have to wear anything on top while you’re staying here, Rosemary sweetest.”

“Sorry?” wondered Rosemary, who wasn’t sure she’d heard right.

“Don’t be silly, Rosemary,” smiled Susan standing up and placing her wine glass on the glass top of a table. “If those tops are uncomfortable, just take them off. It’s not as if I’d ever object.” She walked towards Rosemary, leant over and unbuttoned the top of her shirt. “Come on. Take it off. You’ll feel much more at ease without it.”

Rosemary blushed even deeper. “Are you sure? Won’t I feel a little chilly?”

“Not in the temperature I keep the flat,” Susan assured her, unbuttoning her shirt to the waist and parting it. Rosemary’s breasts fell out with a kind of woomph and revealed their whole glory. Susan was amazed to see that natural breasts could be so naturally enormous. They were round, full, and dominated by nipples whose

aureate dark pinkness spread around a taut sculptured centre which, in their unaccustomed bareness, stiffened to the size of small thumbs. Should I? wondered Susan momentarily. But she dismissed the thought, and eased Rosemary's blouse off her shoulders and onto the floor. Where it lay looking very sorry for itself in a white heap of shapeless linen on the intricate patterns of the Afghani rug Susan had bought on one of her more exotic film shots.

“Don't you feel so much better now, Rosemary?” asked Susan, with a sympathetic smile.

And then, as if nothing had happened, Susan returned to their conversation about life in the city and in Rosemary's own town as if her breasts had never once intruded themselves onto the discussion. This even though it was uncomfortably clear to Rosemary that Susan's mind continued to wander back to the breasts that heaved in front of her, and even without the hindrance of clothes weighed very heavily on her spine and brushed occasionally against her be-jeaned knees.

As the days passed, Rosemary started her studies, bringing back piles of dry Economics text-books on inflation, web-enabled business, stock market fluctuations and business management. She would sit at her desk with the computer that Susan let her use, or on a chair by the window with the sun streaming in onto the turgid, polysyllabic prose of her chosen discipline. And bit by bit, she was persuaded to abandon more than just her top, revealing to Susan a firm body, with none of the folds of a plump woman, but blessed with thighs and knees of appropriate proportion, and a waist which curved in enough to give her sufficient contour for a woman of much smaller mammary dimension. Her unviolated vagina had a bush of brown hair which

faded well into her slightly olive skin. But after a while it was Rosemary's face that Susan most fell in love with. Her large brown eyes, her slightly turned-up nose and a beautiful toothy smile that stretched her seductive thick lips.

So, it was not at all surprising to Susan, nor to anyone who knew her, that she and Rosemary found themselves together in Susan's large bed one evening after slightly more glasses of wine than usual; even though it was something that clearly took Rosemary by surprise. This was not what she thought sharing a flat was about. Sharing a bed, especially with a woman, had never been on her agenda when she was looking for digs. But she found it very pleasant, perhaps, to her surprise, more than she'd imagined, although her new-found proclivity also alarmed her. What would her friends think? What would her fellow students think? And even worse, what would her parents, who were always so considerate and kind to her, think?

Susan was a very gentle and tender lover, bringing Rosemary gradually towards the bed and onto the welcoming sheets. Guiding her with her hands, and then exploring her body with her tongue, lips and then teeth. Her fingers explored the crevices and contours of Rosemary's fully intact labia, while her tongue licked and her mouth gobbled greedily on her lodger's monstrous nipples. Her palms stroked the full roundness of Rosemary's knees, her lips nibbled on Rosemary's eyebrows and ears and toes. And then her fingers gently explored the inner sanctum of Rosemary's virginity, bringing the girl to unaccustomed and thoroughly frightening gasps and choked cries of delight as strange vibrations and spasms shook her sweaty, almost slimy, body.

Of course, Rosemary always wondered how Susan could afford such a nice

flat but she never really suspected that it was as a result of working in the sex industry. In fact, until they'd made love, Susan had been very coy about disclosing what she did for a living. Indeed, she'd been singularly evasive. It was only after the two girls had several more nights of progressively more passionate lovemaking that Susan imparted this to her, but so casually and matter-of-factly that it took Rosemary a few hours to comprehend the enormity of this fact. Which was, of course, that the first person she'd ever surrendered her body to habitually made love to others, men and women, in front of cameras. And that evidence of her lovemaking with these people was widely available in sex shops, supermarkets and newsagents throughout the country. And, indeed, the world.

The horror of it soon passed, and she allowed Susan to take her most precious commodity, her maidenhead, with one of her smaller dildos. And, Christ! It was painful. But the pain soon subsided and she soon forgot what had so recently happened to her, despite the clear and bloody stains on the bedsheets and still glutinously shining on the length of the pale pink penis-shaped dildo that Susan had chosen for this initial foray.

However, this was followed by more nights of similar penetration with dildos of steadily larger dimensions and of shapes and forms Rosemary had never expected: including studded ones which gave spasms of pleasure in the depths of her vagina she'd not even imagined. Even the long black dildo she'd originally seen protruding from the fly of Susan's shorts came into play, removing the very last traces of her maidenhead in a small bloody spot in the very centre of the sheet. There was even a dildo for her arse, which she allowed to enter her with some fear and anxiety, but was

strangely not unpleasant, rubbing against the sensitive nerves of her vagina from a new and quite delightful direction.

Although she truly enjoyed the penetrations, it was the other lovemaking with Susan which gave her the most pleasure, and gave her the deepest and most satisfying orgasms. In fact, there was something grotesque, even comical, about the strange positions she and Susan had to adopt for her lover to adopt the masculine poses required for strap-on sex. She much preferred to explore her smaller lover's tender white skin, the tiny breasts she so enjoyed licking and teasing, the porcelain beauty of her hands, the delicious contours of her smooth small feet and its perfectly proportioned toes. And, of course, Susan's face, with her beautiful dark eyes and her mouth. The ivory hardness and whiteness of her teeth. The liquid muscular flexibility of her tongue. Those passionate kisses which were the prelude and epilogue to their long passionate stints of lovemaking.

Nevertheless, Rosemary couldn't remain forever secluded from the reality of Susan's profession. And it first became clear to her one day when she came home from a lecture on Money Supply to find Susan entertaining two friends who were introduced to her as Amna and Fluff. It shocked her to see these two much more vulgar exemplars of the sex profession than her own darling loveliness, Susan. Fluff particularly shocked her: totally nude, although Rosemary was still wearing a baggy student sweatshirt and slacks. And her face. That horrible tattoo that totally defaced it, partly obscuring the fact that her head, unlike her vagina, was totally shaved. And wasn't it a tattoo of an erect penis spurting a load of yellowish semen onto her cheeks? How could anyone voluntarily consent to such a disgusting disfigurement?

And this was merely the most prominent of a series of tattoos, mostly of penises, but some of vaginas and naked women scattered about a body which was only tattoo-free from below her breasts and to the top of her thighs.

How could anyone make love to a woman like that? Rosemary wondered, although she knew that the answer lay in Amna, who was herself voluntarily disfigured, if not in such a hideous provocative fashion. Amna wore nothing but a black leather jacket open at the front and a large black dildo strapped onto her hips. Her lips were curiously puckered, although she was clearly not of African ethnic origin. Her stomach was clearly outlined by the muscles of her exercise and practise. Her arse, when she stood up, was prominent and quite unnaturally round and firm. But this was as nothing to her very firm, very hard and rather large breasts, of a composition quite different to her own still larger breasts. The nipples seemed unnaturally small for such a large bosom.

“So this is your new girlfriend, Susan,” Fluff commented with a smile, just barely visible through the pattern of her facial tattoo. “And what a fucking find she is too! Don’t you think, Amna? Just look at the size of her fucking breasts! And they’re fucking real too, aren’t they?”

Susan nodded shyly, clearly a little embarrassed by the rudeness of her friend. She stood in her shorts with a dildo protruding through the fly as she had when Rosemary had first met her.

“They *are* real!” commented Amna in awe. “It’s almost unreal. Gain without pain. I’ve never seen a pair like them in my whole career!”

“Nor me!” smiled Fluff. “Come on, Rosemary. Don’t be so shy. We’re not

going to hurt you. We're just paying Susan a visit. We've just not seen her in a while. Have we, Susan?"

And then, to Rosemary's jealous horror, she put an arm round her darling Susan's perfect bare white shoulders and kissed her very fully on the mouth, an arm around her back, while stroking the slight bumps of her bare breast with a familiarity which came so easily and so smoothly it could only be because it was expected of her. Rosemary felt slightly giddy and steadied herself slowly into one of Susan's welcoming leather arm chairs. As if on cue, Amna also sat down, while Susan and Fluff stood together, arms around each others shoulders and back, and Susan really not looking nearly as uncomfortable or awkward as Rosemary would have hoped.

However, Susan could see Rosemary's distress. She eased herself reluctantly out of Fluff's embrace and sat on the arm of Rosemary's chair, put her arms around her neck, beneath the long hair that cascaded onto her chest and tickled her bare midriff. "Oh, Rosemary! Darling! Sweetheart! Don't take so! Amna and Fluff are friends of mine from, oh! so long back. I love them dearly. But you are my dearest and closest!" She placed a tender kiss on Rosemary's lips and took her limp hand in her own ivory white one. "You must believe that you are the one I most love!"

"Fucking romantic, ain't you, Susan!" laughed Fluff. "I almost fucking envy you. But I've got my own dearest heart. Haven't I, Amna, honey!" And she joined Amna on the chair where she sat and, with no prelude or invitation, thrust her tongue deep into Amna's mouth and ran her fingers over the full firm contours of Amna's round nearly spherical bosom, briefly tweaking a nipple between a forefinger and thumb. "You fucking love me too, don't you, cherry pie?"

“I love you more than I can say!” gasped Amna, Fluff’s saliva dribbling from the corner of her mouth: a small droplet detaching itself from her chin and plopping onto one of Fluff’s hands otherwise preoccupied with her nipple.

“I don’t ... I don’t ... I don’t know what to say...” gasped Rosemary.

“Don’t say fucking anything!” sneered Fluff removing Amna’s jacket from her shoulders and kissing her fully on the mouth. Amna gasped with an expression of delight and hugged her lover hard against her large breasts.

“Oh! I love you! I love you!” Amna cried.

Rosemary sat transfixed with Susan’s arms around her shoulders, watching for the first time in real life as a couple made love to each other. It was a passionate animal experience that she knew intimately but had never witnessed, not even on celluloid. The two bodies grappled onto the floor intertwined, sweating and so absolutely physically naked. This is what it looks like, Rosemary thought, as she watched Amna’s enormous dildo find its way into Fluff’s vagina and as Amna thrust her absurdly full buttocks backwards and forwards above her.

She turned to face Susan. She had no idea of what to say, but was not at all surprised as silently and seductively, to the background groans and moans of the other couple, Susan removed not only her own clothes, but also Rosemary’s. “Oh! I love you, Susan!” Rosemary managed to say over the excitement rising in her chest and clogging her mouth.

And soon there were four bodies writhing and moaning and grappling together on Susan’s rugs: at first apart as two couples deeply in love, and, then, predictably but not without some anxiety as an enmeshed foursome, writhing as a single eight-legged,

four-tongued, six and two-half breasted mass of flesh. This was the first time, Rosemary mused, with another woman, or other women, but still including Susan whose ivory flesh she sought out as much as she could between Amna's dark skin and Fluff's psychedelic one. For the first time, she kissed another woman, as Amna took her tongue into her mouth and slightly nipped it, while was it two? or was it three? or was it even four? fingers probed, explored, penetrated and squeezed her precious labia and vagina. And whose dildo was thrusting in her? Was it Amna's? Or her darling Susan's? And what was that inside her arse?

She groaned and yelled and panted as she shuddered with orgasm, but also watched as Fluff's own skinny tattooed legs twitched and shuddered to its own repertoire of pleasure. She took Fluff's vagina in her teeth, to find herself face to face with Susan, whilst behind her a dildo thrust into and out of her vagina.

Susan smiled lasciviously, her tongue licking her teeth, from out of which one or more of Fluff's pubic hair was embedded. "Oh, Rosemary, isn't this fun? Isn't this the most fun? Isn't this what life was always meant to be about?"

Amongst the liquid, physical, hot, sweaty tremors of passions that wracked her body so, Rosemary was able to reflect. Maybe Susan was right. Maybe this was what living was for. Wasn't this paradise? And her enormous breasts which had caused her so much embarrassment for so much of her life was now giving so much pleasure, as she felt two tongues work around her hard nipples. At least now they were being used for the purpose for which she must have been so blessed. Never again would she regret the prominence of her assets. The only drawback, she thought, was that some day it might end. But until then...

Rosemary nodded. "Oh! Susan! I love you so much. You've brought me so much pleasure. How can I ever ever thank you enough?"

XLII

Tanya was beautiful. This was something about herself which she knew to be true and which she did her utmost to use to her best advantage. But beauty wasn't everything. She was also ambitious and she was frustrated by her position as a junior presenter on the evening entertainment show on Harlot TV. Sure, she was lucky to have made it in television, even if it was sex television where standards were very low compared to mainstream television. She was convinced that her assets weren't being used to their full. She knew that being filmed having sex on television wasn't really stretching her talents at all. It was not enough that her producer kept promising her better things to her from the comfort of his sheets. Nor that she could see the effect her beauty had on her fellow presenters and guests. Not that the quantity of sperm that they spurted onto and into her wasn't proof enough. Just the way they looked at her body was enough.

She knew better than most how to present herself. She took great care of her appearance. Her hair was cut and dyed by the best hairdresser she could afford: a pleasing blonde bob that emphasised the curve of her neck, the classical contours of her chin and cheeks and showed off her high forehead. She spent time and money on make-up which subtly enhanced her eyes and lips without overdoing it, like some of the sex television presenters who had none of the aesthetic sense of balance which ensured she didn't look like a slut. And she was worldly enough to know that it was her body which represented her fortune in this corner (as it would be any other corner) of the sex industry. This she enhanced by a choice of clothes where the tops, however

long the sleeves, stopped just below the nipples of her apple-shaped breasts, and a choice of skirts and shorts which showed off her long thin legs and hung low enough on her hips to show just how far down she shaved her crotch. A little bit further down or a little further up and she'd be revealing too much for the subtle effect of temptation she had nurtured to be effective. But what she always displayed was a midriff, with a perfect waist, a teardrop shaped navel and the contours of her hips. What she was saying, she knew, was that unless it meant business, what she had could be seen but not touched.

Her ambition left her somewhat lonely. None of her colleagues were anything other than competition for her, and no one in more senior positions to her in the television hierarchy was anything other than an object of envy or a stepping stone in her career. Most people sensed this and left Tanya alone, which generally suited her fine. However, not everyone seemed aware of her aura, and none less than Emma, who worked as a producer on the station's naturist programmes and as a commissioning editor for some of the station's more prestigious programmes: whose high pretensions were matched by equally low ratings. But Emma was as blissfully unaware of this as she seemed to be of Tanya's sexual aura. Tanya knew this, as Emma looked at her with exactly the same kind of unobservant, uncritical eye as she did everyone else, even the fucking make-up girls or the cameramen.

This fascinated Tanya. It particularly fascinated her as Emma's sexual proclivity towards women was well-known on the station. And she could see that the main focus of Emma's attention was the slutty Maisie who'd once been on a television sex soap opera, but was now presenting a teenage sex programme with

Rochester, a small boy with a big name. She also knew that Emma's relationship with Maisie couldn't possibly be exclusive. It was common knowledge that Maisie was spreading herself thinly amongst the male and female presenters and actors of Harlot TV, both on-screen and off. It was certain that Emma also knew of this, and Tanya found it unimaginable that an attractive woman like Emma wouldn't also be doing much the same thing, but in a perhaps more discreet way.

It was difficult to think of anything that Maisie and Emma had in common with each other, except the habitual nudity which in Emma's case was like some kind of a fucking religion and in Maisie's was just a kind of carelessness. They were certainly nowhere near the same age. And Emma possessed a quite different ethos with regards to how she comported and expressed herself. It was unlikely that she would share any of the teenage enthusiasms which Maisie displayed on *Wasted!* every Monday and Wednesday night. All that fast, frantic, noisy dance music. All those wacky fashions. And all those infantile sex games that featured so highly on the programme.

Tanya stood behind the cameras on the set of *Wasted!* not really thinking of anything at all, except perhaps of her contempt for all the foolishness that was going on. Maisie was fellating the singer of some fairly puerile pop song, dressed only in a pair of absurdly high-heeled yellow trainers, with her mass of curly hair teased in peculiar directions by a bizarre selection of hair clips. However, even Tanya had to admit that Maisie had a certain amount of technical skill: bringing the singer to ejaculation at just the right point in the dance tune that was running over it, letting the semen arch onto her chest without messing up the discreet make-up on her small

nipples.

She then watched as Maisie effortlessly returned to the microphone with Rochester, betraying her sexual excitement in the breathiness of her voice, where she announced the appearance of the next guest, who was a teenage actor on **IVY GROVE**, a sex soap opera set in a high school which was particularly popular with teenage viewers at the moment. She turned around to leave when she saw Emma standing nearby watching Maisie with a peculiarly sad expression. Tanya frowned, a little puzzled by Emma's expression, but sensing that it must illustrate some disconcertment for Maisie's chosen career. But how was she to express the right degree of sympathy without it seeming contrived?

"That Maisie is very talented," she offered as a comment to Emma, who started abruptly. She hadn't expected anyone to notice her there. And who was this woman? She vaguely recognised Tanya as one of the many minor television presenters at Harlot TV, whom she rarely bothered to acknowledge. She smiled at Tanya, and returned her attention to Maisie.

Tanya was not going to be dismissed that easily. "I'm sure I've seen Maisie in something else. A long time ago. I can't remember what..." Emma turned her head back to Tanya, clearly unsure how not to be rude to this woman. "What was it? **King's Cross? Time Square?**"

"Nothing as good as that," Emma replied, clearly provoked by Tanya's recollection of two low-ratings, high art sex dramas that she'd commissioned. "It was **St. Denis Road**. That was long before the scandal with the producer and that horse brought the series to an end."

“Well, I wasn’t really much of a viewer,” lied Tanya, who had a weakness for soap operas. “I’m sure she was very good in that.”

“Not really,” said Emma, returning her gaze to a television set on the wall that screened the action on the set. Tanya judged that that was all she was going to get out of this conversation, so she discreetly left Emma to her own concerns.

However, Tanya was nothing if not persistent. She made a point of greeting Emma whenever they passed on the corridor, which at first surprised Emma but to which she eventually became accustomed. She even signalled with her eyes some appreciation for Tanya’s beauty, which had taken fucking long enough. She even seduced Rochester, despite her relatively low opinion of teenage sex presenters, so that she could find something about Maisie and her older lover, and also as an excuse to hang around the set of *Wasted!* This gave her more opportunities to talk to Emma, even though when the programme was over she would then have to spend time with this tedious boy and his views on whatever dance fashion was sweeping the clubs or whatever action movie was dominating the screens. She liked the fucking. Like most sex presenters, including Tanya, this was an area in which he undoubtedly excelled. It was the conversation which tried her patience. But she knew she now had an area of her life which she shared in kind with Emma.

Gradually, Emma paid more attention to her. And when she confided with Emma that she didn’t really understand her young lover, which was true, she was a little surprised by how much Emma felt that she agreed. “I don’t know why I love Maisie at all. She splits me apart.”

Tanya took Emma’s warm hand in hers and sighed sympathetically. “Just as

Rochester splits me apart,” she said sadly. Although, of course, even during anal intercourse, this wasn’t nearly something Rochester’s penis was really capable of doing. It was fine: quite long, just a little thin. But at least he didn’t ejaculate too soon like so many other younger lovers.

Tanya discovered that there was a naturist coffee bar not far from the studio where Emma occasionally went by herself at lunch times, and although she always thought of all that innocent nude cavorting that naturists were so keen on rather naff, if not thoroughly contemptible, she knew that this was the best place to get to talk to Emma away from the Harlot TV studios. So, one day, when she’d established that this was where Emma had gone, she went down the iron stairway to the small coffee bar just underneath a delicatessen. It had the insufferably smug name of Nature Calling and the staircase was decorated by arty poses of men and women in those outdoor locations that naturists seemed to like. She knew that her expensive clothes looked out of place amongst all the jeans and tee-shirts hanging on the hangars in the cloakroom where she handed them after disrobing. And she knew that even without clothes, her immaculate make-up, her finely manicured nails and even the way she walked, so much more natural in a pair of high-heeled shoes, was also pretty much out of place as she strode across the ethnic rugs that covered the coffee shop’s wooden floor. She felt stroked by the gaze coming from the eyes of the naked men and women sitting on their tall stools which followed her imperious tread. Even though she always considered nudity a step beyond the degree of provocation she felt necessary to project, at least she didn’t look so fucking ridiculous as so many of the others with their hairy bums, their furry armpits and unhealthily pale skin. She looked after herself

- even in the places where very few were permitted to view.

Tanya saw Emma sitting in a corner, a cup of cappuccino in one hand with her head leaning into a newspaper. She was disappointed that Emma hadn't witnessed her triumphant entry and all the heads turning. Tanya strode to the counter and ordered herself a café macchiato, all the while looking at her reflection in the mirror behind the short stocky, but still naked, girl who was serving her. Some people shouldn't be allowed to take their clothes off, Tanya mused focusing on a birthmark on the girl's shoulder as she was served a cup. She then turned round to see Emma carefully turning a page of her newspaper. Good! Now to attract her attention. "Cooee! Emma!" she cried out walking towards her. "What a surprise to see you here!"

Emma glanced up startled. At first she didn't recognise Tanya. Her own prejudices about textiles sometimes made it difficult to recognise anyone as distinct from their clothes. And the clothes Tanya wore were certainly distinctive, so much so that Emma thought of Tanya as the girl with the midriff. She always liked that midriff, and recognised that hiding the crotch and breasts emphasised the contours of the long serpentine length of her torso very well. But here she was nude. Although somehow not seeming nude. Even naked, it was clear that she paid extraordinary attention to her body. Even her crotch was razored short and in the shape of a tiny heart. It hadn't been dyed the same blonde as the head on her hair though.

"What are you doing here?" Emma wondered, putting down the newspaper and leaning forward over the table as Tanya eased herself onto the stool opposite. "I'd never taken you for a naturist."

Tanya smiled, as her mind raced over the question. "No, I'm not. But I've

often passed this place and wondered what it was like.” She stirred sugar from the sachet into her cup. “And anyway I’ve always been sympathetic to the naturist movement,” she lied.

“Really?” wondered Emma with a grin. This really did not seem very likely to her. “Sympathetic in what way?”

“Well, it’s always seemed so ... er ... natural,” Tanya replied. “You know, not wearing clothes and everything. I mean, what could be more natural than ... erm ... than nudity. Baring everything. Erm. Feeling nature on the skin.” God! This was awful. Change the subject. “So, Emma, do you live near here?”

Emma started. She’d actually looked forward to a conversation about naturism, and wasn’t sure she was so keen about such a sudden change of tack. “Not really. Why do you?”

“No, I live in the town centre. Right near the theatre district.” Ah good! A subject she could pursue a bit more fruitfully. “It’s very convenient for seeing plays, shows, films, almost anything. Are you interested in ... er ... anything like that?”

And so it was in this way that Tanya persuaded Emma to come with her to see some nude dance production that was on near her. And dull it was too! No story that she could discern, although the programme gave some kind of a synopsis. It was just a lot of cavorting performed by a bunch of naked men and women, clearly chosen for their dancing ability rather than for their looks. The girls were so tiny, with similarly small breasts. And the men all seemed gay to her. She could more easily imagine them fucking each other than the women they were dancing with. And it was only in her imagination she could see any fucking. Despite all the bare flesh on stage and all the

manhandling, there was no sex at all and the men's penises remained disappointingly shrivelled. Although quite a few men and women in the audience were nude like Emma, thankfully she wasn't in the minority in the designer outfit she wore. At least Emma seemed to like the show, and she even began to weep at one stage where one of the women dancers was performing some kind of dance to show her distress at her male lover leaving her. This was demonstrated by a lot of slumping onto the ground, throwing herself against other dancers and exaggerated arm movement. However, she took advantage of Emma's tears to take her hand in her own and squeeze it comfortingly. Emma smiled at her through her tears, seemingly grateful for the sympathy that Tanya was expressing.

At long last, the ordeal was over, but not without the tedium of applauding the cast as they bowed and pirouetted on the stage as the curtain was drawn and redrawn. Couldn't they just shut up and go home? Then at last out of the door and into the atrium.

"Oh! It was *so* sad!" weeped Emma, accepting Tanya's arm around her shoulder.

Tanya resisted the opportunity to ask exactly how all that nonsense was meant to be sad and instead took advantage of Emma's vulnerability to kiss her full on the mouth. Emma didn't resist, but she seemed somewhat surprised. "I didn't know you were ...?"

"Were what?"

"Well! Liked other women. I always thought you were..."

"I've always preferred the company of women," lied Tanya who much

preferred a good fucking to anything a woman could do, even with the assistance of rubber dildos and the like. “Especially a woman as beautiful as you...”

“But what about Rochester?”

“Rochester?” queried Tanya, thrown off guard. “Oh! Rochester! I don’t know.” She lowered her head onto Emma’s breast, the better to look upset. “I just don’t think there’s any future for us. He tears my heart apart, but I think he prefers younger women.” Tanya knew this was strictly true, but, in fact, she was beginning to be more than a little annoyed with the boy’s tenacious sappy clinging onto her. Couldn’t he just stop after the fucking, pack his clothes and leave her be, instead of insisting in telling her how much he loved her and how she was so much better than all the other women. She’d already decided, after she’d finally persuaded him to let her poke his anus with a carrot, that she’d exhausted all that she’d ever wanted from the boy. “No, I think I prefer you much more to him.”

“Is that true?” wondered Emma, seeming almost grateful. Indeed, she’d come to appreciate Tanya’s physical beauty more and more while they were in the coffee shop, and had herself wondered what it might be like to make love with her. And this she soon came to find out, when Tanya escorted her back to her apartment just a couple of blocks away from the theatre. Past the concierge, up the elevator and then, after very little preparation, the two of them flung their bodies onto Tanya’s large and all-engulfing mattress and made rather loud and passionate love.

It was actually Tanya who was the most surprised at the lovemaking. Although she was surrounded by her own possessions, the photographic prints of film stars, a colour scheme of deep reds, blues and purples, and wading on the fluffy luxury of her

pillows and duvet, she did not feel as much in control as she normally did. It was Emma who took the lead, bringing Tanya and herself to spasms of ecstasy that she'd never enjoyed with a woman before. Her tongue explored every crevice of Tanya's golden skin, sometimes deep into the pink darkness of her vagina, tenderly activating her clitoris into a stiffness that none of her male lovers had achieved. Her fingers probed her arse and vagina, her flesh ground against the sweaty smoothness of her own. And Tanya was alarmed to find just how rough Emma could be: a roughness that she recognised in herself but was somehow reluctant to reciprocate. The pleasure of the licking, combined with the tugging of teeth on her nipples and labia. The tenderness of the stroking and caressing, contrasting suddenly with abrupt slaps on her arse and breasts. The penetration of her anus and vagina by tongue, fingers and full fist. She shook and shuddered as orgasms spread through her body expertly orchestrated by her naturist lover.

Tanya wasn't so sure she liked this kind of love. She was used to being the one in control, but she could see that in matters of lesbian love she was very much the novice. Emma had clearly had many woman lovers and knew exactly how to ensure that they achieved the most pleasure that they could. And, of course, unlike men whose sexual abilities rarely stretched beyond twenty minutes and, in some cases, a mere fraction of that, Emma had the capacity, the willingness, the stamina and the appetite to keep on for hours, while draining from Tanya almost all the will-power she possessed.

Morning came. The sun shone through the gap in Tanya's curtains and onto Emma's naked back as she lay fast asleep on the bed. Tanya examined Emma with a

critical eye. There was no doubting Emma's beauty, although she wasn't that keen on the hairy armpits, the uncropped vagina and the light hairs on her legs. These bloody naturists! They just didn't have any idea how so unseemly hirsuteness was. Couldn't she even invest in a shaver? But then Emma's dress sense was about as ghastly as it could be. She dressed, when she dressed at all, in the most functional way: one which would have made the most beautiful woman in the world appear plain

She also decided that this would be the last time she would allow Emma back to her place at night. After all, she had her own domestic arrangements to look after, and she didn't appreciate the idea of Emma being around too often. It had been bad enough with Rochester, although it had often been quite easy to persuade him to go off to one of the many night clubs in the area with one of his many teenaged fans. After all, she had her two live-in lovers in the other bedroom to worry about. Although they were admirably discreet when Tanya brought her lovers back, chance meetings in the loo or on the stairs or in the kitchen could not be ruled out.

Karl and Anthony both contributed to the rent of the flat, which Tanya appreciated greatly. Especially as their combined contribution easily exceeded the actual cost of renting the flat, expensive as it was. And they were both pathetically, stupidly besotted with her. What little crumbs of lovemaking she let them have was quite sufficient to keep them gasping for more. They'd not known each other before they found themselves in the odd position of having to share the same bed together and only rarely together with Tanya. And even then, they couldn't be sure that this would involve any intimacy with the true object of their passion. Although they weren't at all gay, even really bisexual, she always demanded that they have sex

together while she watched. And she also liked evidence that they had sex together when she wasn't there. She knew that neither of them really enjoyed it, and to be honest, watching a man stick his erect penis deep into another man's arse wasn't really much of a turn-on for her either. But what she did like was the arbitrary exercise of her power over them and their utter obedience to her whims.

The first time she'd got Karl to fuck Anthony had been the best for her. Anthony was clearly hating every minute as the prick Tanya stimulated to its full arousal pushed in, inch by painful inch, into Anthony's hairy taut arse. She loved seeing that expression of sheer agony and disgust on Anthony's face as he felt the prick go deeper into him than he'd ever imagined possible, aided by the petroleum jelly but not helped by Karl's own reluctance. She loved watching the two men nervously suck each other's cocks. And she insisted they continue until finally (and with a little assistance from her own manicured fingers) they came in a welcome release of semen, mingled with guilt, anxiety and sheer revulsion. But she knew they loved it. The more outrageous the demands she made of them, the more they seemed to want more. What was it that made people want to surrender themselves in such a humiliating way to her? Who knew? Who cared? It was enough to see Karl also being fucked by Anthony and finally to have to lick the shit from his arse off the dick.

Men were so stupid. Almost as stupid as women. She brushed her clitoris with excitement as she imagined what further humiliation she could command of the two. She could get Karl to fuck Anthony while masturbating his dick while Tanya pushed a dildo right up Karl's arse. She loved to see Karl grind his teeth and squeeze his eyes together, little tears emerging despite himself at the unfairness of it all. She loved

making unreasonable demands of them, knowing that her two lovers would gladly give everything for her. And then give again. Until their balls were sore from abuse. Their arses aching from the pain of penetration. And their eyes stinging from the semen and urine that would be inflicted on their faces. And of course it was up to them to clean their shit-, blood-, sperm- and piss-covered sheets. She would never indulge herself on soiled sheets. That was one of her many rules.

Emma stirred and looked at her new lover from her recumbent position, half in and half out of the sheets. Tanya was so beautiful. And so randy. Look at how she was able to masturbate after all the lovemaking they'd had. Her long lithe waist. Her cute apple-shaped, apple-sized breasts with those stiff nipples she'd enjoyed nipping, sucking and chewing. That prim but perfect vagina, so clearly the object of many previous penetrations but kept neat and tidy: not falling out from her lips in the way that some sex stars' vaginas did. How had she deserved such a beautiful woman? And such a passionate lover. If it weren't for Maisie, and her deep love for her, she'd be truly happy. She smiled up at Tanya, who noticed Emma's stirring and smiled back at her through teeth whiter than teeth should be, framed by lips which even without lipstick were thick and almost red.

Tanya leaned over Emma and kissed her full on the lips, and stroked her breasts with her fingers, teasing one of them into a stiffness that she recognised as a prelude to future passion in the morning sunshine. "It was good, wasn't it?" Tanya asked, in a voice that had to swallow the real excitement that, despite herself, she genuinely felt.

"It was perfect!" replied Emma, before planting her tongue full between

Tanya's ivory perfect teeth. "It was absolutely perfect!"

XLIII

At last the day of Josephine and Charlotte's wedding came along. A day Charlotte had been dreading but looking forward to so much. At last she could put a seal on the love she felt towards her lover. At last she would be able to say to the world that Josephine was the one for her and that it was her intention to stay with her until death did them part. She was equally worried about her pregnancy, now so obvious and such an added burden to her otherwise slim frame. But although biologically the unborn child couldn't have been Josephine's, she felt that it was spiritually. The baby for which they had both worked so hard and which was almost certainly conceived while Josephine was there in the mass of male and female flesh of their lovemaking.

Josephine was happy. She dearly loved Charlotte and could imagine no better lover and companion. But not everyone was as happy as Charlotte and Josephine. Charlotte's parents were horrified. They refused to even acknowledge their wedding invitation, something which brought Charlotte to tears of rage and disappointment. How could they care so little for their daughter and her happiness? They even refused to meet Josephine and neither of the girls had the courage to visit them uninvited. Their refusal to go was for reasons which brought back to Charlotte bitter memories of their reaction when she announced to them first that she was gay and second that she was a naturist. They believed that same sex marriages were nothing more than a mockery, that Charlotte's pregnancy revealed her to be merely a slut who really shouldn't cast a shadow on their threshold, and that Josephine herself was almost certainly the cause of their darling daughter's depravity. The fact that it was to be a

naturist wedding was scarcely likely to have added to their enthusiasm to witness her nuptials.

Josephine's parents, on the other hand, were much more understanding. Although they had no enthusiasm for their daughter's chosen career and failed to comprehend what it might be that their darling daughter saw in another woman, they took the effort to meet Charlotte whose nudity at first disturbed them, but to which they gradually got accustomed. It was just another life-style choice they reasoned, and not one that actually caused anyone any harm. They had great misgivings about going to a naturist wedding. They were not naturists and indeed found the whole thing faintly ridiculous. They were pleased to see that nudity was optional and was certainly not expected of them. They were assured that great efforts would be made to ensure that textiles such as they were not going to feel excluded.

It was also reassuring that it wasn't their daughter who was pregnant and that, in respect to their own feelings, Josephine was not going to be naked herself. In fact, she went into the business of choosing a wedding dress with an enthusiasm which Charlotte, who was of course excluded from so doing, found quite curious. She and Susan visited countless shops that sold matrimonial wear before selecting a relatively modest, faintly golden wedding dress which they felt suited her. Charlotte restricted herself to just a veil and a garter. Any more than that and it just wouldn't be right!

She was filled with trepidation as she waited in the church foyer for her fiancée to arrive. She felt horribly conscious of her prominent stomach. Just as much as she felt that marriage was the right thing when a baby was involved, so too did she feel that gravidity was not really the appropriate condition for such a solemn occasion.

She stood with Emma who had the role of giving her away to Josephine and who was naturally not at all self-conscious about her nakedness.

Not that they were the only naked people there. The choir was similarly nude, as of course was the minister, who wore only the dog-collar which symbolised his office. Also many, but not most, of their guests were naked. There was Maisie excitedly chatting by Emma's side, who was as comfortable as Emma in her nakedness. There was Susan's large-breasted lover, Rosemary, who was nervously sat next to Anna and her bizarrely tattooed friend. Rosemary was naked and very much aware of the attention her enormous breasts attracted, whether she crossed her arms over her breasts or under them. Anna and Fluff were also naked, although both of them had chosen to wear large hats which had the advantage in Fluff's case of obscuring her vulgar facial tattoo. Much as Charlotte enjoyed men's penises, and had enjoyed more than a few on her hen-night several nights ago, she felt that erect penises were not really appropriate in a church; even a naturist one. Next to the two girls were Salim and Fatima covered by their chadors. There was Enid, also naked, sitting by the clothed figures of Edward and Hyacinth. And several naked figures from work. And also the stunningly well-dressed, if slightly haughty figure of Tanya, a woman who Emma had insisted on inviting, and who Charlotte knew was playing a bigger role in her best friend's life. There was also Harriet who'd hurried back from an engagement in Ottawa to be there with her lover.

And then, finally, and sending Charlotte's heart into a frenzy of activity, arrived Josephine escorted by the naked figure of Susan. Although Josephine's dress felt slightly out of place in a naturist church, Charlotte had to admit that it did suit her

very well. As always, Josephine displayed excellent restraint and taste in her choice. Susan handed Josephine over to Charlotte, who, as she took her lover's hand in hers, was aware of how much she was also nervous and sweating from the excitement and anticipation of this the day which would seal their love forever.

The two of them hadn't made love together since their hen-night, which had been a full orgy to which they'd invited all their friends and a number of willing men (one of which was more than likely the real father of their child). Charlotte enjoyed all the fucking, though she doubted it was as much appreciated by her unborn child whose first kicks she'd felt during a particularly frenetic session with three, or was it four, lovers. And she kept her eyes on her dear Josephine who also enjoyed her own heterosexual coupling under Emma's faintly disapproving eye. Since that day, as tradition demanded, she'd not seen Josephine and had only spoken to her, and then at length, over the phone. Charlotte invited Emma to stay in the flat which had once been Emma's as well and came to enjoy several nights of passion with the woman who would always remain her best friend, even though one, she was now resigned to admitting, who could never displace Josephine in her affections. Her lover had been staying with Susan and she was sure that the two of them had also enjoyed many hours of lovemaking, almost certainly together with Susan's bizarrely proportioned girlfriend.

The wedding was a suitably solemn affair treated with appropriate respect by the minister who, in Charlotte's and Josephine's earlier conversations, had shown rather more concern for the girls' souls than for the rightness or otherwise of same sex weddings and Charlotte's pregnancy. Both girls promised to come to the church more

often and to read the Bible. Charlotte was very nervous and still quite unhappy that her parents weren't there to lend their assent. It was with some difficulty that Josephine squeezed the ring onto Charlotte's finger which had slightly swollen in her anxiety. But it was soon in place, the solemn vows made and the registry signed.

And then onto the reception which Susan and Emma had organised. There were the speeches, the food and a selection of jazz and dance music laid on by some of Emma's colleagues from Harlot TV. Josephine's father had decided after all his doubts and after a great deal of encouragement from her daughter to give a brief speech in which he wished the couple well. He hinted only obliquely that this had not really been the sort of marriage he'd expected for his bisexual daughter. Other speeches came from friends and colleagues, including Emma whose speech was the most professionally delivered and the most heartfelt. Soon both Charlotte and Josephine were slightly tipsy from all the champagne and very full from the delightful spread that Susan had organised and paid for. Susan had opted not to give a speech, and Charlotte was quite concerned at one stage to see her burst into tears and lean on Rosemary for comfort and consolation.

Then, the two girls were whisked off to the hotel where they were to stay for the next few days. It wasn't very far away, as Charlotte was concerned about how travel, particularly air travel, would affect her pregnancy. As they left, Charlotte kissed her friends and Josephine's parents goodbye, glad that despite the lack of approval from her own parents that her marriage was at least given credence by some people in what she considered to be her new family. Was she Josephine's wife or her husband? she wondered as the taxi drove them through the city streets. Even the

question of surnames had caused some debate in her mind: solved ultimately by them each adopting the other's surname in addition to their own.

The honeymoon suite was on the top floor of the plush hotel with a view over the city parks and relatively quiet despite the heavy traffic outside thanks to the very high quality double glazing. Charlotte sank backwards onto the large heart-shaped bed, her swollen stomach protruding high above and the weight of her gravidity exhausting her.

“At last!” she said to Josephine. “Alone together!”

Josephine smiled as she removed her clothes and stood naked in front of Charlotte at the end of the bed. Her nipples were raised in anticipation and the sheen of her skin betrayed her excitement. “I've enjoyed this day so much!” she sobbed. “I never thought I would. But all the love I felt from everyone and from you... Oh Charlotte! What have I done to deserve a lover, a partner, a soulmate as beautiful, clever and oh! so loving as you?”

She pulled herself onto the bed and crawled towards Charlotte. She placed her hands on Charlotte's large stomach, admiring her lover's breasts which were swollen as they prepared themselves for lactation, the nipples larger and fuller than ever before, and the mounted welcomingness of her vagina! She moved her head down between Charlotte's legs, her hair tracing itself delicately over her lover's thighs and the base of her swelling stomach. A ménage à trois of sorts, she mused, thinking of the hidden third presence inside Charlotte who very occasionally and just as unpredictably announced its presence, but had been remarkably quiet on this so special day.

Her tongue probed Charlotte's vulva which her lover had taken to shaving again in preparation, she said, for her forthcoming childbirth. It was so beautiful to run her tongue over such smooth skin that emphasised the beauty of her lover's vagina which despite its very many penetrations had not unfolded itself into a mass of protruding folds like an overripe fig. The clitoris tasted so sweet. The inner lips smelt so strong and overpowering. A rich odour which excited Josephine as she rubbed her own clitoris with one hand, while the fingers of the other probed lovingly in the tighter grip of Charlotte's anus. She gasped with reciprocal pleasure as she brought her lover to one of her so reliable orgasms as they wallowed together on the mass of the bed.

"Oh I love you so much!" declared Josephine. "And you're mine! All mine!" And then she smiled wickedly at her lover. "But not completely..."

Charlotte looked slightly alarmed. "What do you mean? Is there someone else?"

"Tonight yes," Josephine announced, sharply clapping her hands.

And then on cue three naked men who Josephine had invited emerged from the bathroom where they'd been hiding. They all sported firm and proud erections which they had been stimulating while watching Josephine prepare her lover. Charlotte smiled with delight.

"Oh Josephine!" she cried with gratitude. "You needn't have! We no longer have to share our love with anyone else."

"There is a love I can never give fully," Josephine admitted, as the men crawled onto the bed and surrounded her gravid lover. Their tongues and hands

tenderly stroked her stomach, breasts and thighs, expressing their appreciation with small grunts and the slightest panting of excitement. Josephine crawled up towards her life partner's face and kissed her full in the mouth, as the men prepared to service her.

And so it was a wedding night to remember, and heard down the long hotel corridor as Charlotte's cries of ecstasy rang out. The men were gentle, as they had to be regarding Charlotte's state, but nonetheless didn't neglect their duties towards satisfying the wedded couple from the back and the front. A mass of naked groping flesh: one fifth black and one fifth brown. One stood up and fucked Charlotte while Josephine was fucked by another, her tongue still twisted around Charlotte's own, deep in her lover's mouth. The fifth took Josephine from behind, awkwardly balancing himself on the edge of the bed, holding onto the girls for stability.

The night was long and passionate, sweaty and smelly, and only Charlotte's advanced state of pregnancy prevented it going on forever, though she had the appetite for more impassioned lovemaking while the subject of her wedlock dozed on the sheet beside her, a broad and satisfied grin on her face.

Finally, Josephine was satisfied, and she silently signalled that the men should leave, despite the persistent erection one of them still had. They quietly gathered their clothes, while Josephine stretched out next to her lover. As the door closed behind the men, she tenderly kissed Charlotte on the forehead, gently pushing aside the damp hair that clung to her flesh. She examined her lover's peaceful expression. The eyes were closed, and her breathing was steady and even. Her stomach gently rose and fell with each breath: holding within a secret treasure Josephine had sworn to love;

knowing that Charlotte viewed it as the greatest gift she could give her lover. It may have none of her genes, Josephine mused, but it would have all of her love.

She leaned over to turn off the lights in the room, and lay in the darkened room illuminated only by the stars from behind the curtain. She contemplated the contours of her lover's body and felt a swelling of impassioned love let itself loose from her own chest, quickening her heart and making her feel ever so slightly weak. She'd never known love like this before. And, indeed, she'd once felt that such romantic feelings were forever denied her, despite all the sex and passion. But they were there now, and filled her with a deep and satisfying glow, which she was certain lit her up as keenly as the warmth of a coal fire.

XLIV

Amna was aware that her family was more than a little discomfited by the changes in her appearance, though she made every effort when she visited them to dress in a way that wouldn't alarm them. But no matter how plain the clothes she wore (and these days it was quite difficult for her to dress especially plainly), nothing could disguise how much fuller her bust now was nor how her face had changed so much. It must have puzzled them, but she was sure they attributed it to the changes that happened to any growing girl. It was good that they had no opportunity to see her shaved vagina, her pierced nipples or her tattoos. Then they might really worry about the wisdom of letting their eldest daughter stay with Aunt Salim. Her parents only asked her the most banal questions about her life, convinced that her newfound wealth was gained through honest toil in the office. Her brothers were too confused by their own physical changes brought about by adolescence to make any judgment about their sister's own changes.

Her younger sister Dalitha was also growing older. Breasts were beginning to swell beneath her school jumper and blouse, and her figure was fast seeming ill-suited to the clothes of her youth. Inevitably she was more curious about the changes that were happening to her sister. "Will I have boobies like yours?" she asked naïvely. "Will my bum stick out like that?" Amna loved her sister too much to mislead her, so when the moment seemed right, as they walked through the park with their parents' pet labrador, she explained as best she could what plastic surgery meant, and what it

did to a girl. “But don’t tell Mum and Dad. I don’t think they’ll approve.”

However, conversation soon strayed and Amna found herself confessing to her love affair with Fluff, her relationship with Auntie Salim and her friend Fatima, and, of course, about all the men in her life. “But I much prefer Fluff. She’s really lush.” Amna was so used to her current life-style that she’d forgotten how very strange and exotic it seemed to her sister. Dalitha’s eyes widened and her tongue licked across her thin lips.

“Your life is *so* exciting!” she gasped. “What’s it like having sex? Does it hurt? And do men’s willies really get very stiff? My life’s so boring. I wish I had a life like yours.”

Amna sighed, as the labrador chased after some leaves across the grass, excited by the smells and sights of the city park. “Men are like dogs,” she said, observing the labrador sniff the rear end of a collie. “They just want one thing. And when they’re finished, they just run off to find someone else to fuck ... to make love with. Women are much better. Fluff is so lovely in bed. And so beautiful. She’s got the tenderest cunt ... personality in the world. And Auntie Salim’s alright too, if a bit boring.”

“It sounds wonderful,” giggled Dalitha excitedly. “Ooh! I’d just love to have sex with a woman if it sounds so good. Do any women have willies?”

Amna blushed, thinking of the strap-on dildo she had chosen not to wear when visiting her family. “Not as such,” she admitted.

Dalitha was a growing girl and was now working part-time in their parents’ shop, so she had her own small income. She was insistent with her pleading that she

be allowed to visit Amna at Auntie Salim's house. It was difficult for Amna to resist. She and her sister had so many happy shared memories together over the years of their childhood together. And she was such a pretty girl. How could anyone resist her? She was shorter than Amna, and also slenderer. Her skin was equally as dark and like her sister dark fur grew on her cheeks and arms. She had a very sweet toothy smile. Her long straight hair fanned over her shoulders and fell into her large dark brown eyes. Amna eventually gave in, forcing her sister to swear on the Koran that she wouldn't say anything about her life to anyone. "Not even your best friend at school."

Dalitha frowned. She'd already made hints of this to Khadija and had been looking forward to providing more full and detailed accounts of her older sister's exciting life, but she saw the wisdom of Amna's advice. She was a good girl, and she'd never do anything to upset her sister.

Auntie Salim made Dalitha very welcome when she visited, although it was clear that the young girl was finding it all rather boring. Why was her aunt dressed with a scarf and long dress? Amna said that she was usually nude. And Amna wasn't dressed very sexily either. Her sister's jeans and baggy tee-shirt were not the outrageous clothes that Amna had confessed to wear most often. They sat together around the television eating the small snacks that Salim had prepared, talking about school and how business was at her parents' shop. This wasn't what Dalitha's adolescent fantasising had made her hope for. All that rubbing her breasts and easing her fingers into her crack had not been expended in fantasies of this! Perhaps Amna had been lying. Showing off. She was glad now she'd not told Khadija or Tabitha more of what her sister had said. She was already rehearsing how she'd relate the

evening. Grown-ups were so boring!

However, all that changed when Fluff arrived. Unlike Amna and Salim, she was hiding none of her usual lack of constraint. She wore a sleeveless leather jacket, with her breasts bare beneath and a very tight very short skirt which so readily revealed that she wore no knickers underneath. And, of course, her face! Dalitha had seen pictures of erect penises in the magazines in her parents' shop and she'd even once seen an erect penis which some horrid man had shown off to her while she was walking home from school. But she'd never seen one tattooed so blatantly across anyone's face! So, Amna had been right to say that Fluff was a cock-fancier.

Dalitha was introduced to Fluff by Salim who was clearly rather less keen on her than Amna whose face brightened up quite perceptibly. "Fuck me! Your sister's not bad, is she?" Fluff exclaimed. "Pretty. Like you, Amna sweetest!"

And then, with virtually no prelude and with hardly time for Salim to complain, Fluff was on Amna, kissing her on the face and holding her tightly to her body. "Fuck, Amna! Get this fucking prep gear off. You look like a fucking college girl!"

Dalitha was astonished enough by the language which her parents had mostly sheltered her from and she'd mostly only heard in the school playground. She was even more astonished as Fluff pulled off her jacket and skirt to stand naked in front of Amna. And even more tattoos. And weren't the nipples pierced too! And the tattoos! Just looking at them made Dalitha feel excited in a way that rather frightened her. All those stiff willies. And some of them had sort of creamy stuff coming out of them! Was this really what grown-up women could get up to?

“Really, Fluff! In front of Amna’s sister!” protested Salim impotently, as Fluff tore off her lover’s clothes. But to no avail. All too soon, Dalitha was treated to the fulsome and disturbing sight of her surgically enhanced sister without the encumbrance of clothing. And her sister had a tattoo on her arm as well, but not one of an erect penis. And then in front of her slightly horrified gaze, her sister and Fluff took themselves onto the sofa and began groping together while Salim stood by, not knowing what to do confronted with this flagrant display of exhibitionism. One body black, breasty and full. The other slim, white and splattered with the weirdest display of the tattooist’s art that Dalitha could ever envisage. And the things they were doing to each other! Those tongues in the private bits. And in each other’s mouth. Fingers probing everywhere. The strange overpowering animal smell. The glistening sweat on each of the girls’ bodies. So, this was what sex was like! It was both like and unlike what Dalitha had imagined. Certainly she’d known from the pictures what two girls in the buff wrapped around each other would look like. But she hadn’t really envisaged its physicality, its sweatiness and its smelliness. And the gasping, grunting, whining, moaning sounds. And then after she didn’t know how long she’d sat in awe on the armchair, the television still babbling on about local news affairs and Auntie Salim still standing transfixed and miserable by the mantelpiece, it all came to a slow end, as both Fluff and Amna finished off with a chorus of cries and then collapsed onto the sofa together.

“Well, I hope you’re both thoroughly ashamed of yourselves,” Salim admonished the girls. “In front of young Dalitha.”

“Oh fuck off!” said Fluff contemptuously. “I’ll do just what I fucking like! If I

want to fuck Amna then that's just what I'll fucking do."

The rest of the evening was more sedate, although Fluff and Amna remained naked with their arms entwined round each other. Their clothes were left in an untidy heap on the carpet and it was up to Salim to pick them up, fold them and place them tidily on another chair. Something which she did to Fluff's clothes with rather more disdain than she did Amna's. Fluff was entertaining company though, shocking Salim and amusing Dalitha with stories of her recent sex conquests, while Amna occasionally kissed and petted her. Eventually, Fluff departed to see some man whom she'd arranged to see earlier and left a rather embarrassed Salim and the still naked figure of Amna. Salim scolded her niece and then busied herself in the kitchen while Dalitha excitedly talked to her sister about her strange girlfriend. And then, of course, she was driven home by Auntie Salim, while the still naked Amna sat in front of the television watching some sex soap opera on one of the cable sex channels that her parents did not subscribe to.

This was not the last visit that Dalitha made to Aunt Salim's apartment. Indeed, it was the first of many regular visits. Amna, however, no longer made any effort to dress any differently when her sister visited, if she made any effort to dress at all. Aunt Salim, on the other hand, was clearly embarrassed by her niece's semi-nudity or even full nudity, but she had clearly abandoned all attempt to restrain her from dressing as she wished, although she herself dressed as before, with a scarf hiding her hair and a dress that hid most of her body. Nevertheless, the visits did not normally involve seeing Amna having sex with Fluff or anyone else. The three of them would watch television and sometimes Dalitha would rest in Amna's room where they would

listen to her older sister's records and flick through her magazines.

She also met Fatima who dressed no differently to her aunt and was equally as polite and restrained: indulging in none of the sexual practices that Amna had said she often did. However, she was still fun company and was clearly very fond of her sister. She made no mention of her professional relations with Amna and kept the conversation well clear of such matters.

Fluff was quite different whenever she visited, which was not frequently. Her visits, however, were always unannounced and always involved sex with her sister. Dalitha was not sure of the strange feelings erupting inside her as she watched her sister and her lover together indulging in the passionate love that was so sweaty, so unrestrained and so physical. There was a strange warmth emanating from between her legs and she was sometimes short of breath as the bodies enmeshed on the floor, on the sofa, against the wall and even in the bed. Aunt Salim stayed within sight, watching the two lovers not with Dalitha's curiosity and wonderment, but more with an expression of disgust mixed with a kind of sadness.

"Fuck, Salim!" remarked Fluff, Amna's strap-on dildo deep inside her and her shaved head pressed against the back of the sofa. "Why don't you join in, instead of just watching like that?"

Salim shook her head sadly, but made no comment.

"And you, Dalitha? Don't you want to join in?"

Dalitha gasped, conscious of a sudden tightening of her chest. Could she? Was it right? With her sister?

"Well, at least have a feel of what it's like," Fluff commanded, placing a hand

on the dildo and holding Amna still with her other hand. “Come here and touch it!”

Dalitha looked at her Aunt Salim through startled eyes. Her aunt shook her head disapprovingly. She returned her gaze to her sister, who smiled mischievously. “It won’t do any harm just to touch,” she said with a smile.

Dalitha walked up to her sister and gingerly put her hand forward to where the dark rubber met Fluff’s nicely trimmed vagina. She tenderly placed a hand on one side of it. It was strangely warm and *very* sticky. A small warm trickle of vaginal juice flowed down onto her thumb. Dalitha lowered her hand down the length of the dildo and felt the brush of warm, hard flesh where the dildo penetrated Fluff, the folds of the vulva erupting like the petals of a peculiarly pink flower on either side. She was both horrified and fascinated by the details of Fluff’s vagina. All those folds! All those crevices between the thick flesh! And the contrast of such detail with the smooth uninterrupted contours of her stomach and the small hard breasts above. She voiced a strangulated gasp and, frightened by the strong feelings that tightened her own chest, she hurriedly removed her hand and stood back.

“Good, isn’t it?” said Fluff with an amused smile, as Amna recommenced her steady rhythmic thrusts in and out of her vagina. “And it’s much better to be doing it than watching it!”

Dalitha stood back. What was she thinking? She ran over to Aunt Salim by the mantelpiece and without thinking grasped her aunt’s hand. She watched as her sister and her lover became more and more physical, and the thrusting became fiercer and fiercer. Clearly her brief intercession in their lovemaking had stimulated the two girls to even more ferocity and passion. Aunt Salim seemed a little startled by Dalitha’s

gesture but she didn't relinquish her niece's hand, although she did nothing to encourage it.

And soon Fluff and Amna were finished. In the postcoital pause that followed, Dalitha let go of her aunt's hand, aware of what it might seem to suggest, and embarrassedly sat down on the sofa. Amna smiled strangely as her sister positioned herself, her arms clasped between the legs of her jeans and a bright red blush spread over her face. No comment was made of what had happened, even from Fluff, who as usual left to meet another of her many male lovers. The rest of the evening was spent innocently enough, watching the television, with Amna fully naked except for the grotesque black dildo which dangled awkwardly between her legs and still shimmered from the traces of Fluff's vaginal orgasm.

It was perhaps inevitable that the next time that Dalitha visited her aunt's flat, it was a different occasion to all those that had come before. Dalitha herself had half-expected it to be different, although she had shied away from any coherent thought of how different it might be. The memory of her close encounter with Fluff's vagina remained with her; seemed, in fact, to be imprinted on the tips of her fingers where they had touched her. The memory of that droplet of vaginal juice still seemed sticky on her fingers. Her nights were spent in lonely agonised masturbation, not focused on anything specific but bringing her to gasps which she hoped her parents hadn't heard and a hot sweat that she hoped would go before the morning.

When she went up to the flat, after ringing the doorbell, she found Amna sitting naked on the sofa next to her aunt who, for the first time, was not wearing a scarf over her hair. Nor, for that matter, her long dark dress. Unlike Amna, she wasn't

naked. She was wearing red silk lingerie which revealed to Dalitha for the first time that her aunt was really quite attractive. Aunt Salim's body was clearly a woman's body, and not at all like a girl's. Her breasts were full, the thighs and hips were also more full, and her arms had a womanly plumpness and none of the girlish slimness of her sister's arms. She still looked a little awkward, however, and somewhat embarrassed.

Dalitha sat down on the chair that had almost become her own, settling into the familiar cushions, aware that the television was off and that the stereo was playing some soft ambient jazz music. She smiled awkwardly at her sister and her aunt. "Aren't we watching *Homefield Grove*?" she asked, aware that this was the time the soap opera normally began.

Amna smiled broadly and ignored her question. "Why don't you take off your clothes?" she asked quietly.

"What!" gasped Dalitha. "I couldn't ..."

"Don't be silly. You know you'd feel more comfortable if you did. And anyway I don't wear any, do I?"

"I'm not sure that..." Dalitha began, but nevertheless surrendered to her sister's request. She pulled off the tee-shirt she wore with its picture of the boy band *In Tune*. It eased off over her shoulders and she pulled her arms through its elbow-length sleeves. She then unstrapped her bra so her rounded, still forming breasts were revealed: the nipples puffed up a slightly darker brown than the rest of her breasts. And then she hooked her thumbs into the waist of her shorts, pulling them over her slim legs and over her trainers. She sat there wearing just her frilly cotton knickers

and her air-soled trainers glancing up at Amna and Aunt Salim. Amna gestured impatiently that Dalitha remove these last vestiges, which Dalitha did: starting with the trainers, which she placed neatly by the pile of clothes she'd already removed, and then with a blush that gave a shine to her face and chest, she removed her knickers to reveal the smooth hair which had spread over her crotch and the vaginal crack which pursed inwards rather than out like her sister's.

Amna smiled, and then without a word unstrapped Aunt Salim's own bra from behind, revealing two very round apple-shaped but still womanly breasts: the nipples large in a deep aurora of a darker brown than the rest of her light brown freckled skin. She kissed her aunt tenderly on the cheek. "What do you think of Aunt Sally? Don't you think she's beautiful?"

Salim blushed visibly and smiled despite herself. Dalitha sighed. "She's very pretty," she ventured.

"And not just here!" announced Amna. Salim stood up shyly and removed her own knickers, pulling them down over her long slender legs and revealing a very neat vagina, almost as beautiful as Fluff's but without any of the folds that hung from Amna's lover's crotch. The hair was thick, but smooth, sparser than Dalitha's own, forming an almost perfect triangle so much darker than her golden brown flesh.

Dalitha gasped, but sat paralysed. She felt her skin tighten around her face and the nipples on her breasts were hardening. "She's very pretty," she repeated. "Very pretty!"

"Have a feel," offered Amna standing up by her aunt and wrapping an arm around her. "Don't be afraid. Aunt Sally is very gentle."

Dalitha knew that Amna and her aunt made love together, but it had never occurred to her that she might also get to know her in that way. Nervously, she stood up and walked over to Salim. Her aunt leaned down to her smaller niece and gave her a tender kiss on the lips. Dalitha gasped. Unsure of what to do, she put her arms around her aunt, just below her shoulders, leaned her head up, and then kissed her aunt back in return.

Gradually, bit by bit, the awkward fumbblings became less awkward, the kisses became more passionate. As the two girls became more intimate, Dalitha couldn't help wondering why this was happening. Was it just that her aunt found her attractive? Was it that her aunt loved her? Or was it, as she came to believe more firmly from the odd verbal encouragement from her sister that this encounter was engineered by Amna. And had her aunt agreed because it seemed the lesser of two evils? And if so, what was the other evil? Her mind flashed back to her brief encounter with Fluff's flesh and it seemed clear to her, while all else began to lose focus as her tongue encircled Aunt Salim's nipples and her aunt ran her long fingers up and down her slim back. It would have been either Aunt Salim or Fluff. And in this way, her aunt was in some sense protecting her.

"So beautiful! And so tasty!" said Amna encouragingly as Salim and Dalitha lay on the sofa, guiding her sister down to Salim's vagina as Dalitha's tongue probed the tight contours of her aunt's belly button. Indeed, it did taste strange. And the smell was so overpowering. And then her aunt swivelled round, above her, and she felt the muscular moistness of a tongue probe her own crotch. And then around her tiny clitoris. A tremor of pleasure shook her body, followed by another. And then another.

Her crotch shook violently. And then that tongue probed deeper into her, deeper than anything except her own fingers had ever been before.

And soon Dalitha was in Salim's bed. Amna left them, content that her role in this exchange was complete, and Dalitha was in a delirium of pleasure and ecstasy orchestrated and excited by her aunt, who nonetheless ensured that only her tongue and none of her fingers violated her own vagina. Her nipples were damp with sweat and saliva, her mouth retained the taste of Salim's mouth and the faint odour of herbs and spices, her taut young buttocks pressed against the silk sheets. She looked at Salim. Do I love you? she asked as she looked up at the vagina above her face, her tongue aching from the effort of licking that tender acid-smelling receptacle. Is it love I feel? She spasmed again, uncertain of the feelings and emotions that erupted inside her. If this is love, it's not as I expected it? So animal. So physical. And she loved the taste of Salim's skin. Salty and sweet. The curves of those thighs. The folds of the vagina. That freckled brown face, and the dark pupils in the bright eyes. And the hair with such a strange smell of its own as it fell onto her face and entangled with her own hair.

And in all this, Salim was strangely quiet. Her own thoughts were a confusion of lust, desire and guilt. At least, she thought, this kept her darling niece away from that disgusting Fluff. And yes, she did enjoy it. It was almost like the love she used to know from her darling Amna before she'd been corrupted by all her sex film friends. It was the innocent, non-penetrative love she'd enjoyed so much before. She felt some guilt and remorse from reflecting on how young her niece was, but it wasn't her youth that attracted her to Dalitha. It was perhaps her innocence. Or was it the beauty of

those slender thighs, those large reflective eyes. The smooth dark skin, hairy as it was beginning to be, still unshaven under the arms, and tasting sweeter than even Amna.

It worried her slightly where all this would lead. What would happen next? Was this where Amna's demands on her lovemaking with her sister end? But undeniably, it had resolved some of that strong feeling that had exploded inside her when Dalitha held her hand while they watched Amna and Fluff at play. That explosion of emotion and lust that both Amna and Fluff had noticed and which Amna had so mercilessly exploited. But was it wrong? Was this a sin?

Hardly, she mused, her teeth and lips nibbling gently on Dalitha's clitoris, feeling her niece's ecstatic spasms. How could something so beautiful, so wonderful, be sinful? Surely Allah would know that this was no sin and, in any case, being between women and within the sacred confines of family, how could this ever be seen as anything other than the purest of love.

XLV

Emma was delighted that Tanya had become a frequent visitor to her suburban home. She had come to love Tanya's body, although she wasn't so sure how well she loved or even knew Tanya's mind. But there was nothing about her that seemed anything other than the perfect lover: always devoted to her, passionate in bed, and the only person outside of work with whom she could discuss her job. She hadn't realised just how much difference it made to have someone to talk to who was as passionate and informed about television management and programme production as Tanya was. She bubbled with so many good ideas, and Emma was pleased to do whatever she could to help further the television career of someone who she had come to view as her protégé. She spoke to producers and other executives about Tanya's beauty and her television presentation skills, based, she was sure, not just on her affection for the girl but also on an objective appraisal of her abilities from the many times she'd watched her in the Harlot TV studios. She was aware that her reputation for quality production and her famous naturist and vegetarian credentials gave her judgment rather more weight than the opinion of many others.

While Emma did what she could to further Tanya's career, her lover seemed not only incredibly grateful (expressing her gratitude for each new appointment or pay rise with the most passionate lovemaking), but she never seemed satisfied. On the one hand she expressed the opinion that Emma was seeing too much in her modest talent

and that she really did not deserve her good fortune. On the other hand, it was invariably Tanya who would put the seeds in Emma's mind of another area in the Harlot TV hierarchy of presenters where her skills could be even better used. Emma loved helping Tanya's career. And she loved the rewards she gained from her assistance when the two of them retreated to Emma's large bed and she could enjoy once again that slender frame, the perfect torso and the skills of a lover who nonetheless was carefully not to indulge in any of Emma's rougher sexual practices.

"I don't want to appear in front of the camera covered in bruises," she explained. "That would be *most* unprofessional. As I'm sure you agree."

Emma agreed sadly, but the quality of the other sex they enjoyed together was passionate and raw enough, tiring her out and leaving her waking up every morning with the sweet smell of sweat and vaginal discharge. Sex with Tanya was addictive and Emma was addicted.

Emma was concerned about how Maisie would view her new lover. She spoke to Maisie about it on one of those several nights in the week when Maisie was at home and Tanya was elsewhere. She reminded Maisie of her own sex life away from Emma with her own other boyfriends and girlfriends, not to mention the sex she so often enjoyed in front of the camera. She was secretly pleased but also worried by Maisie's brief show of jealousy. It was satisfying that her young lover was still so desirous of her and enjoyed the passionate lovemaking that followed their discussion as she reassured the girl that her love for her was in no way displaced by her love for the older woman, however beautiful she was.

She expressed her concerns about Maisie to Tanya and was pleased when her

older lover suggested that the three of them should make love together as a means of ensuring that Maisie would not become more jealous and see her as some kind of a rival for Emma's love. "After all, it's clear to me that although you are first in my affections, she is first in yours. And I wouldn't like to be responsible, however unintentionally, in any lessening of her love for you."

And so it was that Tanya and Emma invited Maisie to make love as a threesome in Emma's bed. Maisie readily agreed. She enjoyed her conversations with Tanya and had heard from Rochester what a good lover she was. In fact, she knew that Rochester was still depressed about Tanya leaving him for Emma, which actually made her feel the more keen to get to know Tanya better. She found Emma's other lover very beautiful and of course she'd become quite accustomed to seeing her naked around the house. She knew that Tanya was not really a naturist, but she was aware that Emma preferred nudity in the home. Maisie loved the sight of Tanya's trimmed vagina, the long slim legs and the way she would sit on the sofa, a broad toothy smile on her face as she listened to Maisie talking about the pop groups she listened to, the films she watched and the other people she worked with. In fact, Tanya seemed tremendously knowledgeable about teenage interests for such an older woman, but Maisie reckoned that was almost certainly a result of her relationship with Rochester. In fact, even though it was Tanya and not the boy who had brought the relationship to an end, she was curiously solicitous as to his welfare and was remarkably sympathetic about his apparent heartbreak.

As all three girls were already naked, there was very little prelude to the girls' first lovemaking together. Maisie was escorted between the two older, taller women,

an arm from each around her shoulders and around each others', and her arms around their waists. And then into the tastefully restrained decor of Emma's bedroom, onto the large bed where Emma and she had spent so many nights together, her arms around Emma, and Emma's tongue between her legs. Maisie lay down, slightly nervously, as she always was when she was about to make love with someone new and different, and enjoyed the attention of the two older women as they stroked and kissed her, their show of affection for her punctuated by displays of love towards each other. Emma's mouth opened with a slight gasp and plunged her lips onto Tanya's lips, while her hands traced Maisie's small, not yet fully grown, breasts. And then the mouth transferred itself to her own crotch, while Tanya's tongue entered Maisie's mouth. It tasted so sweet, the teeth nibbled gently on her tongue and lips and her body shivered with the massaging of four hands as they trailed around her thighs, round her buttocks, around her back.

Bit by bit, the lovemaking became more intense. Maisie began reciprocating the love shown her with more passion. Her tongue licked the smooth folds of Tanya's vagina, while her eyes explored the gorgeous contours and the evenly tanned flesh of Emma's older lover. Meanwhile, two tongues and two pairs of lips explored and probed her vagina and anus. And then fingers entered and explored, while Maisie pushed in as many fingers as she dared into the forbiddingly perfect orifices of Tanya's lower regions. And, inevitably, spasms and tremors of orgasmic pleasure rose and crashed and rose again, as the passion became ever more urgent, ever more daring and ever hotter and sweatier.

From then on, those evenings when both Tanya and Maisie were at home

became nights when with Emma the three girls enjoyed nights of passion which both Emma and Maisie found they came to enjoy more than those nights when there were just the two of them. Indeed, for Emma, sex with Maisie had actually become more frequent now that Tanya was around. She almost felt guilty on those nights when Maisie was visiting her friends or staying with her mother, and on which occasions only she and Tanya made love together. It was those nights, however, when Tanya and she would talk about Tanya's career and how, with Emma's help she was getting more responsible and lucrative production roles and taking a more starring role in the television shows she co-hosted, or was even the sole presenter. Emma felt proud of her role as Tanya's mentor, although she guessed that other presenters and producers on Harlot TV, no doubt equally as talented, resented Emma's part in Tanya's career tangent.

However, Emma needn't have felt guilty about Maisie's absence from these nights of passion. Tanya had taken to watching Emma's younger lover at work, as Maisie was pleased to see. She always preferred it when someone who loved her took a direct interest in her work. The sex on screen was always the more passionate, her sexual techniques the sharper, knowing that either Emma or Tanya were in the wings watching her.

After one show, as Maisie left the studio, wiping the rich smelling cream of semen from her chin and lips, she was surprised to see Tanya waiting for her just outside her dressing room. Normally, Tanya kept a discreet distance, perhaps waving at her or smiling encouragingly, but not normally to be found in the areas reserved for the stars. She ran up to Tanya, crumbs of semen baked on the back of her hands, and

kissed her lover full on the lips. “What did you think of my performance? Jimmy Ratchet was great, wasn’t he? I just didn’t know I could get so much dick in my mouth!”

Tanya trailed a hand over Maisie’s bare shoulder and an arm around her waist. She smiled at Maisie. “Just looking at you made me feel hot!” she said uncharacteristically. “That’s why I thought I’d wait for you here.”

“Really!?” exclaimed Maisie. She knew that Tanya was a good lover, but she’d never thought that she actually loved her. She always thought that it was only because of Emma that she and Tanya ever enjoyed making love together. She studied Tanya’s trim figure: the waist as always uncovered from marginally below the hips up to just above the heave of her apple-shaped breasts. Those classic curves! That clear golden skin! And the smile: teeth so white, eyes so libidinous (if faintly calculating), and the cheeks puffed out by the broadness of her smile. Tanya gently squeezed one of Maisie’s sweet round buttocks, and her face and mouth descended onto Maisie’s.

“Shall we?” she asked.

“Here? In the corridor?”

“No, silly! What have you stars got private dressing rooms for?”

Maisie knew that in her case it wasn’t really for dressing. She wore very few clothes on set. And those that she did covered very little of her and rarely any of those assets which most people kept hidden. However, it was here that her hair was combed and brushed, make-up discreetly applied on her face, nipples and the rest of her. After a show, Maisie normally just cleaned off whatever stickiness and sweat was still clinging to her body, before picking up the shoulder bag where she kept her music

player and headphones, and what few clothes might be necessary should she venture into the streets outside the television studios. This time she knew that the dressing room would be serving quite a different purpose as, still hugging each other, Tanya pushed open the door and the two of them rolled into its confines.

Maisie looked at their reflection in the wall-length mirror as they cuddled by the door. Tanya so much taller than her: taller indeed than most fully grown women. The serpentine curves of her body against Maisie's youthful slender frame. And then as Tanya eased down her shorts and unclasped her top, the full uninterrupted view of Tanya's beauty. Still the most beautiful woman Maisie had made love to. More beautiful even than Emma, whom she so dearly loved.

The girls clung together and fell onto the floor and rolled around on the carpeted floor together. Tanya's tongue probing into the smooth crevices of Maisie's vagina, her hands grasping her buttocks, her fingers insinuating themselves into her arse. Maisie groaned and moaned, unable to compete in the artistry of lovemaking, surrendering herself to Tanya's tongue, teeth, fingers and flesh. Sweat poured down her chest, her nipples shone in the harsh neon of the dressing room lights, her tongue ached from its exertions in Tanya's own crotch: the taste of Tanya's vagina rich in her nose. And then back against the mirror, with Tanya pushing crotch against crotch, the two of them standing. Maisie moaned and shook her head, vaguely conscious through the spasms of ecstasy shaking through her frame of her lover examining her own reflection in the mirror with a curiously dispassionate vanity.

Tanya pursed her lips and tenderly kissed Maisie on the cheek and ear. "We must do this again," she said.

“We must! We must!” gasped Maisie as Tanya gently eased herself down her body, her tongue trailing down her face, throat, breasts, stomach, and finally to where it was somehow most at home, slobbering and prodding about in Maisie’s crotch.

Their sessions of lovemaking together without Emma’s knowledge or prior consent became more frequent. Maisie looked forward to those occasions when she and Tanya met at work, and even at home there would be times when Emma was in another room or working late that the two of them would exchange kisses and caresses. And sometimes, when it seemed that Emma would never find out, more passionate sessions.

There inevitably came the occasion when Tanya invited Maisie to stay the night with her at her flat with the excuse that Rochester, Maisie’s own-time co-presenter, was also visiting. This was an opportunity that Maisie couldn’t refuse. Much as she loved the attentions of her female lovers she also enjoyed the rather different passion and the very different sex that a male lover provided. But she and Tanya colluded, on Tanya’s suggestion, to hide the exact nature of their separate nights away from Emma.

Maisie enjoyed her night with Tanya. Her flat was different to Emma’s house. So much closer to the centre of town and all its attractions, and the decor was so different from Emma’s. None of that ethnic furniture that Maisie thought so tacky, none of those rugs and cushions which made Emma’s home so miscellaneous and inconsistent, and paintings and pictures more figurative and somehow more urban. And sex with Rochester was great. Even though he was only a bit older than Maisie herself, he had the sex skills of a practised porn star, as he now was since he’d got a

part as the difficult nephew in the new soap opera, **Connecticut Square**.

It was clear that his prick felt more at home inside Tanya than inside Maisie and he kept trying to grab more of Tanya's attention than hers, but Tanya would have none of this. She only allowed him inside her once Maisie was fully satisfied. She loved the taste of cock, she loved its thrust in her groin and she loved the feel of Rochester's body against her. She joined Tanya as the two of them took his erect penis in their hands and their two mouths worked at its stiff length, their two moist and dripping tongues touching against the other, and their lips parting to allow both tongue and prick to enter. However, Rochester was less than pleased as, the lovemaking progressing, Tanya's tongue and mouth found its way to Maisie's crotch more often than it did to his own, however tumescent and however much he clearly needed it.

Emma was not sure when her idyllic ménage à trois became less idyllic. It was certainly after the board meeting where Emma proposed that Tanya should take a senior position within the Harlot TV hierarchy in a role at least as senior as her own. She was surprised by how readily her proposal was accepted by the other members of the board. She'd somehow imagined that there would be more opposition, particularly as Tanya's rise had been so meteoric, unlike her own and unlike that of most of her colleagues. She was also taken aback by how strong the support was amongst the male majority, not suspecting that Tanya was quite capable of petitioning on her own behalf both in the bed and out. It was scarcely unanimous. One or two members protested that Tanya's administrative skills hadn't yet had the opportunity to mature, and others that as a presenter she was good, but not really that good. However, they all concurred when the oldest member of the board, who was at least in his sixties opined that

whatever else Tanya was she was a good fuck, and anyone as good a fuck as her deserved to get on in the organisation.

Emma began to notice that her lovemaking sessions with Tanya only ever happened with Maisie: she and Tanya never made love alone. And, reluctantly, she was aware that the passion that Tanya showed for Maisie was exceeding that she'd ever shown for Emma, and indeed that the passion she expressed towards Emma was less than it had been: even in the deepest throes, even when dildos were deep inside either of them, even when Emma was orgasming in the delirious, unfocussed, helpless way that came on her when she was most taken away by the exertions of sex.

And there were the increasing numbers of evenings when she was alone. When both Tanya and Maisie were elsewhere. She might have suspected they were together, but Maisie had, anyway, often stayed away from home at night long before Tanya became a significant player and she readily accepted Tanya's explanations that her increased workload was taking up her evenings. But even when only Maisie was there and the two were embracing in her bed, there was less of the old passion.

Maisie herself was becoming aware, at first vaguely and then more acutely, that her relative passion was becoming greater for Tanya than for Emma. Tanya was so much fun to be with. Always showering her with gifts like the CDs which although sometimes a bit off the mark generally approximated to her taste in music. Something which Emma had never done. Such an accomplished and uninhibited lovmaker. Never afraid of taking Maisie out to night clubs and restaurants. For her, the nightlife of the city was so alluring and so much fun. Whilst Emma, however much they'd love each other, had never been so fun. She was always so serious, so protective of her

lover and young ward. And with all those weird eccentricities, like naturism and vegetarianism. She could never imagine having such a wild time in a night club with Emma, as she and Tanya gyrated and boogied to the pumping dance sounds that thundered around her, and her uninhibited lovemaking under the flashing lights, not caring at all about the lascivious stares of the less bombed-out fellow dancers. She loved the feel of Tanya's tongue on her naked body as the chords rose and fell on their emotional highs and lows, and she appreciated Tanya's empathy on the come down as the effects of the pills and alcohol gradually gave way to the inevitable lows and hangovers.

Emma may not have known how much time her lovers were spending together without her, but she was noticing the change in her life more and more acutely. Her work began to suffer as her emotions conflicted with her business. She forgot to attend meetings, she missed deadlines, she made more and more mistakes. All the while conscious of Tanya's increased presence in Harlot TV's intercinine politics and her ever-increasing profile within the station.

And then, Tanya stopped visiting her altogether. And at work she was polite, but no longer intimate. Emma became more aware of the attentions she was attracting and encouraging from the more senior people in the Harlot TV hierarchy. She became accustomed to seeing Tanya kissing and cuddling other people. And even fucking them, as she discovered on a visit to Amelia's office. It wasn't just that she was having sex with her one-time lover that appalled her, but her unashamedness and the all too obvious intensity of their passion.

"Why don't you visit anymore?" Emma challenged Tanya with an effort when

the two met by chance at a coffee machine.

Tanya smiled. But distantly, with none of that affection in her face that Emma still remembered and cherished so well. “Oh, Emma! I would do. But work! You know how it is ...”

Emma now knew for sure that she would never sleep with Tanya again. But at least she had Maisie to love. Even if she was out so many evenings these days. She was a little worried about her young lover. When they did meet, she seemed so tired and exhausted. And she never seemed to have the energy, or even the inclination, to share Emma’s ever-welcome bed. This was bad enough, but the next shock demonstrated to Emma how much she had lost what she had once had: something which had for a while seemed so perfect, and had swollen her with pride, lust and contentment. Maisie shyly but firmly announced that she was leaving her to live with Tanya.

“With Tanya!” gasped Emma. “I didn’t know that you and she were still ... Or had ever without me ... Tell me this isn’t true. You and she! What about me? I thought I was your lover. All those times you ... What’s happened?”

Maisie was very sad. She had hoped this would never happen, but when Tanya had suggested she move in to her city flat, so close to everything that was happening, she knew that there was really no choice. Emma was no longer what she had been in her eyes anymore. And although she knew there was no lessening in Emma’s love for her: she was a young girl. She had a life ahead of her. She was too young to settle down.

“I’m sorry,” Maisie sniffed, weeping despite herself. Although it wasn’t love

like it used to be, she still loved Emma. “It’s better if I leave. I love Tanya. I love her so much. I want to stay with her. It’s not because I want to leave you. It’s because I want to be with Tanya.”

Emma cried out loud in despair. How had this happened? How had Tanya, who she’d trusted and loved ... How could she? Emma grasped Maisie to her chest, hoping that naked body against naked body, that somehow everything would be reversed, and Maisie would say that she was sorry, that she hadn’t meant it, that really she still loved Emma more than Tanya.

But it wasn’t to be. Maisie disengaged herself from Emma’s caress politely, but firmly. And after a few embarrassed moments of sniffled remorse and apologies, she left Emma’s home and spent the night at Tanya’s flat. The following evening, when Emma came home from a miserable, unproductive day at work, she found that all Maisie’s possessions were gone. On the table were Maisie’s house key and a scrawled note from the young girl saying: “I love you Emma. But I love Tanya more. I’m sure you’ll find someone else. X X”

Emma burst into tears and didn’t stop crying. She had never wanted someone else. She had only ever wanted Maisie. Her first evening alone was spent sat naked on the sofa with the company of a bottle of gin and the backdrop of a succession of plaintive ballads mournfully selected from her CD collection.

XLVI

Pregnancy was not a pleasant ordeal. In fact, as she came closer to giving birth, Charlotte came to more and more wish that it was over and done with. The weight of her unborn child had become more and more of a burden and at times she almost resented its presence within her womb: something that gave her feelings of remorse and worry whether she was really ever meant to do be a mother. After all, she was a lesbian and children were something lesbians were not supposed to have or to worry about. Even if she viewed Josephine as the true spiritual father of her child. And the pain of pregnancy wasn't just in her stomach, but in her swollen breasts and weighed down her spine and made her feel sick and nauseous every morning. Would it ever end?

Her last day of work before taking maternal leave was a sad one. She did very little work on this day: less than even the little work she was allocated by her sympathetic bosses. She kissed her naked colleagues goodbye, and let herself be escorted home by Enid, letting the young girl embrace and kiss her even though in truth she no longer had much appetite or inclination for even Enid's very tender lovemaking.

Josephine also took time off work, turning down all offers of work so that she could be by her spouse's side as she came closer to the day of her hospital appointment. Josephine was uncertain how to behave, clearly unsettled by Charlotte's loss of sexual appetite: cancelling all the advances of the men who had been such a reliable source of pleasure and distraction up till then. The two girls would nestle

together under the sheets of their bed indulging an appetite for chocolate and cookies rather than sexual ecstasy. In fact, Josephine was sure she felt Charlotte's pregnancy almost as much as if it were her own: worried indeed whether she might herself gain weight from all the high-calorie food she was sharing.

Even the times Josephine spent away from Charlotte, shopping or making arrangements for the birth, felt almost like betrayal to her. She felt her true role was to be her wife's constant companion. She worried as she filled her basket in the supermarket whether even these moments of separation would be moments she would forever regret as moments she should have been by Charlotte's side when the spasms which were happening so infrequently now would break into the pattern her ante-natal classes had warned her about.

But when it happened, there was an air of inevitability about it. Charlotte's spasms came with the rhythmic regularity that were expected, the taxi-ride through the city was tense but not unforeseen: she had even had the presence of mind to dress Charlotte for a world where her nudity would be frowned on, and even to pack the night-gown that she had the foresight to buy for the hospital ward. There was no such thing as a hospital or even a ward for the committed naturist.

Josephine stayed with Charlotte as she endured the many hours of labour and finally witnessed the emergence of the new baby, as its head emerged damp and squashed from between Charlotte's legs. It was a boy: healthy and vigorous as demonstrated by his first cries as it came into the world. So it was a Thomas Edward, as the two girls had agreed, not an Emma Susan. And as soon as he was lifted to the air by the midwife, placenta dripping from his shiny skin, umbilical cord dangling

from his navel, Josephine could see that it would be less difficult than she'd imagined to hazard who the actual biological father could be. His skin was a light chocolate brown, which meant that the father would have been one of the two or was it three black men that Charlotte had had sex with in that fateful few weeks nine months before when he had been conceived.

Charlotte was exhausted by her hours of exertion, but nonetheless desperate to see who she had borne. She yelped with a delight as the baby settled down in her arms while the midwives and doctors busied themselves. She was now a mother, and, she thought, smiling at her anxious lover, Josephine was now a father.

She stayed in hospital for less than a week, in which time all her friends visited. Enid and Hyacinth, Susan and Rosemary, colleagues from work and Josephine's parents. Maisie visited, but by herself, with neither Tanya nor Emma for company: she was as fascinated as anyone by the sight of the little boy: his small walnut crumpled face, his puffy eyes, the small perfectly formed hands that opened and closed without grasping on anything, and the bush of black curls over his light chocolate brown face. Charlotte smiled indulgently at young Thomas, while Maisie sat on the edge of the bed, uncertain as what to say or do.

"Where's Emma?" Charlotte asked, disappointed that her closest friend hadn't come to see her. "Is she busy?"

Maisie shook her head sadly. "I don't know. I've left her. I'm staying at Tanya's now."

"Tanya?" wondered Charlotte. She glanced at Josephine, who was sitting on the chair at the side of the bed just by the assortment of cards and fruit that people had

brought in. Over the past few weeks her concerns had been primarily focused on her own pains and trials, but she and Josephine had noticed that Emma was distinctly less happy than she had been. In fact, they had noticed Emma's mood in recent months climb to a level of cheerfulness that was quite unusual in such an intense woman and then, quite suddenly, descend to a kind of despondency. And now, at this important moment of Charlotte's life, where was she? Charlotte had always dimly relied on Emma's support and sympathy in making these difficult decisions of marriage and motherhood, and she was surprised by how acutely she was wounded by its apparent absence.

Maisie eulogised about Tanya and expressed her sadness about leaving Emma. "But it had to happen. We've been together for such an absolutely long time."

Josephine tenderly kissed Maisie, aware of how guilt in leaving Emma was welling up in her, and how Charlotte was clearly quite upset at the news of her best friend's loss, and, knowing Emma's passion for the girl, how miserable she must now feel without her. Perhaps it was because of this sorrow that Emma hadn't visited her in these days?

In fact, Emma did visit, but only briefly. She arrived early in the visiting hours, looking pale and slightly unwell, and quite uncomfortable in the long thin overcoat she wore to cover her nakedness. She wasn't very chatty and smiled only very politely. Her thoughts were not focused on Charlotte or little Thomas at all. Charlotte could see that her best friend was not overly keen on children anyway. She showed very little of the enthusiasm for babies that most of her visitors displayed and asked only the most perfunctory questions about his well-being. And then she left, leaving a

very sad kiss on Charlotte's cheeks and lips, and swept out of the hospital ward, caring little as always for the eyes that trailed behind her, questioning just how much was not hidden beneath her coat.

Soon, Charlotte was out of the hospital and back at the flat she now shared only with Josephine and the baby. She was still weak, and felt rather depressed despite herself. She didn't know how she was supposed to feel, although the ante-natal classes had given her fair warning that recovery from childbirth was by no means instantaneous. Part of her felt that she should be feeling more positively about life now that she had achieved what she had been hoping for so very much for all these months. But instead she felt drained and somewhat disorientated by the strange routine of life dictated by Thomas' needs to eat and sleep, and his equal and consequent needs to shit, piss and vomit.

Josephine stayed by her side as much as she could, doing rather more than her fair share of feeding the baby, caring for Charlotte's needs and keeping house. She also acted as hostess to the stream of visitors coming to see how the new mother was and to admire the progress of little Thomas. And when there were no visitors and she had no chores to attend to, she would lay on the bed next to Charlotte, holding her close, admiring the stomach which had so recently swollen so monstrously, and showed clear signs of the stretching, the swollen breasts and the lactating nipples, and Charlotte's sad plaintive smiles as they lay hand in hand on the bed.

Much as Josephine so much desired Charlotte's body, sex was not the frantic frequent affair of not long distant months ago. Cuddling, caressing and kissing was usually all there was, although Charlotte had the energy and inclination to take

Josephine's clitoris and vulva to her mouth and lick, chew and taste the object of her most passionate desire. Josephine knelt up, her knees on either side of Charlotte's chest, her arms supporting herself up against the bedroom wall, while below she felt the familiar lapping of her wife's tongue amongst the folds and contours of her most private parts. She could see that even this little amount of lovemaking was all Charlotte was as yet willing to embrace and that it would be several more weeks until sex between the two of them would recover its previous pitch, and longer still until Charlotte would once again entertain the company of men.

Enid was Charlotte's most frequent visitor. She would sit naked bestraddled on the massive double bed, holding Charlotte's hand and staring admiringly into her eyes. Josephine, however, knew that as much as Enid loved Charlotte, even though they had only made love together on less than a dozen occasions, it was towards herself that Enid's feelings were strongest. The girl's reaction was so transparent whenever Josephine took her by the hand or gave her a kiss. Enid's mouth would open in ever-frustrated anticipation and her eyes would close invitingly.

Then Thomas burst into tears from his cot at the end of the bed. Josephine jumped up and picked up the baby who instinctively grasped at her naked breasts and fixed his wet hungry lips on Josephine's nipples.

"There's nothing for you there, Tommy!" Josephine said with a good-humoured smile pulling the disappointed child off from her bare breasts and passing him over to Charlotte, who very quickly cradled the baby in her arms and manoeuvred her large aureate breasts towards the baby's greedy toothless mouth. Enid was fascinated to see the very different hunger that Charlotte's breasts were satisfying, so

different in kind from that which they had so often done for her.

Charlotte looked at Enid as Thomas drank the milk from her nipples, as the girl sat with Josephine's arm around her shoulder at the foot of the bed. She reflected on Enid's lust for Josephine and smiled sadly.

"You can, you know," she said. "I don't mind."

"What do you mean?" gasped Enid, uncertain that she had heard right, but nonetheless aware of the tightening squeeze on her upper arm from Josephine who had heard quite clearly and knew exactly what her spouse was saying.

"I know what you want," Charlotte elaborated. "And I know what Josephine wants, too. But as for me ... I don't know ... after all that effort: the straining and whatever ... I'm just not so keen. And I *so* want Josephine to be happy."

"If you're sure?" asked Josephine extending an arm out to the hand that wasn't supporting Thomas.

"I'm sure," said Charlotte firmly, seeing that Thomas was now fed and, just as suddenly as he'd awoken, had fallen back to sleep. She lifted the boy up to her wife, who carried him carefully and tenderly back to his cot. Enid watched with a thumping heart, her breath short with dread and anticipation, as she watched Josephine's arched, tall naked form bend over the cot: the line of her spine raised up and trailing down in descending hummocks to the valley of her buttocks.

And then, making sure the baby was settled, Josephine turned around to display the full beauty of her perfect body: the swan-like neck, the slim waist, the natural firm breasts, and the tidy triangular patch of hair that almost obscured her greatest treasures. She strode towards the bed, a broad smile across her face, her eyes

shining in that unmistakable way that Enid had come to recognise in Charlotte when they had made love, and the cheeks shining like a pair of apples between the lines of her toothy smile and the sparkling jewels of her eyes.

Enid felt her passion rise from a deep well of longing as Josephine's lips approached her own, and then she was lost in passion and desire as their lips met, their tongues battled against each other, and Josephine's hands explored her naked body. Awkwardly she opened her arms and grasped Josephine's body to her own, pulling her down onto the bed on top of her, breathing heavily as her lust and desire erupted from her and shook her body in a way that she'd only experienced before with Charlotte. And then hands, lips, fingers, tongue all over her body as Enid returned the intimacy as best she could. Josephine was at last in her arms! That beautiful body, the face which shone a beauty greater than the sum of any parts! Such ecstasy!

Charlotte lay beside the pair, her lower torso and legs beneath the duvet and sheets that covered her, watching with approval the lovemaking of her wife and her colleague. Her hand moved down beneath the sheets and stroked her crotch as it moistened from the pleasure Josephine's pleasure brought to her. She had worried so much that her wife had sacrificed so much for her, and here in the form of this little girl of such single-minded passion was what was needed to bring relief. As her fingers explored her clitoris and the slippery folds of her vulva, she wondered if she had the energy to participate, but though a part of her desired the thrust and grapple of sex, she knew she had none of the energy and somehow lost the sexual inclination to relieve herself in such a gross physical way.

Josephine took Charlotte's hand in hers while her tongue and eyes explored

Enid's vagina, the rich whiff of passion filling her nostrils, her tongue and lips slipping on the moist folds of the vulva, small strands of brown hair between her teeth and tickling the back of her tongue. Beneath her, she could feel Enid convulse with pleasure, shuddering as her sweaty body slid about on the sheets by the pushed-back duvet, her tongue and teeth and nose thrust deep inside her own vagina, a finger occasionally probing and exploring the puckered anus and adding to the pleasure of sex she had almost forgotten these past few weeks.

And eventually, after gasps, cries and yelps of pent-up passion and release, the couple disengaged and slumped on the sheets by the side of Charlotte. With a sigh, Charlotte put an arm under and around the two lovers and her lips tenderly kissed Josephine's cheek. Such bliss! Such joy!

And then, as babies do when disturbed by unfamiliar sounds and smells, Thomas suddenly burst into tears, demanding yet more succour. Without a thought, Josephine pulled herself away from the caresses of both Enid and Charlotte and rushed to bring the baby to the teat it desired so much. As she carried the yelling baby, she smiled with pleasure at the stretched out forms of Enid and Charlotte over the disarray of sheet, duvet and pillow: the one with a breast raised by a hand to receive Thomas' eager mouth and the other engulfed in the silliest of grins, curled up in a foetal ball and her arms thrust between her legs. So, she thought as she passed Thomas to his mother, this is what married life is like.

XLVII

The shock of losing Maisie hit Emma harder than she could have ever imagined. She lost the will to get up in the morning, to care for herself, and even to go to work. Every venture into the world beyond her house was a struggle. She hated the looks she got from other people and imagined that everyone was aware of her loss, whereas, of course, most people were simply trying to establish what it was she wore underneath her loose clothes. These visits were almost always brief ones to fill her fridge with food that most often she had lost the appetite to eat, and just once to see Charlotte and her new baby at the hospital. This depressed her even more as she felt so inadequate to express to her best friend how pleased she was that the child-birth had been so successful.

She didn't tell anyone at work for over a week she wasn't coming in and was extremely upset when she got a very brusque and angry phone call from Amelia who demanded that she return to work immediately. She went to bed with the full intention of returning, but when she awoke she was too depressed to carry her resolution through. Instead, she went to a doctor and got a sick note to excuse her from work. Her next communiqué from Harlot TV came as even more of a shock. She was told in no uncertain terms that her recent work was simply not of the high standard that the station had come to expect from her and was frankly totally unsatisfactory. She was given three months notice, which started retrospectively from the first day she had failed to turn up to work, and was informed that she was not expected back at the

studio.

Her depression exploded into tears and cries which darkened even further the clouds which gathered in her head and made normal life impossible for her. She returned to bed where she stayed all day, wailing her misfortune, comforted only by thoughts of self-pity and tortured by rage and anger at Tanya. She had been betrayed by one who had taken advantage of her good nature and stolen the love of her life from her, and now she was left to fend for herself. And not very well either.

The days passed by, each one indistinguishable from the one before, Emma's rests in bed often lasting all day. She lost the ability to concentrate on literature or any reading matter at all. In fact, other than weep and flagellate herself with her regrets and despair, all she could do was watch the most mindless and undemanding television programmes. No programme was too banal, no show too hackneyed: quiz shows, soap operas, chat shows, and news programmes. She lost all appetite for sex television whose content only served to remind her of what she was missing. She read the mail that arrived with more attention than ever before, though most of it was junk mail, and most of the rest were bills. She lost the appetite to check her e-mails, and the only music she felt inclined to play was as despondent as the mood she felt.

It was while she was sitting on the sofa, listening to a requiem, that she heard her doorbell ring. She wasn't expecting a visitor: in fact, she lived quite some way from her friends and was never used to calls anyway. Her heart began beating in foolish anticipation and hope. Was it Maisie? Had she had enough of Tanya? Had she come to realise that it was only with her that she'd ever find true love? She hurried to the door, and peeked through the eyehole, half-expecting Maisie and half-expecting a

postman.

What she saw, distorted by the magnification of the eyehole, was Charlotte and Josephine standing at the entrance: Charlotte with Thomas clinging to the bare breast she uncovered under the long coat which was all she wore. She hesitated. Could she let her friend see her like this? A perverse sense of self-worthlessness almost persuaded her to pretend she wasn't in, but her love for Charlotte and her regret that she'd not seen her best friend since she'd left hospital got the better of her, and she carefully opened the door, forgetting that she was still naked and would once again scandalise the posh neighbourhood.

"Emma!" smiled Charlotte. "How *are* you? We were so worried. We heard you'd lost your job. And we heard about Maisie. Can we come in?"

"Of course! Of course!" said Emma, unable to smile and feeling wretched for her lack of friendliness.

Charlotte and Josephine entered the house; Charlotte immediately feeling guilty that she'd not come to see her friend sooner. But it was not easy being a mother. Thomas was so demanding, and it was only recently she had recovered sufficiently to venture out of the flat herself. Emma was clearly not herself. Her home showed the signs of neglect. Nothing had been cleaned, polished or even tidied away. An untidy row of empty bottles lined the hall-way, and some magazines had been left on the floor in an untidy heap where Emma had dropped them and had never bothered to throw away. The living room where Emma took them was similarly untidy. Cushions lying on the floor, a rug turned up at the corner, records and books scattered about randomly. Normally Emma was so tidy. Almost obsessively so. And now everything

was untidy and unclean. Even her long hair was tangled and unwashed, and Charlotte couldn't help noticing there was the slight smell of mustiness from her unshowered skin. She handed Thomas over to Josephine, who was wearing a sober blue blouse and white skirt, and grabbed Emma around the shoulders and pulled her towards her.

"We've been *so* worried!" Charlotte cried. "We haven't heard from you so long! We thought you might be busy at work, but Maisie told us how you'd been sacked. Is it because you're sad that Maisie's left you?"

Emma nodded and sniffed bitterly. "It was that cow Tanya! She picked me up, exploited me and then just threw me away. And then, as if that wasn't enough she took my little Maisie away from me!"

Charlotte smiled sadly at Josephine, as if to say that it was as they'd suspected. "You must forget about Maisie now. She's gone. I don't know what this Tanya's like. I've never spoken to her; but Maisie's made her choice and what's done is done. It's you that you should think about. Did you lose your job because of Maisie? Or was there some other reason?"

Emma sank her head onto Charlotte's bare shoulder, tears bursting through and onto her friend. "I was so depressed. I *am* so depressed. I just lost the will to go to work. Or even, sometimes, to live. It's been so hard."

"Now, now," said Charlotte comfortingly, patting her friend on her bare back, aware of the desire returning in her for her friend, despite her express intention not to feel that way. She held Emma to her while Josephine watched with sympathy, Thomas gurgling contentedly in her arms.

Josephine then placed the baby in the carry-cot the girls had brought along

with them and tucked him under the thin woollen blanket, naked except for his nappies. She then removed her clothes and sat down on a chair, her legs crossed and her arms folded. Charlotte took this as a cue, and eased Emma off her, as she removed her coat to reveal her own naked body. Despite herself Emma was interested to see the changes child-birth had brought on her friend. Her breasts were fuller and her nipples much more prominent. She was still somewhat fatter round the waist than she used to be and there were stretch-marks on her stomach. She kissed Charlotte tenderly, aware of her selfishness in not paying more attention to her friend's needs.

“How is Thomas?” she asked.

“He's doing very well. He had a small fever last week. We were very worried, but apparently it's quite normal in small babies.”

Conversation became more relaxed as the girls discussed motherhood, and then gradually took in gossip on the girls' friends and how life was back at the flat. Charlotte complained how the flat somehow didn't seem right for the needs of parenthood. Josephine joked about the trials of feeding the baby and changing his nappies. Despite herself, Emma felt a smile break across her face as Josephine described in detail the problems they'd faced in cleaning up his sick and excrement, and some of the comments that had been made to them as a lesbian couple with a baby.

Charlotte sat next to Emma on the sofa and stroked and kissed her as they spoke, her mind flashing back to her earlier desires for her friend, and finding that they were still inside her. On occasion her lust for Emma overwhelmed her and she would kiss her friend on the cheek or on the face, tenderly wiping off the tears with

her tongue, her arms around Emma's shoulders. Emma also began to feel the warmth in her feelings for Charlotte return, gingerly at first, and then ever more boldly, her own arms looped around Charlotte's waist and she stroked the stomach which had so recently carried such a greater load.

It was Josephine though who had the presence of mind to take the initiative. She eased herself up out of the chair and walked over to the other side of Emma and trailed her arms around the girl. Emma smiled as conversation dwindled to nothing and everything was spoken in gestures and smiles. And then, inevitable as it was, Josephine put her lips to Emma's and held them there. Emma's mouth opened and tongues joined together.

Charlotte meanwhile allowed her hands to probe down her friend's stomach, as Emma's had on hers, but her fingers trailed between her legs. Emma responded with a sigh and parted her thighs to let Charlotte's fingers more welcome entry, while her tongue and teeth battled with those of Josephine's. The three girls remained in this position, sitting on the sofa, Thomas snoozing away in his cot, as the caresses became bolder and more sensual.

And soon the three girls were stretched out, on the floor, on the sofa, arms and legs stretched, fingers, tongues and lips probing and exploring the folds and contours of bodies known so familiarly but not enjoyed together for so long. Emma's curiosity about Charlotte's changed body was satisfied, while Josephine cuddled her spouse and tongued Emma's vagina. Gradually and sensually, their bodies became hotter and sweatier: words not passing any lips but instead concentration focused on genitals, breasts and faces. Their bodies shook and shuddered sympathetically, only grunts and

moans coming from any of them. Emma's long tangled hair mixed in the strands of Charlotte's own long hair, while beneath them Josephine busied herself as equally as she could between the two vaginas, fingers in both and a tongue now in one and then with a sigh transferred to the other.

But final orgasm was not achieved. Just as Charlotte felt that for the first time since she'd given birth she would once again feel those delicious feelings erupt in her body, scramble her senses and dissolve her soul into a total oneness with her friend and her wife, Thomas chose to release a loud wail that totally startled Emma who had never heard such a sound before in such close proximity.

"The darling's hungry!" exclaimed Charlotte pulling her senses together and leaping out of the sofa as quickly as her battered sweaty body could allow her.

Thomas continued crying until Charlotte picked him up, cradled his napped body to her breasts, and offered him a red raw nipple to suckle: which he did with a voracious hunger that rather alarmed Emma. Did Charlotte have enough milk in her to satisfy the little monster's appetite? she wondered ungraciously.

Without Charlotte, Josephine felt it was not right that she should continue making love to Emma, so she took her tongue and fingers away from the swelling mound of her vagina and sat on the sofa next to her, her arms around Emma's shoulders and a hand in Emma's hand.

"Thomas is *such* a demanding baby!" she commented to Emma with a broad, almost maternal, grin. "I love him *so* much! I'm so lucky to have him almost for my own. And Charlotte too, of course!"

Emma nodded, agreeing and also feeling a pang of regret that she had so often

spurned Charlotte's affection and had instead focused it on a girl who was ultimately so ungrateful. She watched indulgently as Charlotte's breast which she'd so recently enjoyed for her own pleasure was now giving so much succour to the young baby, who held onto it so greedily, his brown skin such a contrast against Charlotte's own pale flesh.

When Charlotte had finished suckling Thomas, the girls didn't resume their lovemaking. Instead, they sat together on the sofa, arms around each other, making no attempt to resurrect their interrupted passion.

"So, what are you going to do now?" asked Charlotte. "Now that you've lost your job? Are you going to look for another?"

"I don't know," sniffed Emma sadly. "I've made such a mess of everything. Soon all the money will run out and I've got a mortgage on this house to maintain. I don't know how I can find a job that pays as well as the one I've had. And I don't think I've got the self-confidence to look for another one in the television industry."

"Any job would do to start off with," Josephine remarked. "Any job which gets you out and about. Or anything at all that gets you out of the house."

"I just don't know what to do. There aren't many jobs for committed naturists like me. I just wouldn't know what to do if I had to work wearing clothes."

"Aren't there naturist resorts with jobs, though?" wondered Josephine. "I'm sure there must be. There are loads of them. Why don't you go to one of those?"

"I hadn't thought of that. They're always advertising for committed naturists to work in the hotels, restaurants and things. But that would mean leaving the house. What would happen to it then? Would I have to give it up?"

Josephine sighed. She looked at Charlotte imploringly. “I don’t know. Perhaps you’ll have to sell it. Or take on lodgers or something.”

“Or we could stay here,” announced Charlotte. “We need more space. Would that be a good idea, Emma darling?”

Emma frowned. She’d not really thought at all on what she should do next. She’d worried so much about what she had lost, and had worried so much on what more that there was left to lose, that she’d never really entertained any options other than despair and further loss.

“It’s a good idea,” she mused. “And any work would be better than none, I suppose. And there *are* quite a few naturist resorts. I’ve never visited any of them. Well, not since I was a student. And that was with friends from the university naturist Society. NatSoc it was called.” She smiled good-humouredly, despite herself. “We took ourselves *so* seriously. We thought that all you had to do was take your clothes off and not eat meat, and the whole world’s problems would end. But all we ever did was drink too much and talk a load of rubbish.”

Emma mused quietly as she recalled her youth. Where had all that idealism gone? But Josephine and Charlotte were right. It was a realistic solution. Once out of the house, maybe memories of Maisie would fade and she could regain the confidence she needed to make her way in her chosen profession.

“But what’ll happen to the flat?” she asked, recalling all the days she had spent there with Charlotte and Harriett.

“A month’s notice and we can be out,” said Charlotte. “And we can move in and keep you company before you leave. What do you think?”

Emma smiled at her friend gratefully. All the weight of her depression seemed to be lifting from her. The dark cloud which had beset her these last few weeks was dispelling. She loved Charlotte and Josephine *so* much! They were her real friends. She was sad that she'd never given the appreciation they'd deserved.

“I would like that. I would like that *so* very much!”

XLVIII

Sunbury hadn't always been a naturist resort. For most of its history it had been a fishing village, blessed with a beautiful bay at the foot of some hills, with a small pier and a few dozen cottages. However, exhaustive fishing brought a collapse to the village's economy, and its secluded and relatively remote location made it an ideal place to satisfy the growing market for naturism and other related nature-loving lifestyles. It was now quite a reasonable sized town, dotted with a dozen or more hotels and lodging houses, a seasonably busy shopping area and many new entertainment industries. The dock that had once been the home for the fishing boats was now the permanent home for several yachts and motor boats.

Emma drove into the town, found a small flat to stay in overlooking the sea, and after unpacking her car set out to look for work in the shops, restaurants, cafés and hotels of the town.

She immediately felt better when she arrived. It may have been the invigorating sea air, or the beautiful view over the bay to the small boats bobbing about on the dark green sea, or just that she was so far away from home and reminders of Maisie. It may have been the delight of staying in a place where almost everyone was naked like her. She enjoyed the relatively unfamiliar feel of the warm sea air on her bare flesh. She loved the fact that she was one of many people who were in the nude, and would almost certainly meet others who had similar opinions and views on naturism as herself.

She walked along the pavement, idly pausing to look in the windows of the shops looking for a sign that advertised for workers. She didn't mind where she worked. She could work anywhere: the main thing was to find something which would occupy her while she was in Sunbury. A strange cheerfulness uplifted her as she walked past men and women naked like herself who did not stare at her or make low-voiced comments to each other. She smiled to herself, the world and her reflection in the shop windows.

It was in a small health food café that she eventually found work. It was towards the end of the Sunbury high street, just opposite a hairdresser and between a hat shop and a shop selling paintings by local naturalist artists. The owner of the café was a small quite plump woman with very full round breasts and a disarming grin. She was delighted in the fact of Emma's long-term commitment to vegetarianism and all healthy foods. She quickly judged from Emma's smart appearance and her intelligence that she was eminently presentable and quite capable in the role of waitress. She didn't even have to remind Emma of the unfortunate consequences of spilling hot tea on herself when there was no apron or other clothes to protect her skin. She willingly presented Emma with the small folded linen hat which denoted that she was a waitress, and was quite happy that she could start straight away.

"I'm always short of good waitresses," she confessed. "It's not the sort of job people ever choose to make a career out of."

Emma soon settled into her new role, quite happy in a position with no great responsibilities and with absolutely no stress. She was busy when the café was busy, and able to relax with a magazine or newspaper when it was quiet. It was a delight to

continue working in the nude, and to be surrounded by others similarly undressed. She particularly enjoyed the fact that from when she woke up to when she went to bed, she didn't need to wear a stitch of clothing. Her paltry selection of tee-shirts and dresses remained packed in her suitcases exactly as they were when she'd left her home in the care of Charlotte and Josephine.

As a single girl she quite naturally attracted the attention of the single men who were on holiday, but she shrugged off their advances with the same nonchalance and lack of interest she always had. Her serious demeanour was quite enough in most cases to make it fairly clear to them that she was a girl who meant pretty much what she said. Even those who were more persistent resigned themselves fairly soon to brief uncomplicated conversation as she took their orders and hurried back from the kitchen with their tea and scones.

She also came to realise that most people she saw were only in Sunbury for a short while and that every week or fortnight the regular visitors were replaced by another set who saw her with fresh eyes. Her practised eye soon became aware of the attraction that one of the regular visitors felt towards her. Beatrice was a slim woman, slightly older than herself, naked like everyone else except for a pair of steel-rimmed glasses and who always carried a paperback novel around with her. Her straight dark brown hair fell onto her shoulders and behind the concave lenses of her spectacles were a pair of sparkling light green eyes. She had a tell-tale awkwardness and a shy laugh which betrayed to Emma the nature of Beatrice's feelings towards her. It was fairly easy for Emma to convert a conversation about the relative merits of Dostoëvsky and Turgenev to a night out together after she'd finished work in one of

Sunbury's quieter restaurants.

Emma was pleased that Beatrice had never heard of her work with Harlot TV. Indeed, Emma was sure that those who did recognise her as a one-time television presenter and spokesperson did not believe that she was really the same person as the waitress she now was in the Chestnut Tree Café. Several people had commented on her resemblance, but her remark that this was something that many others had spotted before was sufficient for them to be sure that this was merely superficial and not at all substantial. Emma ensured that her conversation with Beatrice remained focused on abstract issues or on Beatrice herself. She worked as a librarian in a small town. She knew nobody who shared her passion for naturism, and so it was only on holidays such as this that she felt able to present herself to the world in her true colours.

After a couple of glasses of Chardonnay in the Montpellier wine bar, Emma easily persuaded Beatrice back to her flat, knowing perhaps better than the librarian herself how the evening would turn out. Indeed, Beatrice was quite startled when Emma's lips pressed to her and her arms clasped the girl to her breast. Within minutes, the two girls were laid out on the double-bed that dominated the bedroom, their faces close together and Beatrice's spectacles discreetly placed on the bedside cabinet. It was glorious to once again taste a fresh vagina on her tongue, to feel a different set of breasts: these ones small and perky, and a slim waist that merged into her narrow hips and tight bottom.

Beatrice was not an expert lover. In fact, Emma was sure she had enjoyed very little passion with any women before, but she was careful to avoid any questions on her earlier love-life. It was better somehow not to know. It was far better just to enjoy

Beatrice as she was, using her fingers to bring the nervous girl to spasms of orgasmic ecstasy, and careful also not to frighten her with any of Emma's rougher tastes in lovemaking. Beatrice tried her best to respond like with like. She greedily gobbled away at Emma's clitoris, her long slim tongue probing the folds beneath the dark brown hair of her crotch, while Emma below parted her vagina and pushed her fingers in and out of its depths. However, she resisted the urge to probe a finger into the tight puckered anus. That was for another night.

Beatrice discharged herself from her hotel and stayed in Emma's flat for the duration of her holiday, declaring so many times that this was the best holiday she had ever had. Emma could see that Beatrice was falling in love with her, so she resisted any opportunity for conversation to take too personal a tone. Making love was one thing. Being in love was another. She enjoyed Beatrice for her body and her company, but she was still in love with Maisie and she was just not ready yet to become committed to anyone else. Furthermore, she doubted whether Beatrice would enjoy the company of her friends. And she was sure she wouldn't really approve of the nature of the employment most of them were engaged in.

As the days went by, Maisie became a more distant memory. Occasionally, she found her thoughts drifting back to the girl and their life together. Every time she saw a girl in the streets with long curly hair. Every time she reflected on her life before she came to Sunbury. Every time when the relative inexperience of Beatrice's caresses and gropings reawoke a memory of the earlier days of her lovemaking with Maisie. Her life was nevertheless mostly quite contented. She worked all day in the café, she spent pleasant evenings at her flat or in the town of Sunbury with Beatrice. They

would walk together, hand in hand, along the sandy beach or the promenade. And on Emma's days off, walk off together through the woods and countryside around Sunbury, often straying dangerously close towards the textile world beyond. Beatrice's warm hand in her hand, or her fingers on her crotch, were thoroughly agreeable distractions. And it was a pleasure, too, to converse on their shared views on the merits of nudity, vegetarianism and, quite curiously, a shared passion for twentieth century poets like T. S. Eliot, Dylan Thomas and Sylvia Plath.

They would lie together on the grass, in the hills high above the busy town below, idly discoursing until, inevitably, lust got the better of one or the other of them and the two would once again become a writhing entwined body of one flesh, the sun beating on them from above and the grass prodding and poking into the crevices of their flesh from below. Emma didn't care, unlike Beatrice, if ever anyone passed by and saw the girls making love together. These moments of outdoor lovemaking were too precious to interrupt for the sensibility of people and their children, who in any case would be seeing no more flesh than they themselves were displaying.

Emma was genuinely sad to see Beatrice leave after her holiday romance to return to the Lower Bridlington Public Library, although clearly not as sad as Beatrice as she left in clothes that had been unworn all the time they'd been together. They exchanged addresses and agreed to write, but Emma knew there was no future in their love affair. She returned to the bed which was once again hers and hers alone, a fresh gap in her life as she missed the comfort of her lover.

She wasn't to remain alone for long, as now it was clear to others in Sunbury where her tastes in love lay she attracted the attention of others who shared her

predilections. She was soon sharing her bed with Petula, a short-haired slim girl barely much more than five feet tall who worked in the Montpellier wine bar. It may well have been her gamin-like appearance which attracted Emma, who still measured her lovers against her beloved Maisie.

Petula was a far less serious girl than Beatrice, but not one nearly as promiscuous as Emma's friends in the city. Emma chose not to disabuse the girl of her own opinion of how adventurous her lovemaking was, although she felt freer to indulge in her rougher sexual practices, which at first alarmed the girl but to which she soon became more enthusiastic. Indeed, she came to view the bruises that were concomitant with a passionate night spent together with a kind of pride. They were evidence to anyone who cared to know that she had a truly passionate sexual relationship. Although Emma missed the conversations on literature and the arts she had so much enjoyed with Beatrice, Petula's passion and desire more than compensated. Furthermore, she was substantially more mature than Maisie, which at first Emma viewed as a vice but soon came to see as a virtue. But not so mature that she was not attracted to the one night club which Sunbury boasted in the basement of the Bel Soleil, the largest hotel in the resort.

Emma had never been much of a clubber. Those times she had gone to a night club in the city with Maisie on the girl's insistence had not been especially pleasant for her. The music was too loud and she found the music more headache- rather than ecstasy-inducing. However, the Chemise was not as unpleasant to Emma as those she'd been to before, mostly for the reasons which earned Petula's contempt. The music wasn't quite as ear-shattering and she was able to discern tunes she'd enjoyed

listening to on the radio. It was also pleasant to be in a place where nudity was the rule and no one stared at her in that peculiar way they did when she attired herself as she felt most comfortable back home. She even assented to dancing with Petula even though she invariably found most danceable those very tunes which Emma liked the least. However, as she gyrated woodenly around her much more excitable lover, she began to appreciate more clearly the patterns and rhythms in the general muddle of sound. She might not actually want to buy these records herself, but she could see more of their merit in the bright lights and swooping shadows of the dance floor.

During such nights, Petula's passion rose to new heights, barely able to keep her hands or tongue off Emma's body whether they were on the dance floor or sitting on the margins of it with glasses of wine or mineral water. And when they returned to Emma's flat, the sheets were soon damp with the mutual sweat and juice of their shared passion, occasionally bringing even Emma to orgasmic gasps she'd thought she'd never experience again.

Emma's misery at the loss of Maisie soon vanished altogether. She knew that she was cured when one morning she awoke early, the rays of the morning sun flooding through the window and lighting up Petula's huddled form squeezed against her. She gazed at her lover, her face wreathed in a smile even in her sleep, and felt her heart lift inside her as she reflected that Petula was hers to enjoy and remembered the girl's passion of the night before. She felt a smile break across her face: quite a new sensation when she was not being observed. And feeling the smile, she felt as if a great weight had suddenly been dispelled. There wasn't a tinge of regret in her that Petula wasn't Maisie. She genuinely loved the girl for what she was, and not what she

reminded her of.

She leaned over and eased her hand down between Petula's thighs to the girl's vagina. So moist and so warm! She ran her hands through the curled hair which was packed so tightly into a triangle. And then kissed Petula tenderly on the forehead. Petula stirred, looked up at her lover and her smile broadened to reveal her slightly crooked teeth between her full lips. She sighed long and low, as the two girls followed the rhythm and pattern of their sensual passion and were soon wrapped together, crotch pressed against crotch, face firmly against face, arms around each other, Petula's hands threaded through Emma's hair and Emma's hands cupped against the nape of Petula's neck.

Emma knew that the passion that accompanied the subsequent lovemaking was due as much to her relief that she no longer mourned her separation from Maisie as for her feelings for Petula. She also knew that Petula knew nothing of her thoughts. One thing she had been careful to avoid discussing with her was her life before Sunbury. She also knew that Petula recognised a new kind of reciprocity in Emma's feelings for her, the previous lack of which had caused her so much unspoken grief, and now with it there brought her to orgasm after orgasm that melted her body into Emma's own, shook through her limbs like spasms of electricity and triggered emissions of fluid from between her legs that both frightened and delighted her.

Emma was cured. She could now face the world with fresh confidence. Her love for Maisie was now gone like an illness and she was more than ready for a fresh infestation.

XLIX

Maisie found living with Tanya very different to living with Emma. For a start, Tanya was a very different lover. She made love with men at least as often as she did with women. She was also rather less concerned about Maisie's education and career prospects. Maisie now had to find her own way to school and to the studios of Harlot TV. Perhaps, Maisie thought, it was just an inevitable part of growing up and looking after herself. And then there was the fact that Maisie had nothing like the primacy in Tanya's affections as she'd enjoyed with Emma. There were the two men who also shared Tanya's flat and on occasion her bed. Karl and Anthony were nice men and both gave her the kindness that Tanya was so reluctant to give. Maisie hadn't realised at first that they would be permanent fixtures and at first she'd resented their presence, particularly after she found out that Tanya had expressly forbidden the men to touch her.

Maisie had no objection to watching men fuck each other. After all, it was a common feature on sex television, although she found her exclusion from the physical act slightly frustrating. But even she could see that neither Karl nor Anthony really enjoyed it that much. It was only because Tanya required it of them that their lips and tongues joined together and their pricks pushed deep inside the other's arse. And Tanya was pitiless in her demands of them: even getting them to piss on each other. And should one of them look at Maisie, as she sat arm-in-arm with Tanya, it was a cue for their mistress to slap them or to shout scorn at them. But Maisie could see the men were besotted with her. They would do anything for her pleasure, and her words

of cruelty and unkindness did nothing to lessen their yearning for her. And yet she gave them so little for their pains. Just as she was giving less and less of her bodily passion to Maisie.

However, every night when Tanya was there, Maisie was expected to share her bed. Her menstrual cycle was no excuse. It might be that all that was required of her was to lick out Tanya's vagina or to be the recipient of the spanking on her bare behind that Tanya sometimes believed Maisie was deserving of, although her misdemeanours were invariably extremely minor. In some strange way, Tanya seemed to enjoy causing Maisie to cry at the unfairness of it all and to watch her discomfort when her protestations of love were returned only with sternness and unsympathetic sneers. But at the same time, Tanya was very demanding, wanting to know exactly what Maisie had been doing and with whom. The sex which she performed as part of her job was alternately praised and used as an excuse for punishment: the very inconsistency of Tanya's response both puzzling and upsetting her.

And then there were the men that Tanya brought back with her in the evening. Sometimes women, but usually men. They were not the most attractive men that Maisie had ever met, and she was confused as to why a woman as beautiful as Tanya, with the ability and skill to fuck with whomsoever she liked, would choose to have sex with middle-aged, fat, sometimes even ugly men. Some were older than Tanya's own father. They were often thoroughly incompetent in their lovemaking, frequently releasing their semen far too soon, and thrusting in and out of Tanya's vagina or arse with a monotonous predictability.

And it wasn't only Tanya they fucked. However much Maisie might wish

otherwise, she would always be brought into the lovemaking, often on Tanya's express instructions. "Open your legs, Maisie sweetest!" Tanya would say with a tone of love and affection so often lacking when there were no guests. "Open your cheeks, so we can get inside your arse!" Tanya would whisper with a pleasant kiss on Maisie's lips. "Put the whole of the cock in your mouth, Maisie darling! Not just the tip!"

Maisie was so won over by Tanya's show of passion and love on these occasions that she sometimes forgot that the one who would be doing the thrusting and groping and fucking and bugging, and covering her bare breasts with kisses and sometimes nibbling her toes, was not Tanya, whom she loved, but a man she'd never met before, was rarely likely to see again, and was invariably unattractive and often very smelly. She got used to the rough feel of chin stubble on the vagina that Tanya insisted she shave, to make her look even younger. She was accustomed to the thrust of thick and short, long and thin, fat and stubby, penises thrusting into her, admittedly stiff, but not necessarily satisfying. Nowhere near as expert as the pricks whose taste she enjoyed in her professional capacity.

And the men treated her like a child. Not one of them treated her like a grown girl, with a career, deserving respect. She was always 'dearie', 'sweetie', 'little girl', and she began realising that it was her real, and her even younger apparent, youth that they were keen on. The thought of fucking a child was what they all enjoyed in her, as they slobbered over her, forced their rough hairy hands into her shaven crotch, prised open her anus with their nicotine-stained fingers. And gradually, she came to realise that these men, so pathetic and unappealing in bed, were senior people in the world of television and the media. Tanya was exchanging sexual favours for the more material

favours they could provide for her. And not all of them were producers, executives, directors or whatever in the world of sex television. Some were prominent in the world of more mainstream entertainment, and at least one was actually a politician. Or at least he looked very much like a junior politician Maisie saw interviewed on mainstream television one day. And those in the mainstream media were often the ones most perverse in bed: the ones who liked pissing on Maisie or masturbating while Tanya lay her on her lap and spanked her on her reddening cheeks.

Maisie only gradually became aware that it was the promise of sex with her at least as much as with Tanya herself that had attracted the men to Tanya's bed. In some cases, it was sex with her alone that was the attraction. One man with a face and body like some disgusting turtle spent the whole evening wanking while groping around on her bare body, and then finally spurting his wad of semen on her face and licking it off with his big slobbery tongue. Another was only interested in her arse and pushed his prick in deep long before Maisie was in any sense prepared for it, and grunted with extra pleasure as Maisie cried from the pain of it all.

Maisie had no way of knowing how well rewarded Tanya was for the favours she, and most particularly Maisie, were giving so freely. She knew she didn't really enjoy it, and she particularly didn't like it when one man actually shat right on her face. Fuck! It was disgusting! But she could see that Tanya was profiting from it. Her career was in a hyperbolic trajectory, soon leaving behind the world of sex entertainment for the more lucrative rewards of fame and fortune of the mainstream world. She even recorded a record which sold very well despite the rather poor quality of its musical content. She was featured in mainstream magazines and interviewed in

rather fawning terms in glossy celebrity papers. All the while, her designer clothes became steadily more elegant, the restaurants she ate in became increasingly exclusive, and she was in the process of buying a very opulent apartment in a very expensive district of the city. And all the while, Maisie felt no better off than before. The wealth that she had was only the wealth that she'd earned, and much of that went to Tanya to help pay her keep. In many ways, her life was actually more deprived than before. Tanya no longer took Maisie out with her to the night-clubs and restaurants they used to frequent. And her life became hemmed in by work, school and the sexual demands of Tanya and her male lovers.

Maisie looked at Karl and Anthony with fresh sympathy. Never praised, never given an encouraging word, frequently humiliated. Sometimes, Karl or Anthony would be tied by a chain to the end of the bed while the other lover was being buggered by Tanya. On one occasion, Maisie herself was instructed to bugger the two men, one after the other, while they were biting and sucking at each other's prick under Tanya's stern watchful eye, always ready to give fresh instruction to deepen their humiliation. On occasions such as this, Maisie wondered what pleasure it was giving to Tanya. She wasn't showing any sexual satisfaction as Maisie's long black dildo thrust in and out of Karl's arse, his mouth around the stiffening mass of Anthony's prick. Even when both Anthony's prick and her dildo crammed into Karl's complaining anus, she showed only a strange kind of grim satisfaction. And on those moments, Maisie felt she was just like the two men: simply sex toys for Tanya's perverse pleasures.

She didn't see her friends very often. In fact, although Tanya didn't exactly

forbid her from doing so, she made plain that she preferred Maisie stay at home in the evenings so that she was available for whatever visitor she had planned for that night. So it was by chance that Maisie met Susan and Rosemary in the city centre one day while she was window-shopping in the high street. Susan was wearing a long tee-shirt which came to just below her hips, while Rosemary wore a plain grey skirt and a specially designed blouse that held her breasts up in a way which both contained and displayed them.

After a brief exchange of pleasantries, Maisie had to ask how Emma was. “Oh! She’s fine, I think,” replied Susan. “Well, I haven’t seen her for a long time. Not since Charlotte’s wedding, but I spoke to Charlotte the other day. She and Josephine and, of course, darling baby Thomas are now living in Emma’s house. Where you used to live before you started living with Tanya. We went to the house and chatted about things. Babies mostly. Emma’s gone off to a naturist resort to do whatever naturists do. Meditate or whatever. Sunborough, I think it’s called. She lost her job at the television station you know.”

“I know,” admitted Maisie sadly, feeling ever so much the guilty party. “But Emma’s alright? I heard she was dreadfully depressed.”

“She was,” Susan agreed, “but I think she’s got over it now. But anyway, how’re you? How is it living in the centre of the city?”

“It’s very nice,” said Maisie, but not with a lot of enthusiasm.

“Hmm!” said Susan. “Come on. Let’s have a coffee and a chat. I insist.”

“I’ve got to get back,” said Maisie unconvincingly.

“Nonsense, come along. My treat.”

Susan and Rosemary took Maisie to a small coffee shop, and the three sat down around two café lattes and a cappuccino. As they sat down, Susan took Maisie's hand in her own, and smiled at the girl sympathetically.

"Are you sure you're alright? You look quite sad? Is life with Tanya all that you thought it would be?"

"It's not as good as it was."

"Really. Tell me. What's the reason for that?"

For the first time since she'd left Emma, Maisie found someone she could talk to and the relief of it was like the lifting of a colossal weight. She told Susan and Rosemary about how she no longer went out with Tanya to the night clubs. How she now had to pay for her keep. How she had sex with all the horrible men and women that Tanya brought back. How she felt she was being treated as badly as Anthony and Karl. How she was feeling quite sad that she'd left Emma.

"And do you want to go back to Emma?" asked Rosemary, who didn't really know either of the girls that well. They'd met briefly at the wedding and that was all. She thought though that Maisie was awfully young to be a lover of someone like Emma, but she'd got used to quite a few different lifestyles and relationships since her own had began with Susan.

"I don't think it's right that I would," Maisie sniffed. "Not after I hurt her so much. I think I should stay with Tanya."

"Are you sure, Maisie sweetest?" worried Susan. "She doesn't sound like she's looking after you at all well. I know some people like the kind of treatment you're getting, and I guess those two men, Anthony and Karl, probably do. You often

meet people like that in my industry. But you're not like that are you?"

"Like what?" wondered Maisie. Rosemary also frowned quizzically.

"Well ... never mind ..." Susan replied blushing slightly. "Perhaps ... I don't know ... I mean, Emma was sometimes quite rough ..." She could feel her words tangling as she tried to express delicately what she meant. "Well, whatever. If it gets too much for you, and it sounds like it might, just come and stay in my flat. You can sleep in Rosemary's bed. After all, you're hardly ever in it, are you Rosemary darling?"

Now it was Rosemary's turn to blush, which she did startlingly readily, a hot reddening spreading over her cheeks and her breasts. "Hardly ever," she whispered in embarrassed, but rather pleased, agreement.

Maisie felt curiously lifted after her chat with the two lovers. The pleasure of finding another option in her life gave her a renewed sense of freedom which the last few months had been gradually seeping away from her. Tanya had better look out, she thought.

There was no way she could speak to Tanya about her discomfort about living together. She never really asked Maisie how she felt and, indeed, from her there mostly only came demands which she made with no suggestion that there was ever any other alternative. There were never occasions when she chatted to Maisie about what she wanted. Even when they were together, making love with no one there, it was always a question of what Tanya wanted and what Maisie could give her. Maisie realised that in some strange way she was quite afraid of Tanya. And she was still very much attracted to her. Tanya was never less than beautiful, and she comported herself

in such a way that it accentuated the power of her physical charms.

There was certainly no let up in Tanya's demands. That evening was spent in a long gruelling session with Anthony and Karl, at one time with both men's penises in her mouth. Then guiding Karl's penis into Anthony's arse while Tanya buggered Karl from behind, biting him quite ferociously on his neck, while her buttocks hammered back and forth into his rear. And the following night, Maisie was tied to the bed by silk cords tied to her wrists, her legs also pulled apart by silk cords around her ankles, while a large hairy man who produced films for a large educational film company, pushed his large hairy prick in and out of her arse. All the while, Tanya was pinching her nipples so that she called out in pain, and nibbled the producer's own nipples hidden under a mass of wiry hair.

And then there was the financier who pissed on Maisie while she sat in the bath with her hands tied behind her back and Tanya pushing a not especially large dildo up the arse that must have been somewhere between his flabby buttocks. And the woman, who must have been in at least her fifties, who didn't take her glasses off while Maisie and Tanya nibbled around the foul-tasting thin hair of her vagina. And the evening where Maisie's foot was tied by a short lead to a chair, while Tanya, Anthony and Karl pleased a somewhat gross man with an almost totally bald head and a stomach which had to be physically lifted for his penis to be revealed.

Finally, enough was enough. It might have been because she was especially fed up while washing traces of shit and piss out of her hair after a night with a thin man with a long thin prick that nevertheless never seemed to get a hard-on. It might have been as a result of the rather sour comments Tanya made while Maisie was

listening to one of her records. It might have been because she'd had a particularly bad day at work, where, for some reason, there was just no passion to her lovemaking. Maisie was just not finding on-screen fellatio agreeable, and was not sorry when the attentive producer substituted her lovemaking with one of her guests by one of her more junior co-presenters.

As soon as Tanya, Anthony and Karl were out of the house, and before the maid came round to tidy up, Maisie hurriedly packed her possessions into her suitcases and called a taxi. She hesitated over leaving a note for Tanya. In fact she composed her leaving note for several hours in her head, but then, with a wicked smile, she reasoned that no explanation at all was much more likely to upset Tanya than any note. Whatever she wrote would probably sound peevish and a bit weak. Saying nothing at all would betray no weakness at all. As Maisie got into the taxi and was driven off to Susan's flat, having checked first that Susan would be there to meet her when she arrived, she looked back at where she'd lived all these past few months and was slightly ashamed to recognise that her feelings towards Tanya now resembled hatred rather than love.

And soon she was with friends again. Both Susan and Rosemary were there to welcome her, to carry her bags into the flat, to show her up to Rosemary's room which had been tidied up for, and to shower her with tea and cookies. Despite her feelings of guilt of leaving Tanya unannounced in this way, she felt a degree of elation at being free from her that was almost frightening.

Susan and Rosemary took Maisie out for a night out in the city, which included a night club playing just the sounds that she was enjoying so much these

days: pumping, jumping, slamming and kicking. Susan and she oscillated together under the bright lights, neither wearing very much, in a mass of sweaty shiny bodies under the strobing lights, able only to mouth to each other whatever they wanted to say. And in Maisie's case, it was mostly: "I'm happy! I'm so happy!"

Rosemary was less happy. She'd never really enjoyed noisy, brash places like this, and she didn't enjoy the drugs and drink very much either. But she was pleased to see Susan's young friend free from the tyranny of her life with Tanya, and quite enthusiastic about sharing the flat with another person.

And not just the flat, as Rosemary discovered when they got back, Maisie and Susan wrapping their naked bodies around each other. At first Rosemary was a little put out as Maisie's tongue sought out Susan's, and the two clung to each other, flat breasts squeezed so close together, Maisie's long curls obscuring the two girls' faces, and Susan's long neck curving swan-like to the base of her short, boyish hair. Even as Maisie's hands probed for Susan's shaven vagina, and a finger so easily slipped through the moistness of its entrance, Susan was always mindful of her lover, Rosemary.

She eased Maisie off her, despite the girl's protests, and smiled to Rosemary. "Come on, Rosie! Take off your clothes and join us!"

Rosemary nodded, and Maisie watched with no little interest as she undid the buttons of her blouse and unstrapped her bra. Her enormous bosom fell out from their confines, many times larger than Maisie's and Susan's breasts put together. So large, and round, and weighty, and pink, if a little freckled towards the top. And the nipples. Larger than many women's entire breast. Crenulated, detailed, and, now, of course,

fully erect, the nipple clearly indented towards a crater towards the centre, around which were the aureole redness of the rest of its glory. So different from the small, permanently hard nipples of the girls who'd had their breasts surgically enhanced. And a warm, bouncy, fleshy mass. Not hard and rigid like a football, but soft and welcoming. As Rosemary shuffled across the bed on her knees, Maisie immediately leapt onto her breasts, anxious to have as close a feel as she could.

They felt as homely as they looked. Underneath they weighed so much, but they rested easily on her palms, while she lifted the mass of it up, so that her tongue and teeth could better explore all that it had to offer. What bliss! What joy! Her mouth was almost filled by the nipple which had some of the hardness of a small erect penis, but tasted much better, much more delectable, with none of that strange smell that pricks sometimes gave off. And the texture of such a large nipple on her tongue was another sensation altogether. The details of the bumps and crenulations of the nipple was a texture far superior than that even Emma's apple-like breasts or Susan's perky nipples had to offer.

As she engulfed herself in Rosemary's bosom, she could feel Susan's fingers probing her crotch. One, then two fingers sliding easily in her shaven vagina, and, for extra pleasure, a thumb easing into her anus. At the same time, Susan was kissing Rosemary full on the mouth, while her lover gasped and groaned from the delight of familiar pleasure. And soon, the three were rolling around on the bed, tongues in each others' crotches, fingers everywhere, their flesh as shiny and sweaty from passion as they had been in the night club from the exertions of dancing.

Maisie looked up at the red hairs of Rosemary's vagina which both she and

Susan were exploring and exciting with their tongues, and smiled as she saw that familiar tremor of excitement erupt from inside Rosemary, her vaginal juices squirting out without restraint, to be eagerly lapped by her two small-breasted lovers. Then she smiled at Susan, whose face smiled at her, her ivory skin in the broad grin that so much suited her. She leaned over and kissed Susan passionately on the lips. She was so happy now. And all this time, she'd stayed with Tanya! How could she have ever been so stupid? She grabbed Susan tightly, almost roughly, and her passion and gratitude erupted in her vaginal orgasms which seemed to melt the very essence of her being.

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Dalitha and Salim were wrapped together in Salim's bed: Dalitha's dark, small body entangled in Salim's chocolate, long lithe frame, legs intertwined, breast on breast, sweat dripping onto sweat. Dalitha was again exhausted but still insatiable: a young appetite for sex that Salim found very difficult to keep up with. She could still taste the slightly sour juice of her niece's vaginal juices on her tongue and enjoyed Dalitha's fingers probing around her still sore crotch, still moist but covered with the crumbs of the drying embers of earlier orgasms. She held Dalitha's head by her arms and pressed the girl's face close to hers, the warm breath from the younger girl's mouth blowing pleasantly on her cheeks.

"Do you love me?" Salim asked pleadingly, hoping for an unambiguous declaration of passion, but as always disappointed by the girl's uncertain reply.

"I love making love with you," Dalitha said with the seriousness of a young girl, "but I don't know if it's love I feel."

As always, Salim was disheartened. She loved Dalitha, just as she loved Amna, but somehow it seemed that whatever it was that made someone love someone else, she didn't have enough of it. And it wasn't as if the sex wasn't good. Well, it was certainly good for her. She leaned back to stare at the light shade on the ceiling while Dalitha rolled on top of her, two fingers still stroking the dark brown hairs of Salim's crotch.

"I do love you, Auntie," Dalitha said, not wishing to upset her lover, "but it's not like what I think love should be. It's not like in the films. It's a different kind of

love. A more sister-like love.”

And talking about her sister, the door eased open and Amna entered the bedroom. It was early morning and the girl had just returned from an exhausting evening out with Fluff in a night club, buoyed up by narcotics, music and company. She was still buzzing with energy, desperate for more conversation, as she burst into the bedroom, naked as always, her breasts still unnaturally perky and a shadow spreading over a crotch that hadn't needed shaving for several days.

“Why hello, Amna,” greeted Salim as she saw her older niece hovering by the door. “How was your night?”

“Fine! Fine!” said Amna dismissively. “I didn't know Dalitha was here.” In fact, Amna was quite disappointed. After Fluff had left with two porn-stars of her acquaintance, neither of which was to Amna's taste, and this was based on experience on the studio mattress, she was actually looking forward to sinking into the arms of her aunt. And here was her pesky sister.

“She's been here all night,” said Salim. “We've been watching videos, haven't we?” They weren't videos much to Salim's own taste: altogether too violent and relied too heavily on special effects, but Dalitha enjoyed them and that was the main thing.

“And not just watching videos,” commented Amna bitterly.

“Come now, Amna. You've got to think about your sister. Look! Why not just lie down next to us. That should be alright.”

Amna sighed. She guessed that would have to do. She sat down on the other side of Salim from Dalitha, swung her legs around, and lay next to her. Salim was in

sudden and unexpected heaven. Here on either side of her were the two girls she loved most in the world, an arm around Amna, who pressed her nicotine-smelling face onto Salim's shoulder, and an arm around Dalitha, whose hand was gently stroking Salim's thigh and smiling into her bosom. Salim grinned broadly, moving her head languidly from side-to-side as she looked at one niece and then the other. The feel of warm, dark flesh filled her heart with pleasure and a strange elation.

She felt herself falling to blissful sleep, Dalitha's small hand still stroking her thigh, when she felt somewhat stronger fingers beginning to probe inside her. Ah! That must be Amna, smiled Salim half-opening her eyes to see her niece bent over her. Salim hooked Amna closer to her, so that her fingers dangling over Amna's breast could tweak on her beloved's nipples, which she was pleased to find were hard, stiff and excited. This itself aroused passion in Salim, who bent her mouth over to Amna's mouth, greedily taking her tongue and lips into hers. All the while, she could feel Dalitha's weaker fingers also exploring her, pinching her clitoris between forefinger and thumb, and her mouth and tongue trailing over her breast.

And then the three of them gradually became one, with Salim the willing centre of it all, her mouth and lips greedily giving, and her flesh happily receiving, two sets of hands exploring her crotch and breasts, as she shared as best she could her attentions between two girls. Her tongue explored the nerves behind Dalitha's knee, her fingers the space between the arse and vagina, while around her, her breasts were licked and sucked, her vagina probed and moistened, often not sure whose tongue or whose fingers were doing what to her, and sometimes, her face deep in dark skin, able only indistinctly to know whose flesh she too was exploring so intimately. The

lovemaking was languorous, relaxed and without urgency, lacking direction or purpose, just a pleasant end to the evening.

At least, that's how Salim thought it would be. But then she became aware of the liquid sloshing sound of two mouths battling together, while two hands were still exploring her vagina, and her own tongue was threading through the dense black hairs of Dalitha's vagina. At first, Salim gave no thought to it. After all, she and Fatima had frequently made love with Amna, and she'd often heard that sound, and its occasional strangled moans, as tongue grappled with tongue. But then the enormity of it suddenly struck her, and she opened her eyes wide open and gazed at the two dark figures arched above her. It was true. Amna and Dalitha were kissing each other, their arms around each other and wrapped in each other's long black hair.

Salim was about to protest, but she found herself quite excited by it, despite herself, and applied her tongue to Dalitha's vagina with renewed vigour, grabbing her own crotch with her fingers, urgently masturbating herself as she crouched over, her arse up in the air. And indeed the excitement continued to rise, as she and Amna both shared lapping away at Dalitha's crotch while the young girl groaned and swayed with rhythms of ecstasy. Amna smiled eagerly at Salim, pausing occasionally to press her tongue and lips into her aunt's mouth. And the lovemaking continued, the three bodies become increasingly indistinguishable from each other. Sometimes two mouths at Dalitha's crotch and then, all change, as Dalitha and Salim busied themselves on Amna's stubbly vulva. Despite herself, Salim climaxed without restraint, and then, before her trembling body could recover, another spasm of passion swept through her. And then another. And at various times she could sense similar eruptions of orgasm

rising within one or other of her two nieces.

And then finally, the three were sated, sweat and saliva and vaginal juice shared and sticking to each other as they collapsed on top of each other: too hot and too exhausted to do anything than gasp and pant as they recovered from their exertions. And it was at this stage, and perhaps belatedly, that guilt set in, as Salim regarded her two nieces wrapped together and exchanging the odd kiss, their legs tangled with her own and their breasts against each other, Amna's rather larger ones against Dalitha's budding but stiff nipples. Surely, this was more than a step too far, mused Salim, sorrowful that she'd not shown more moral fibre in separating the two sisters when the passion of their lovemaking had exceeded their prudence, and feeling very remorseful that it was she who had been the catalyst for this incest.

And then, guilt gave way to jealousy as she observed the depth of the two sisters' feelings for each other. So unnatural but not unexpected, as the two girls hands and lips continued their exploration of each other, no longer concerned about Salim's presence.

"Oh! Amna! I love you!" gasped Dalitha, uttering without prompting the words Salim had so eagerly wanted to hear the girl say about herself. Salim blushed from her forehead to her nipples, but there was nothing now that she could do. The deed was done, and she was at least as reprehensible as anyone else.

"Dalitha! You can't say that!" said Amna, but without conviction. "It's Auntie Salim you love. And I love Fluff. And anyway you're my sister. What would our parents say?"

Dalitha wept slightly, and sat up on the bed. She turned to Salim, who was

lying down with her head on the pillow, and kissed her aunt tenderly on the lips. “Yes, I do love Auntie Salim. But with you, I don’t know, it’s different.” She gasped as a spasm of lust ran through her torso and wobbled her young buttocks. She pushed her lips onto Amna’s artificially enhanced bosom, and sucked at one nipple and then the other with a hunger that frightened Amna as much as it startled Salim. “I *do* love you, Amna! And I don’t care what anyone thinks. I think I must have always loved you. And admit it, Amna. You must always have loved me, or this wouldn’t have happened.”

“I almost wish it hadn’t,” sighed Amna, echoing Salim’s thoughts, but nonetheless making no moves to dissuade her sister from pursuing her attentions. “From now on, it’s going to be very different between us.”

As indeed it was. Salim again began to feel marginalised in the merry-go-round of lovemaking that went on under her roof. Amna made love with Dalitha. Fluff made love with Amna. Sometimes, Fatima made love with Amna too, but never with Fluff. And Salim sometimes made love with Amna and Dalitha, but more often only with Dalitha and that only when Amna wasn’t around. And sometimes she made love with Fatima. And sometimes with both Amna and Salim.

As she considered all these permutations, Salim sometimes felt giddy and not a little disturbed. How had it happened that she, a devout Muslim who would never dream of displaying her hair in public, and who regularly attended the mosque every Friday. And who had even been on a haj to the Holy City when she was younger. How could she have become not so much the ringmaster of all these sexual variations, with their even larger spirals of sexual liaison beyond her flat, but in a sense its hostess and

facilitator?

Her own position became relatively weak. She no longer had any claim to moral authority, and would find herself watching on as Amna and Dalitha cuddled and caressed each other in front of the television: Amna exploring in minutest detail the growing physical delights of her sister's breasts and vagina, even allowing a finger to probe into the dark interior of her very tight anus. And Dalitha forever fascinated by the artificially enhanced assets of her older sister, never tiring of exploring with her fingers and tongue what her eyes had so lovingly cherished.

It became inevitable that the sexual permutations should increase, now that the last taboo had been breached. Fluff was the first to take advantage of Dalitha's new-found availability, which neither Amna nor Salim could now prohibit. How could they say that sex with Fluff was in any way worse than sex with her sister and aunt? And Fluff was, in any case, surprisingly tender and sympathetic with the young girl, revealing depths of considerateness that very nearly encouraged Salim to revise her opinion of the woman she still viewed as the corrupter of her niece's morals and, worse, her chief rival in love.

Dalitha was particularly fascinated by Fluff's tattoos of pricks on her face, arms and chest, her tongue lingering long on the over-exaggerated, garishly coloured contours of the spurting penises, especially their tips where wild gushes of semen were painted in orgasm. Fluff tenderly kissed and licked Dalitha's bosom and clitoris, her white freckled tattooed body entangled in Dalitha's slim dark body. And then with a gesture she invited Amna over to join in as Dalitha gradually became more relaxed and more excited. Salim watched as the two sisters and Fluff became a triangle of

sexual passion, from which, due to her dislike for Fluff, she felt totally excluded.

Fatima was more circumspect, and it was only after several weeks that Salim discovered that she too had found pleasure in her niece's body. Fatima continued to represent Amna's assets in the film industry, and Salim was frightened that she might start viewing Dalitha in the same way: a proposal Salim would never condone.

However, she came home one day from work to find Fatima's clothes laid out neatly in the wardrobe, and to hear the sounds of lovemaking emanating from Amna's bedroom, Salim dashed upstairs to find Fatima and Dalitha rolling around on the bed with no sign of Amna. She later found out that it was through Amna that Dalitha had met her niece's agent, and that the lovemaking that Fatima was now enjoying with Dalitha was not at all for the first time.

Salim hovered by the door as she watched Dalitha licking Fatima's vagina, her slim knees parted on either side, still wearing stilettos and gasping with pleasure. Fatima spotted her and with a smile indicated that Salim should join them. At first, Salim was unsure. Shouldn't she feel angry that her best friend was making love to her niece in this way? But, seeing no better solution, she eased off her clothes, and joined the two girls on the bed, her tongue actively probing Fatima's mouth and lips, and her fingers with Fatima's within the tight folds of Dalitha's vulva.

For Dalitha, this new active sex life of hers was a great revelation. She'd got used to Salim's own style of lovemaking, not to mention the scents of her body, the feel of her flesh and the taste of her vagina. Now, she was enjoying quite different sensations from different bodies and relishing them all. Her hunger for variety and change was growing, at the same time as she became aware of limits she wasn't at all

sure she wanted to traverse. For instance, much as she enjoyed the sight and taste of Fluff's tattooed penises, she wasn't at all convinced that her tender young vagina was ready for that sort of penetration. Indeed, even the penetration of fingers, whether at her front or her rear, already stretched her orifices to a point of pain she was reluctant to take further. And, anyway, penises belonged to men, and she wasn't sure she wanted to get to know one of *those* in *that* sort of way.

Furthermore, she was unsure that she was so happy that all her lovers were older than her: and in Salim's case a lot older than her. Wouldn't it be better to make love with someone more her age? Someone who knew what it was like to be a teenager and who shared her adolescent interests and tastes. Much as she enjoyed making love to Salim and Amna, there was a distinct sense that she was very much the junior partner.

Then one evening, when visiting her aunt, she found three visitors being entertained by Amna and Salim she'd not met before. One was a slim boyish oriental girl, who was wearing an open waistcoat and nothing else, revealing a chest which was remarkably flat for a fully grown woman. And what a contrast it was with Susan's companion, who was topless, wearing only jeans, who had the most enormous pair of bosoms Dalitha had ever seen. She was sure she'd seen pictures of breasts like these, but in the flesh they were truly awesome. Each one was significantly larger than her own head, with nipples that themselves were larger than the span of her hand.

And with Susan and Rosemary, and totally naked, was a girl about the same age as her, with long curls of hair spread over her slim bare shoulders and cascading down between the sharp angles of her shoulder blades. She turned to smile at Dalitha,

pleased to see someone her own age. Dalitha smiled back.

After being introduced to Maisie, Dalitha and she sat together, both unclothed and chatted about school, programmes they watched on television and records they'd bought, finding great areas of mutual interest, but not daring to broach the subject of how come they knew the people they knew, and how much their lifestyles resembled each other. Maisie had become more self-confident after leaving Tanya, but she still felt a vague feeling of discomfort in the subject of sex since her ordeals, mostly enjoying only the attention of Susan and Rosemary when not making love in a professional capacity.

However, when she placed a hand on Dalitha's knee and the young black girl made no attempt to move it off, and indeed smiled at Maisie quite encouragingly, she knew how the evening would progress. Indeed, as the others fussed over preparing dinner and opening bottles of wine, the two girls began tentatively exploring each other. Maisie's mouth descended on Dalitha's and her arm embraced Dalitha's waist. Dalitha responded with an involuntary gasp of pleasure as she pushed her tongue into Maisie's mouth and the two started kissing each other passionately, their young warm bodies reflecting heat off each other.

Salim watched indulgently, while standing next to Susan by the door to the kitchen, an empty wine glass in one hand and a dish cloth in the other. She sighed as she saw Dalitha find yet another lover other than herself with whom to share her body. Susan noticed her sigh and tenderly stroked Salim's long naked back.

"Maisie's been quite lonely for a while," Susan remarked to Salim. "Don't you think it's good that she's found someone her own age to keep her company?"

“I suppose so,” agreed Salim, who couldn’t help the pangs of jealousy rise within her. Why is it she could never have an exclusive lover? Why did she have to share her love?

“Salim, don’t be sad,” whispered Susan, sensing the distress in her friend. She took the dish cloth and wine glass from Salim’s hand, and placed it on the table. She put her arms around Salim, ignoring the stares from Amna and Rosemary who were, for different reasons, unhappy with Susan spending too much time with Salim. Susan kissed Salim tenderly on the lips, and then after a brief test of Salim’s crotch to see how moist she was, discreetly guided her to the bedroom where she used her skill and artistry to distract Salim’s thoughts from Dalitha.

As the two lay together after only a few minutes of rather mad, uncoordinated lovemaking, Susan brushed away the tears that Salim had allowed to burst forth now that her emotional barriers were lowered. “I can see that you’re jealous of Dalitha, just as you were jealous of Amna. But surely you can see that it’s better for her to be with someone like Maisie? You are much older than her. And you *are* her aunt.”

Salim nodded sadly and sniffed selfpityingly. “Why is it I can never find a relationship that is mine and mine alone?”

Susan kissed her tenderly on the eyebrows, the eyelids, the lips and her forehead, but chose not to answer that question. She let Salim wrap her arms around her, whilst in the distance they could hear the high-pitched cries of ecstasy as Dalitha and Maisie gave each other pleasure. Soon, she knew, Rosemary and Amna would become involved, and she decided that despite her own sexual preferences, she would rather spend the evening keeping her hostess happy, than just add a fifth body to the

melange of flesh that would soon take centre stage in the living room. She kissed Salim tenderly.

“For tonight, Salim, you have me and me alone,” she said reassuringly.